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The Lute of Zion

A COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

CONSISTING OF A CHOICE COLLECTION OF NEW TUNES FROM THE BEST FOREIGN AND AMERICAN COMPOSERS, WITH MOST OF THE OLD TUNES IN COMMON USE; TOGETHER WITH A CONCISE ELEMENTARY COURSE, SIMPLIFIED AND ADAPTED TO THE CAPACITIES OF BEGINNERS, &c. &c.

BY I. B. WOODBURY,

AUTHOR OF "THE DULCIMER," "LIBER MUSICUS," "COTTAGE GLEES," "CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE," "CHORUS GLEE BOOK," ETC. ETC.

ASSISTED BY REV. H. MATTISON, A.M.,

PASTOR OF THE JOHN STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK:

F. J. HUNTINGTON AND MASON BROTHERS, 23 PARK ROW.

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PREFACE.

THE idea of preparing a New Music Book with special reference to the wants of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has grown out of the fact, that notwithstanding the repeated and praiseworthy efforts of our Book Agents to meet the demands of our wide-spread connection, large numbers of other musical publications go into Methodist choirs every year, and that, too, despite the many practical inconveniences to which choristers are subjected by their use. Hundreds of Methodist choirs have all the Book Room music, and several other works beside; and of all these outside publications, no one has ever been so popular with our people as the DULCIMER by PROFESSOR WOODBURY. Probably, not less than *fifty thousand copies* of this work have been sold to Methodist choirs alone during the last three years. And yet this work is far from being adapted to our use; but the *music* is popular, and singers will have it.

The popularity of Mr. Woodbury's works among our people is probably due, in part at least, to the fact that he was for several years a chorister in one of our churches—knows just what we want; and is, in fact, as much a Methodist in *feeling* and *spirit* as any man ought to be, and belong in another communion.

It was thought, therefore, that if a book was compiled by the same popular author; and with special reference to all the peculiarities of our Hymn Book; and perfectly adapted to use in our choirs, it would supersede many less valuable publications; would supply a felt desideratum; and would thus tend to promote good and spiritual singing among our societies in the worship of God.

With this view the work was undertaken about a year since, Prof. Woodbury undertaking to furnish all the new music, and to make most of the selections; while the writer was to adjust the words of our hymns to the music; to select the material for the *Revival* and *Sunday School* departments; and to prepare the indexes, and superintend the stereotyping, and publication of the whole. It will be seen, therefore, that although the name of the writer appears in the title, as having "assisted" Prof. Woodbury; such assistance relates solely to the selections for the departments named; and to the getting out of the work. Professor Woodbury is to all intents and purposes the *author* of the work; as much so as he is of the *Dulcimer*, or the *Liber Musicus*. It should be expressly understood that the writer makes no pretensions whatever in the department of music.

The leading features in the *plan* of the "LUTE" are the following. The work is divided in five parts.

PART I.—Is devoted to the ordinary Church Music—the short, common, long, and particular metres. These last are numbered and arranged in regular order, (as in the Methodist Hymn Book,) from 1st to 40th; so that all metres of the same kind may be found together, not only in the Metrical Index, but in the book. The same is true of the long, common, and short metres. This part of the work contains 314 tunes, many of which are in Prof. Woodbury's happiest style, and composed expressly for this work.

PART II.—Is devoted to *Anthems* and *Select Pieces*. In these fifty pages will be found most of the old favorites, with several new pieces, some of which were composed expressly for this work.

PART III.—Is a collection of the choicest melodies, old and new, for the *Love-Feast, Prayer, and Class Meetings;* and especially for use by the whole Church, in times of revival. The hymns (not all from the standard hymn book) are generally inserted in full, in connection with the music. The design of this department is to furnish a variety of melodies that all can sing, and that will neither be stiff and difficult on the one hand, nor low and frivolous on the other. They are such words and tunes as may be sung "in the spirit, and with the understanding also."

PART IV.—Is devoted to *Sabbath-school Hymns* and *Music*, and occupies eighteen pages. Though confined to narrow limits, it is hoped that this department will be found worthy of the noble enterprise to which it is devoted.

PART V.—Is more extended; and is composed of selections designed for the *Singing-school, Social Circle*, and *Concert Room*. It contains a variety of pieces, suitable for Temperance Meetings, Fourth of July Celebrations, Agricultural Meetings, Literary Anniversaries, School Conventions, &c., &c. These are offered, not as a part of the "Sacred Music," but as *Singing-school Exercises;* and as well adapted to special occasions; and if this part is used in the School Room, the evil of carelessly singing Sacred Music will be avoided.

It is only necessary to add, that though the work is perfectly adapted to the wants of choirs in the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is not thereby unfitted for use in other churches, as the meters are all designated, not only by their *numbers*, according to our Hymn Book, but also by *lines* and *syllables*, as is usual in other churches.

Finally, in the language of our Bishops, "We exhort you, dear brethren, to sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also; and we shall rejoice to join you in time and in eternity."

NEW YORK, October, 1853. H. MATTISON.

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ELEMENTS OF MUSIC MADE EASY

LESSON I.

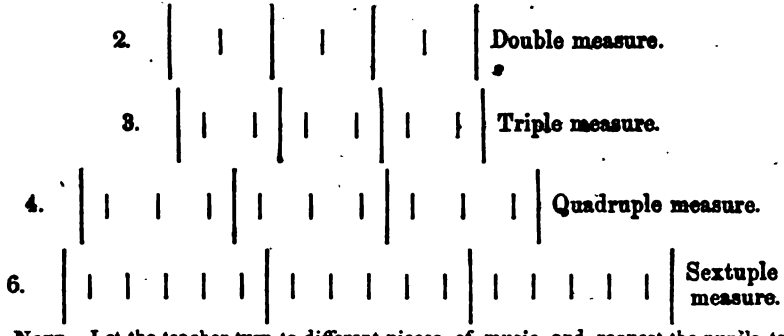
THE elements of music may be classed under four heads, or distinctions.
Under the first head, sounds are *long* or *short*. (TIME.)
Under the second, they are *high* or *low*. (MELODY.)
Under the third, they are *loud* or *soft*. (EXPRESSION.)
Combination of sounds, or HARMONY, forms the fourth distinction.

REMARK.—These distinctions should be practised separately, until each is thoroughly understood, both theoretically and practically, by the beginner.

Perpendicular lines, with the spaces between them, are termed *bars* and *measures*, thus:

bar | measure. | bar | measure. | bar | measure. | bar |

In order to give variety to the time in music, the measures are divided into parts usually denoted by figures, thus:*



NOTE.—Let the teacher turn to different pieces of music, and request the pupils to name the kind of time of each piece, until ready answers are obtained.

QUESTIONS.—1. Into how many distinctions do we divide the elements of music?—2. Name the first distinction; the second; the third; the fourth.—3. Name these perpendicular lines (pointing to them in the book or on the blackboard.)—4. What are the spaces between the bars called?—5. How many varieties of measure have we?—6. What figure indicates the first variety? what the second? what the third? the fourth?—7. Give the name of each variety.—8. Into how many parts is double measure divided? triple, &c.?—9. How many bars and measures have we, in each of these examples?

☞ Sing a few tunes by rote from the commencement of the class.

* Some writers designate double measure by the letter C with a bar across, thus ; and quadruple by the letter C, thus .

LESSON II.

IN order to perform music with accuracy, a motion of the hand is necessary, called beating time. Double measure has two beats in a measure, thus:

2. | Down, | Up, | Down, | Up, | Down, | Up.

Triple measure has three beats, thus:

3. | Down, | Left, | Up, | Down, | Left, | Up, | Down, | Left, | Up.

Quadruple measure has four beats, thus:

4. | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up, | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up, | Down, | Left, | Right, | Up.

Sextuple measure, six, thus:

6. | Down, | Down, | Down, | Up, | Up, | Up, | Down, | Down, | Down, | Up, | Up, | Up.

Or two, thus:

6. | Down, Up, Down, Up, | 1 2 3, 4 5 6, 1 2 3, 4 5 6,

when rapidity in execution is necessary.

NOTE.—The pupil should be careful to move the hand promptly in beating time, as this is indispensable to a correct performance. He should also, from the commencement, make it an *invariable* rule to *beat the time*, notwithstanding the effort which may be required to acquire this *most important* requisite to correct mechanical execution. Some beginners may find it necessary to omit singing for awhile, in order to devote all their attention to the manner of beating time.

No teacher can expect to be successful, unless he insists upon the observance of the above instructions. Let the right hand of every pupil be made to move with accuracy and ease, the motion proceeding from the wrist, with the arm immovable, in all the varieties of measure, before attempting the voice.

Exercises, something like the following, should now be practised, pronouncing one word or syllable to each beat.

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2. Down, up, | one, two, | loud, soft, | roam - ing, | flow - ing, &c.
3. Down, left, up, | one, two, three, | loud, soft, soft, | wil - ling - ly, &c.
4. Down, left, right, up, | one, two, three, four, | loud, soft, loud, soft, | gen - tle - man - ly, | rep - u - ta - bly, &c.
6. Down, down, down, up, up, up, | one, two, three, four, five, six, | loud, soft, loud, soft, loud, soft, | in - stru - men - tal - i - ty, &c.

QUESTIONS.—1. What do we mean by "beating time?"—2. What is its use?—3. How many beats has double measure? how many triple? quadruple? sextuple?—4. What distinguishes the different varieties of measure?—5. Should the pupil find difficulty in singing and beating time together, what course should be pursued?—6. What should never be omitted, in order to execute music in time?—7. Which hand should be used in beating time?—8. Whence should the motion proceed?—9. A word of how many syllables represents double measure? triple? quadruple? sextuple?

LESSON III.

OF ACCENT, OR LOUD AND SOFT SOUNDS. (Expression.)

IN order to give more expression to music, certain sounds should be sung louder than others. This is usually termed *accent*, and corresponds to the accent of the words which are set to the music. The accent should be laid on the *first* beat in double and triple measures; the first and third in quadruple; and first and fourth in sextuple. All these rules are subject to exceptions, as will be shown hereafter.

Let the pupil practise all the varieties of measure, using the word *loud* on the accented, and *soft* on the unaccented parts of the measure.

OF THE CHARACTERS USED TO DENOTE THE LENGTH OF SOUNDS.

Long and short sounds are represented by characters called notes, thus:

The whole note (Semibreve,) represented by the fig. 1,*
is equal to two halves, (Minim,) " " 2,*
four quarters, (Crotchet,) " 4,*
eight eighths, (Quaver,) " 8,*
sixteen sixteenths, (Semiquaver,) 16,*
32 thirty-seconds, (Demisemiquaver,) 32.*

RESTS AND DOTTED NOTES.

Characters indicating silence in music are termed rests, and each note has a corresponding rest, thus:

Whole rest. Half rest. Quarter rest. Eighth rest. Sixteenth rest. Thirty-second rest.

A dot after a note or rest adds one half to its value; thus, a dotted whole note is equal to three halves, a equal to three ; a dotted rest, thus, , is equal to three half rests, thus, ; a equal to , &c.

A second dot adds one half to the first dot, thus:

is equal to ; is equal to , &c.

EXERCISES IN LONG AND SHORT SOUNDS AND RESTS.

Sing one La to each note.

REMARK.—The stems of notes may turn up or down, and be connected thus: and their value is not changed. A whole rest in a measure alone indicates that it is to be counted in silence; hence the whole rest is also called a whole measure rest.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is accent?—2. Which beat is accented in double measure? triple? quadruple? sextuple?—3. What are those characters termed which represent the length of sounds?—4. What name is given to the longest note? the next? the next? the next? &c.—5. How many half notes to a whole? how many quarters? how many eighths? &c.—6. How many quarters to one half? how many eighths? how many sixteenths &c.—7. How many eighths to one quarter? how many sixteenths? how many thirty-seconds?—8. How many sixteenths to one eighth? how many thirty-seconds?—9. What are characters indicating silence called?—10. On which side of the line is the whole rest? half? &c.—11. Which way does the quarter rest turn? eighth? &c.—12. How much does a dot add to the value of a rest or note?—13. A dotted whole is equal to what three notes? a dotted half? quarter? &c.

NOTE.—The ingenious and careful teacher will vary these, as well as other questions, in many ways, to afford variety and instruction.

* The pupil will take notice that the lower figure at the commencement of a piece of music, represents the kind of notes, or rather their value in a measure, and the upper, the kind of measure.

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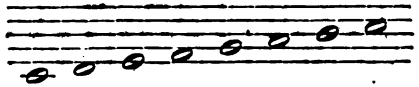
LESSON IV.

SECOND DISTINCTION—HIGH AND LOW SOUNDS, OR MELODY.

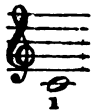
A REGULAR series of eight notes, all differing in pitch, is termed *the diatonic scale.* The numerals, one, two, three, &c., are used to designate these eight sounds. The first seven letters of the alphabet are also used; C being applied to one, D to two, E to three, F to four, G to five, A to six, B to seven, and C again to eight. There are also seven syllables, namely, *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si.*

Five lines and four spaces, thus,

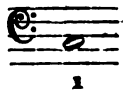
constitute what is called the staff, and it determines the pitch of sounds. Each line or space in the staff is called a degree, making nine in all; and as the compass of voices and instruments is much greater than the staff of five lines will allow, added lines below and above are used to any extent which may be necessary. The diatonic scale is placed on the staff thus:



Characters called *clefs* are used to denote where one of the scale is written, thus,

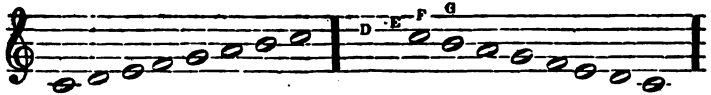


with the G or treble clef, and with the base or F clef, thus,



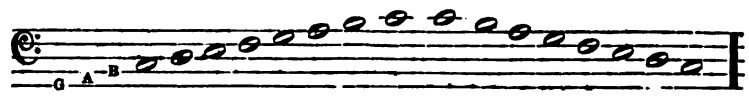
NOTE.—The order of intervals of the diatonic scale may be introduced here, or in Lesson 6, at the option of the teacher.

The scale with the G clef, together with numerals, letters, and syllables, is written thus:



	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C
	Do,	*re,*	*mi,*	*fa,*	*sol.*	*la,*	*ti,*	*do.*	*Do,*	*ti,*	*la,*	*sol,*	*fa,*	*mi,*	*re,*	*do.*
Pronounced.	*Do.*	*re*	*me,*	*fah,*	*seul,*	*lah.*	*se.*	*do.*	*Do,*	*se,*	*lah,*	*seul,*	*fah,*	*me,*	*re,*	*do.*

The F clef is written thus:



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C
Do,	*re,*	*mi,*	*fa,*	*sol,*	*la,*	*si,*	*do.*	*Do,*	*si,*	*la,*	*sol,*	*fa,*	*mi,*	*re,*	*do.*

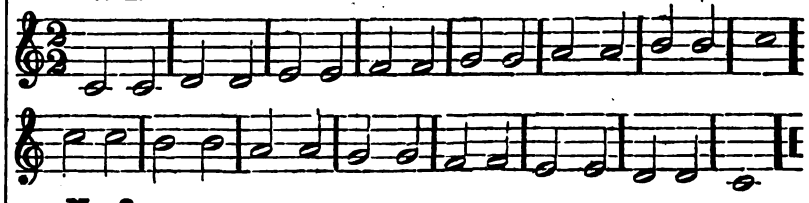
Sing the scale with the numerals, letters, and syllables, in all the varieties of measure, being careful to accent correctly.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the second distinction?—2. How many sounds have we in the diatonic scale?—3. What numerals are used to designate the scale? what letters? what syllables?—4. How many lines and spaces has the staff?—5. What is the use of the staff? It determines the pitch of sounds.—6. How many degrees in the staff?—7. How are other ones acquired?—8. What characters are used to determine where *one* is written?—9. Where is *one* written with the G clef? with the base?—10. What letter to the first line, G clef? first space? second line? &c.—11. What letter to the first line, base clef? first space? &c.

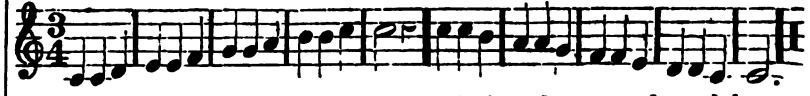
Question the pupils something like the following on the succeeding exercises, before singing them.*

What is the first character used? A Clef. Which clef? The treble. What do the figures indicate? The kind of measure and notes. What kind of measure in No. 1? Double. No. 2? Triple, &c. What are the perpendicular lines called? Bars. The spaces between the bars? Measures. How many beats to a measure in No. 1? Two. No. 2? Three, &c. What one note comes to a beat in No. 1? A half. No. 2? A quarter, &c. What are the five lines and spaces called? A Staff. What does the staff indicate? The pitch of sounds. What characters determine where *one* of the scale is written? The clefs. What is the last character to every piece of music? A close, thus:

No. 1.



No. 2.



Question all the exercises, as above, and sing the numerals and letters as well as syllables.

* In some classes, perhaps the majority, Lesson No. 6 should be studied before singing these exercises.

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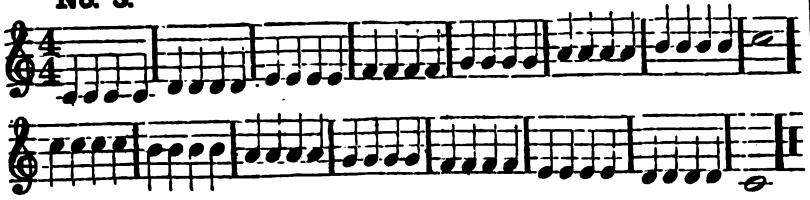
No. 3.



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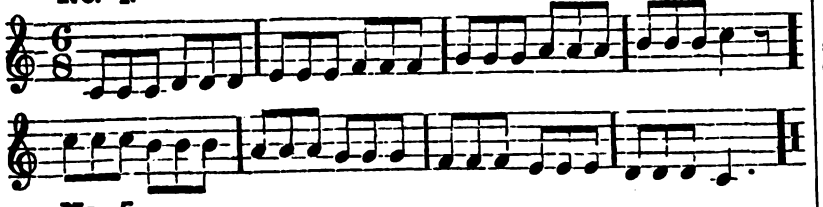
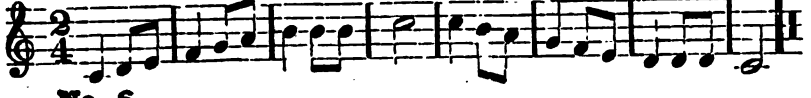
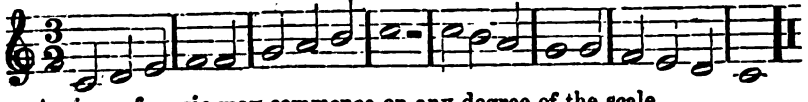


No. 5.

This exercise is more difficult than the above, and the teacher will first sing it to the class, letting them beat the time.

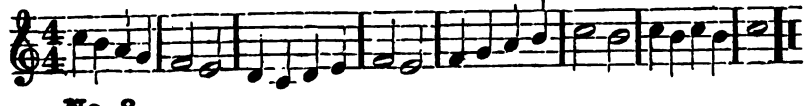


No. 6



A piece of music may commence on any degree of the scale.

No. 7.



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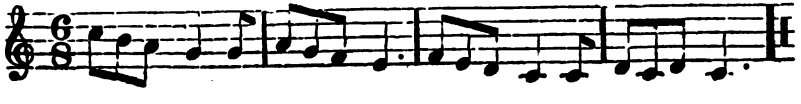
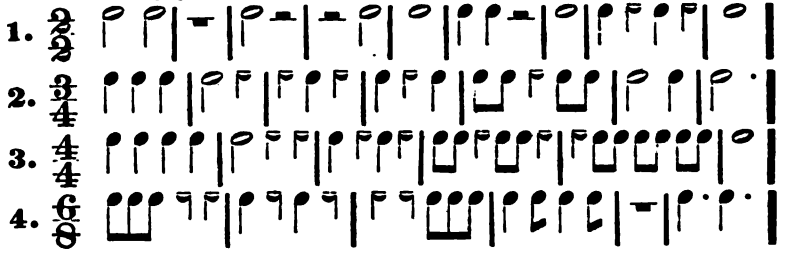


No. 9. EXERCISE FOR RESTS.

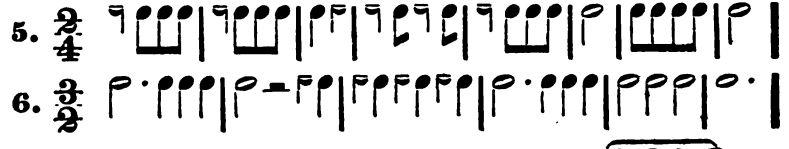
LESSON V.

DIFFICULT EXERCISES IN LONG AND SHORT SOUNDS AND RESTS.

REMARK.—Every school or class can spend not merely one evening, but several, on such exercises as below, and the result will show itself most prominently in the future excellence of the pupils.



EXERCISES IN WHICH NOTES ARE SUNG TO HALF BEATS.



When a tie is drawn over two or more notes, thus, it shows the sound is to be continued even over the bar, thus:

A piece of music may commence on any beat of the measure. This is peculiarly necessary in vocal music, in order that the accent of the poetry

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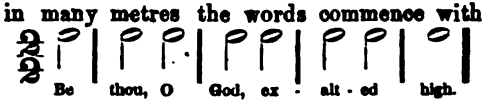
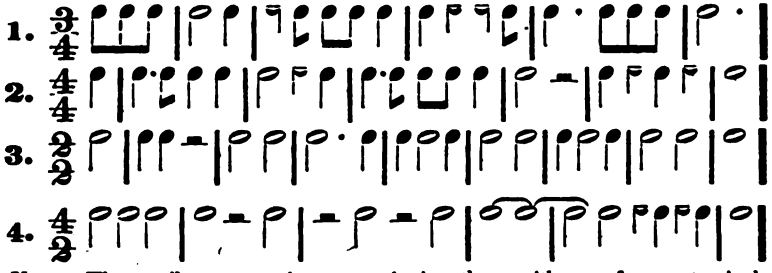
may agree with that of the music, thus:

is wrong, as the accented words of the poetry come to the unaccented part of the measure; it should have been thus:

But in many metres the words commence with an unaccented word thus:

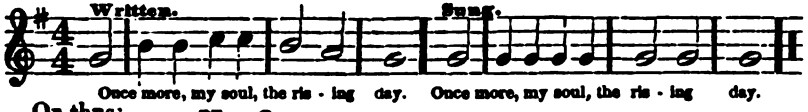


EXERCISES COMMENCING ON DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE MEASURE.

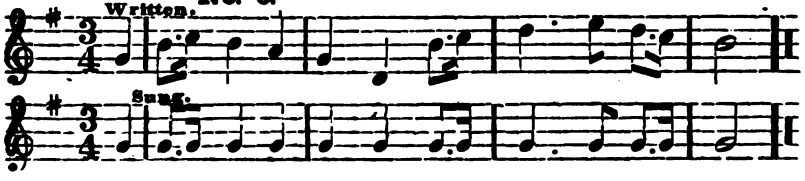


NOTE.—The pupil may practise tunes, singing them without reference to the key or pitch, *i. e.*, all the notes to a given sound, using the syllable *la*, or words, thus:—

No. 5.



Or thus: No. 6.



Such exercises will afford great variety in the practice of long and short sounds (Time), and is certainly one of the most useful exercises for classes. The teacher may with propriety write tunes on the blackboard, as above.

LESSON VI.

CONTINUATION OF HIGH AND LOW SOUNDS, OR MELODY.

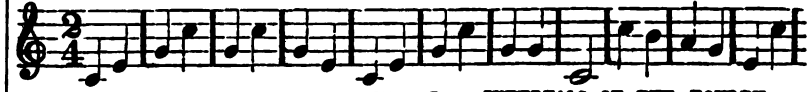
IN analyzing the diatonic scale, there are seven intervals; viz., five major and two minor seconds.

From one to two is a major, two to three major, three to four minor, four to five major, five to six major, six to seven major, seven to eight minor seconds. This order of intervals must be strictly enforced, or false intonation will arise, a habit that every singer should carefully avoid.

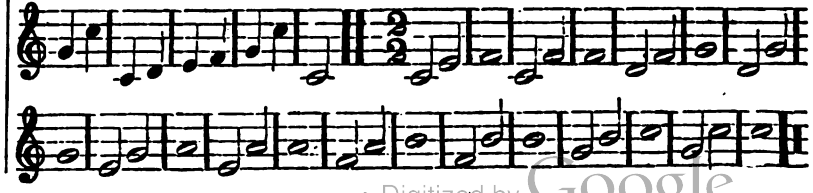
REMARK.—The terms *whole* and *half tones* are deservedly discontinued by many of our best teachers, and the more correct terms of *major* and *minor seconds* substituted. A whole tone is a *sound*, and not an *interval* or *distance* from one sound to another. Besides the above-named intervals, we have thirds, fourths, fifths, &c. Let the teacher exercise the pupils in the intervals something as follows:—Teacher says, (pointing to them on the blackboard,) Sing one. The pupils sing Do. *Teacher.*—Sing three. *Pupils.*—Mi. *Teacher.*—Sing five. *Pupils.*—Sol, &c. When the pupils have acquired readiness in the intervals of 1, 3, 5, 8, others may be gradually introduced: the fourth first, then the second and fourth; second, fourth and sixth; second, fourth, sixth and seventh; and finally, all the intervals.

Here we have a series of progressive intervals, from the most simple to the most difficult.

No. 1. INTERVALS OF THE THIRD, FIFTH, AND EIGHTH.



No. 2. INTERVALS OF THE FOURTH.



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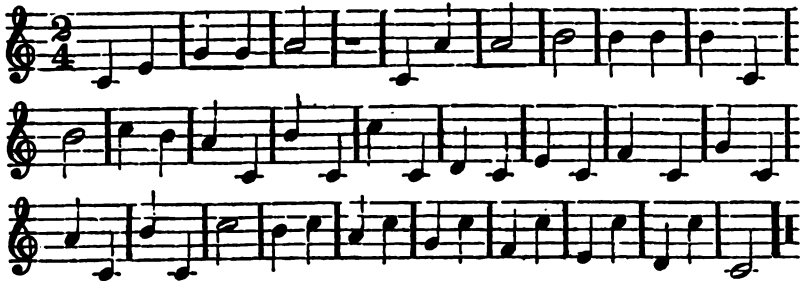
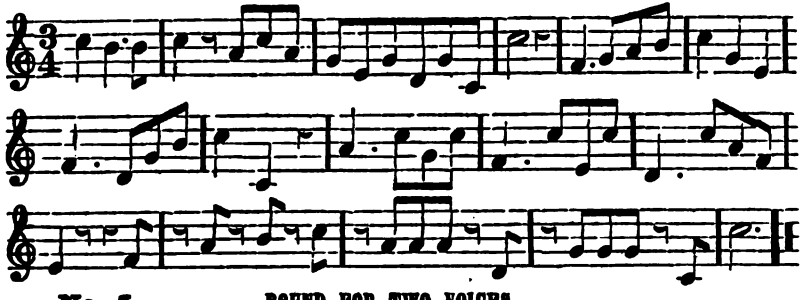
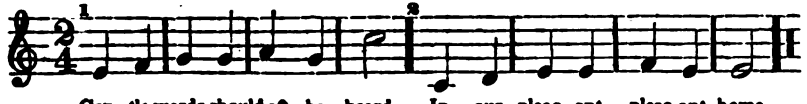
No. 3. INTERVALS OF THE SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND OTHERS.*



No. 4. INTERVALS, IN DIFFICULT TIME.

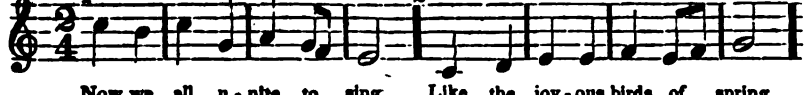


No. 5. ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.



Gen - tle words should oft be heard In our pleas - ant, pleas-ant home.

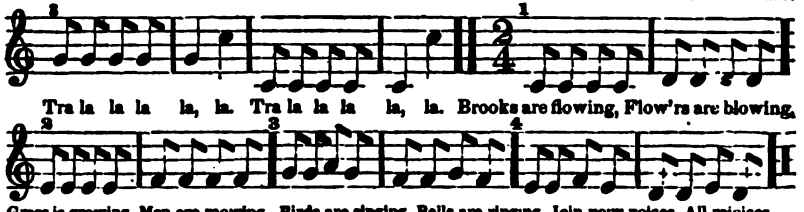
No. 6. ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



Now we all u - nite to sing, Like the joy - ous birds of spring.

* For more extended instructions on intervals, see "Woodbury's Self-Instructor" in musical composition, published by Mason Brothers, 23 Park Row, N. Y.

No. 6 continued.



Tra la la la la, la. Tra la la la la, la. Brooks are flowing, Flow'rs are blowing,

Grass is growing, Men are mowing, Birds are singing, Bells are ringing, Join your voices, All rejoices.

No. 7. ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

Two or more sounds heard at the same time, form a CHORD, and a succession of chords constitutes harmony.

Let the two sections of the school sing the following chords:

First section sing 1,	Second section sing 3.
" " " 3,	" " " 5.
" " " 3,	" " " 8.
" " " 5,	" " " 3.
" " " 8,	" " " 5.
" " " 5,	" " " 3.
" " " 3,	" " " 1.

NOTE.—Divide the school also into three or four sections, and practise together the numerals 1, 3, 5, 8.

This combination of sounds is called the COMMON CHORD.

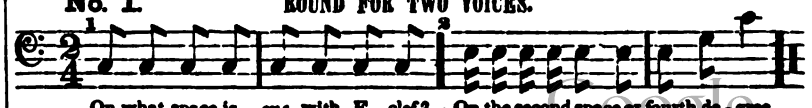
In harmony, the notes that are to be sung together are written over or under each other on separate staves, or on the same staff.

LESSON VII.

BASE CLEF.

As has been shown in Lesson 4, we have an F or base clef which is used for male voices. One of the scale with this clef is written on the second space.

No. 1. ROUND FOR TWO VOICES.



On what space is *one* with F clef? On the second space or fourth de - gree.

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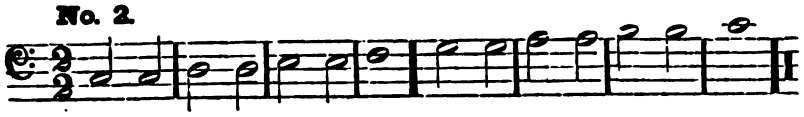
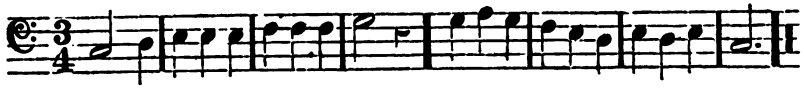
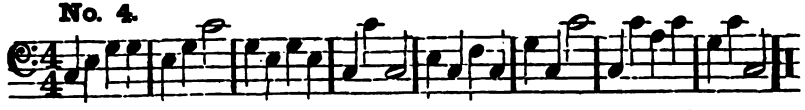
No. 2.



No. 3.

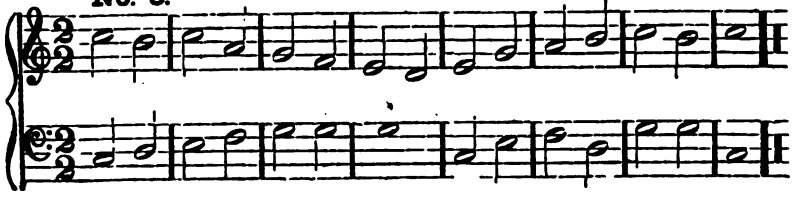


No. 4.



Here we have an exercise in two parts; the male voices will sing the base, and the females the upper staff.

No. 5.

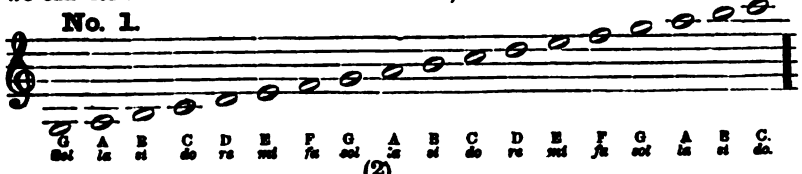


LESSON VIII.

EXTENSION OF THE SCALE.

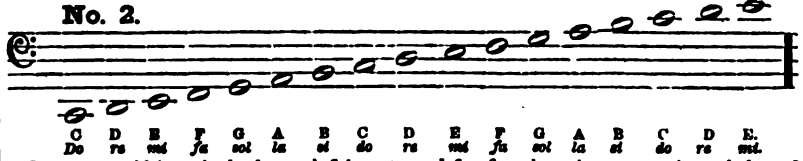
In addition to the scale of eight sounds with which we are now acquainted, we can form other scales above and below, thus:

No. 1.



Or with the base clef, thus:

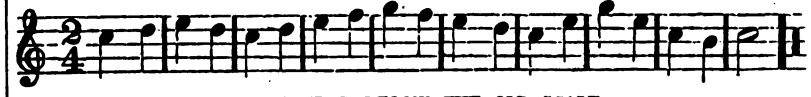
No. 2.



Remark.—Although the base clef is not used for female voices, yet a knowledge of it cannot but be beneficial to female as well as male singers: the base of such tunes as *Retreat*, *L. M. Mendon*, *L. M. Auburn*, *L. M. Palmyra*, *C. M.* &c., may now be practised, all the voices singing the base. One lesson, at least, may be wholly and profitably employed on this clef by the whole class.

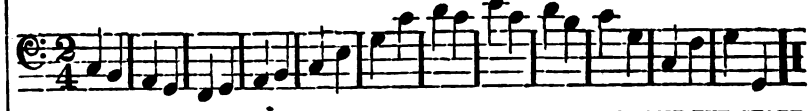
These extended scales are but the repetition of the one we have been using; *i. e.*, the intervals are precisely the same, if we take *eight* of the old scale as *one* of the extended; and the letters and numerals are the same also.

No. 3. EXERCISES FOR THE PRACTICE OF THE EXTENDED SCALES.



No. 4. EXTENDED BELOW THE OLD SCALE.

No. 5. EXTENSION OF THE SCALE IN THE BASE CLEF ABOVE AND BELOW THE OLD SCALE.



No. 6. EXERCISE OF DIFFICULT INTERVALS ABOVE AND BELOW THE STAFF.

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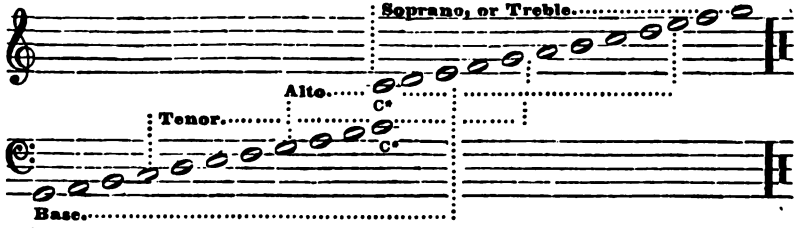
NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—All tunes in the key of C that have no accidentals in them may now be practised, and the class should not be allowed to go farther until some readiness has been acquired in reading simple tunes at sight. The Base by male, and the Soprano by female voices, may now be employed together, after having been practised separately. A Brace, thus, { shows how many parts are to be sung together.

LESSON IX.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

ALTHOUGH the male and female voices may be employed together, yet, strictly speaking, they are not in unison. The female voice is eight sounds, or an octave higher than the male voice. To prove this, the teacher should request the female portion of the class to sustain some given sound, while the teacher, commencing an octave lower, should sing up the scale (using the falsetto voice, if necessary), until he is strictly in unison with the female voices. The class will not fail to perceive the difference, a knowledge of which will be of great importance to them as singers and musicians. After this is thoroughly understood, the following scale should be practised, the male voices commencing it, and the females joining when they can reach the pitch, say about G, fourth space base clef.

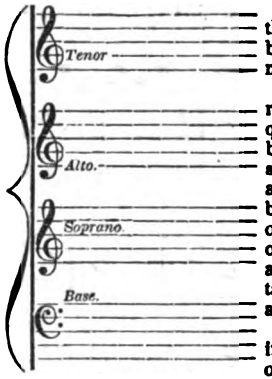
No. 1.



The teacher will remark to the class that as the male and female voices differ in pitch, they cannot sing the same part, without creating what is termed false harmony and faulty progressions; *i. e.*, consecutive octaves, &c. The female voices are divided into high and low, or Soprano and Alto. A good soprano will sing up to A above the staff and an alto should be able to sing A below. A tenor voice (the highest male voice) should be able to sing F or G above the base clef, and the base voice should sing G, first line base clef. See the Exercise above, in which the voices are illustrated, and about the compass of each is shown. Another rule, which will enable the pupil to decide which is the legitimate part for him or her, is this; if the high notes generally can be sung easier than the low, then tenor for male and soprano for female voices, although they may not be able to reach G above. If, on the contrary, the low notes are sung with greater ease, then base for male and alto for female voices. A faithful teacher will also try each voice separately, and give suitable instructions as to quality of tone, and manner of producing it (for all voices differ in this respect). Also its formation on the high or low notes should be very particularly attended to. Here we have, at one view, the manner in which the parts are usually arranged.

* Middle C—both the same pitch.

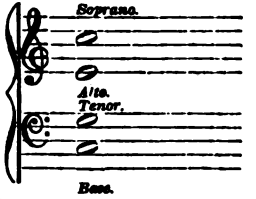
No. 2.



Although the G clef is generally used in this country for the tenor, yet it is not correct, for instead of the music being performed where written, it is in reality sung eight notes lower.

The C clef which is in common use in Europe, would remedy this difficulty, but as it requires some time to acquire a knowledge of it, by common consent the G clef has been substituted for it in this country. Sometimes the soprano and alto are written on one staff, and the tenor and base on another, making but two staffs in a brace, instead of four as above. This way of writing music saves room, and other important advantages are derived from it—Example: thus, ☞

No. 3.



It will be perceived, by turning to any tune that is written on two staffs, that the stems of the notes in the soprano turn up, while those in the alto turn down; the tenor notes turn up and the base down. The highest notes in the G clef are for the soprano, and the highest in the base for the tenor.

☞ Continue to practise tunes as variety and profit require.*

LESSON X.

LOUD AND SOFT TONES, OR EXPRESSION.

A TONE produced by no unusual vocal exertion, is a *medium or middle* tone; it is marked *m*; called *mezzo*.

A tone produced by some vocal restraint, is a *soft* tone; it is marked *P*—called *Piano*.

A tone produced by considerable vocal exertion, is a *loud* tone: it is marked *f*, and called *forte*.

A tone produced by the greatest vocal restraint, is marked *PP*, and called *Pianissimo*.

* The author thinks it unnecessary to introduce many tunes in the text-book, when there are so many in the body of the work adapted to every capacity.

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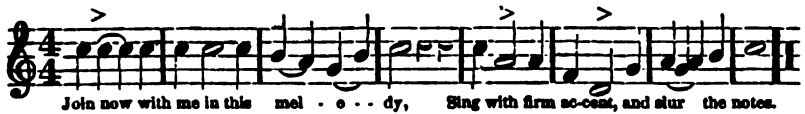
A tone produced by the greatest vocal exertion, but not so loud as to injure the quality, is marked *f f*, and called *fortissimo*.

A modification of *forte* and *piano*, is marked *fp*. Of *mezzo* and *piano*, *mp*. Of *mezzo* and *forte*, *mf*, &c.

When an *unaccented* note is connected with the following accented note, it is said to be SYNCOPATED.

No. 1.



A TIE (⁀) connects notes on the same degree, which are performed as one. See Exercise above.

A tone begun, continued, and ended with the same power, is called an ORGAN TONE. [═].

A tone begun *soft* and gradually increased in power, is called a CRESCENDO. [*Cres.* or <].

An inversion of the Crescendo is called a DIMINUENDO. [*Dim.* or >].

A union of the CRESCENDO and DIMINUENDO is called a SWELL. [<>].

A sudden SWELL is called a PRESSURE TONE. [< or <>].

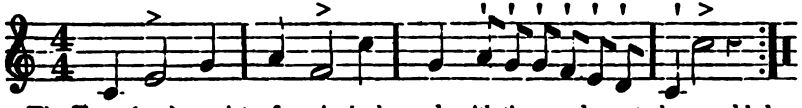
A very short tone, produced with force and immediately diminished, is called an EXPLOSIVE TONE; sometimes FORZANDO, or SFORZANDO. [*sf. fz.* or >].

STACCATO marks, thus [! ! ! !], denote that a passage is to be performed in a short, distinct manner.

LEGATO means smooth and connected, the opposite of STACCATO.

A SLUR (⁀) indicates that certain notes are sung to one syllable.—See Exercise above, and tune *Siloam*.

No. 2. EXPLOSIVE TONE AND STACCATO.



The TURN (∽) consists of a principal sound, with the sounds next above and below it. It should be performed with care and neatness, but not too quick, thus:

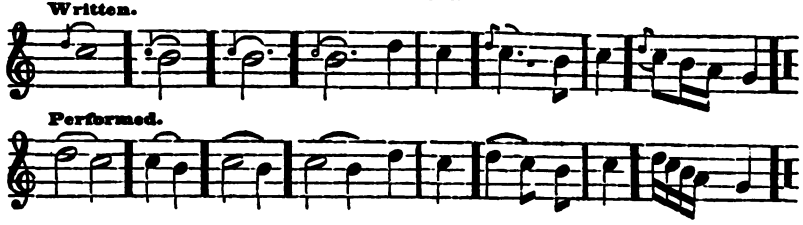
No. 3.

Ornamental, or grace notes, are often introduced into a melody, that do not essentially belong to it; they are commonly written in smaller characters, and are called PASSING NOTES.

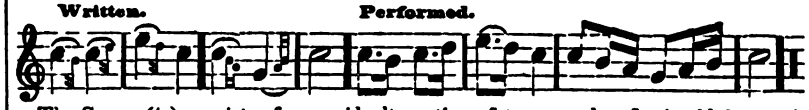
When a passing note precedes an essential note, on an *accented* part of the measure, it is called an APPOGGIATURA.

When a passing note follows an essential note on an *unaccented* part of the measure, it is called an AFTER NOTE.

No. 4. APPOGGIATURA.

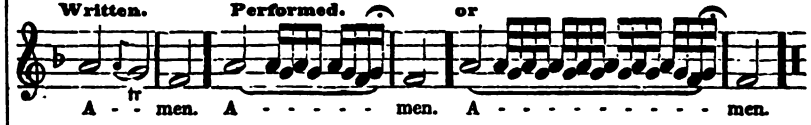


No. 5. AFTER NOTE.



The SHAKE (tr) consists of a rapid alternation of two sounds. It should be much cultivated by those who would acquire smoothness and flexibility of voice.*

No. 6.



MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS IN MUSIC.

A figure 3 placed over three notes, thus shows that they are to be sung in the time of two of the same kind—for example, thus:

A double bar, thus denotes the end of a strain or line in poetry.

* For more extended instructions on the Graces of Vocal Music, see the "Cultivation of the Voice Without a Master," by I. B. Woodbury. Pub. by F. J. Huntington. Price $1.

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The figure 6, thus placed over six notes, shows that they are to be sung in the time of four of the same kind, see page 340.

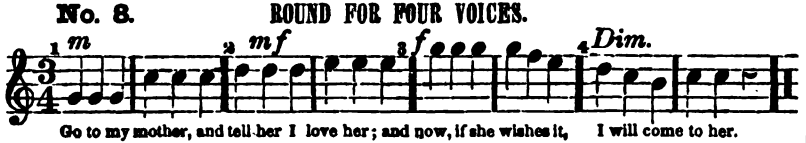
Dots placed in a piece of music, thus denote that it is to be repeated, and they are called Repeats.

A pause or hold over a note or rest, thus denotes a suspension of the time, during which the hand should remain stationary.

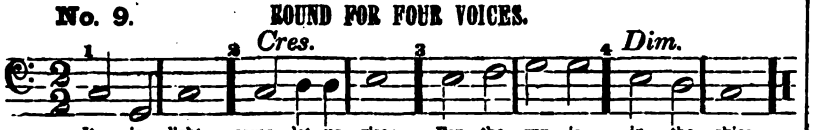
EXERCISES ON EXPRESSION AND THE ABOVE CHARACTERS.

No. 7.

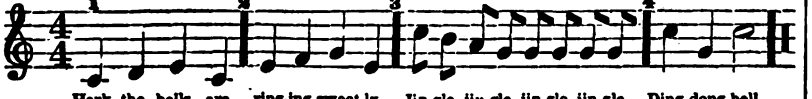
No. 8. ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



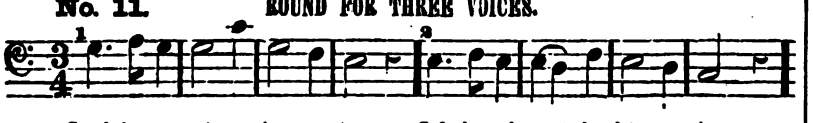
No. 9. ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



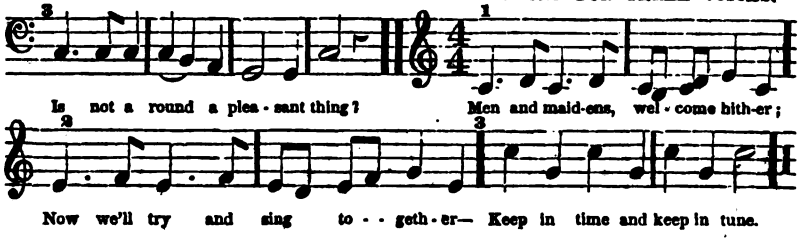
No. 10. ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.



No. 11. ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

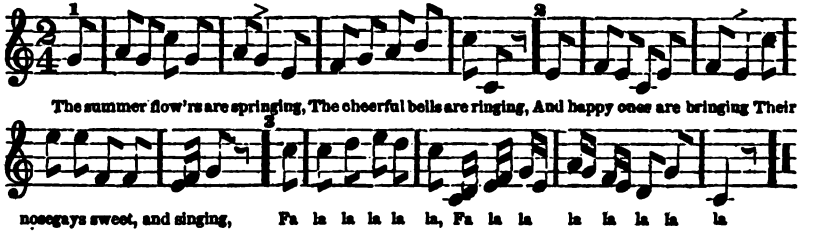


No. 11 continued.



No. 12. ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

No. 13. ROUND FOR THREE VOICES. French.

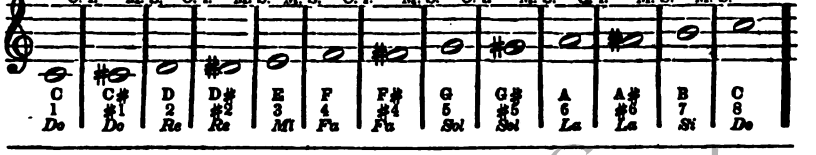


LESSON XI.

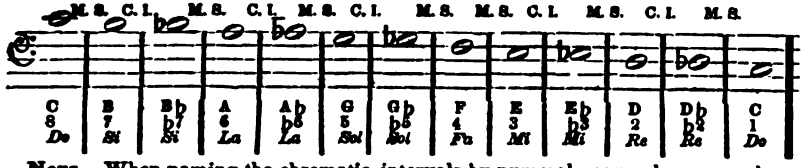
CHROMATIC SCALE.

Out of every major second of the diatonic scale, two intervals can be procured by the use of a sharp (♯) or flat (♭). The sharp elevates a sound before which it is placed a *chromatic* interval, and the flat depresses it a *chromatic* interval. A series of twelve intervals is called the *Chromatic* Scale, thus:

The following Letters, Numerals and Syllables, are applied to the Chromatic Scale.*



* The author thinks the European system of not changing the vowel sounds, in the chromatic scale, far preferable to the practice so much in vogue in this country, as many bad habits arise that require



NOTE.—When naming the chromatic intervals by numerals, say—sharp one, sharp two, flat six, flat seven, &c.; but when naming them by letters, C sharp, D flat, E flat, &c.

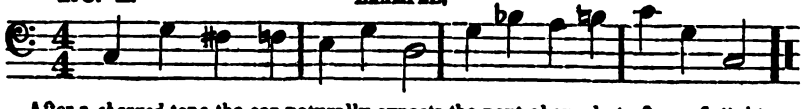
The pupil will observe, that from any letter to the same made flat or sharp, the interval is a chromatic one; and from any letter to the next above or below in the chromatic scale, the interval is a minor second. *Questions:* What is the interval from C to C♯ (sharp)? C♯ to D, &c.? C to B in descending? B to B♭ (flat)? B♭ to A? A to A♭, &c.? Commence the practice of the chromatic scale something in the following manner—the class sings one, after which the teacher sings sharp one, the class imitating him. Then two, sharp two, &c.

☞ For the future the class should devote a short time, each lesson, to the practise of this scale.

The influence of a sharp or flat extends from measure to measure, until a note intervenes which is on a different degree from that before which it is placed.*

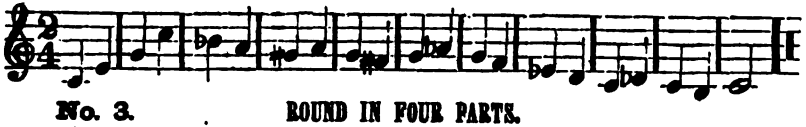
A NATURAL (♮) is used to contradict or take away the power of a flat or a sharp.

No. 1. EXAMPLE.

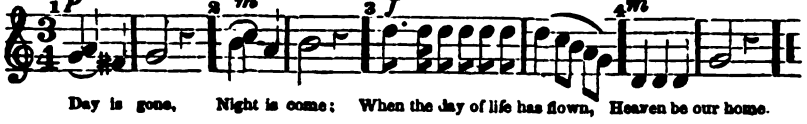


After a *sharped* tone the ear naturally expects the next above, but after a *flatted* tone the next below.

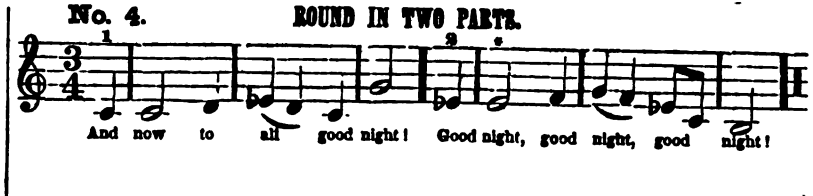
No. 2.



No. 3. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.



No. 4. ROUND IN TWO PARTS.

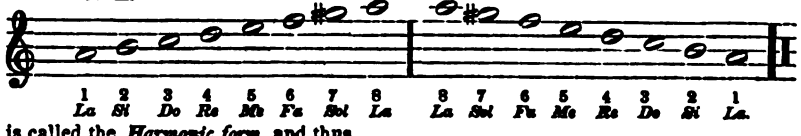


LESSON XII.

MINOR SCALE.

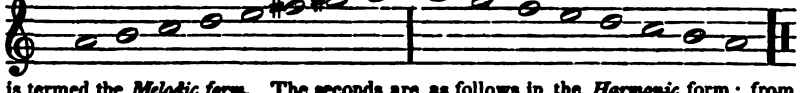
THERE is yet a third scale in music, called the *Minor* or *soft* mode. It consists of seven intervals, and has two forms or progressions; thus,

No. 1.



is called the *Harmonic form*, and thus,

No. 2.



is termed the *Melodic form*. The seconds are as follows in the *Harmonic* form: from one to two a major second; from two to three, minor; three to four, and four to five, major seconds; five to six, minor second; six to seven an extended second, and seven to eight a minor second. The same progression is observed in descending.

In the *Melodic* form of the minor scale, the intervals occur as follows, viz.: from one to two, a major second; two to three, a minor second; three to four, four to five, five to six, and six to seven, all major seconds; and seven to eight, a minor second. The descending scale in the melodic form differs, viz.: eight to seven, and seven to six, major seconds; six to five, a minor second; five to four, and four to three, major seconds; three to two, minor second; two to one, major second. Question as follows on the harmonic form: How many major seconds has the harmonic form, and between which numerals do they occur? How many minors? Between which numerals does the extended second occur? Is the form the same descending as ascending, &c.?

much after practice and instruction to eradicate. Those who choose, however, can still use the old plan by simply changing the vowel sound of the syllable, in ascending, to E, whenever a sharp occurs—and to A, in descending, whenever a flat is used.

* When a note succeeds one that has been made flat or sharp, *without a note intervening* on another degree of the staff, the effect of the accidental continues, although in another measure.

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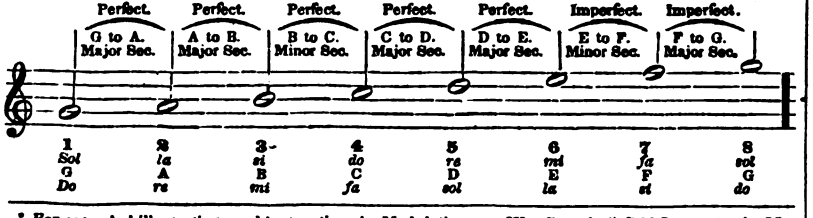
Question as follows on the melodic form: How many major and minor seconds has the melodic form of the minor scale ascending, and between which numerals do they occur? Name the seconds descending. In what respect does this form of the scale differ from the *Harmonic form?* How does it differ from the major scale, &c.? The scale of A minor has the same signature that C major has, hence some guide is necessary in order to distinguish between the two. When the signature is natural, and any part commences on A, it is generally in the minor mode. When sharp five occurs often, the piece of music is generally in A minor. After hearing some minor music, the ear will enable one to decide whether it is in the major or minor mode. But as the key or mode is constantly varying in most pieces of music, it is impossible to decide with certainty in relation to the key, without some knowledge of modulation, &c.*

LESSON XIII.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

When a scale of eight sounds occurs founded on any letter, the order of intervals being from one to two and two to three, major seconds; three to four, a minor; four to five, five to six, and six to seven, major seconds; and seven to eight a minor second; it is named after the letter on which one is written. Thus, if one is written on C, it is called the scale of C; if on D, the scale of D; if on E, the scale of E, &c. When a piece of music commences in the key of C, (although other keys may be introduced in the course of the piece by means of accidentals,) the signature is said to be natural, or, in other words, there are no flats or sharps used at the commencement. But when a piece of music has flats or sharps placed at the commencement, it is said to be transposed. The signature (or number of flats or sharps) placed at the commencement of a piece of music will decide the key. The pupil will take notice in transposing the scale, that the same order of intervals as in the key of C must be preserved, *i. e.*, from three to four and seven to eight must be minor seconds, and all the rest major seconds. In the first regular transposition of the scale by fifths, G becomes one of the new scale, thus:

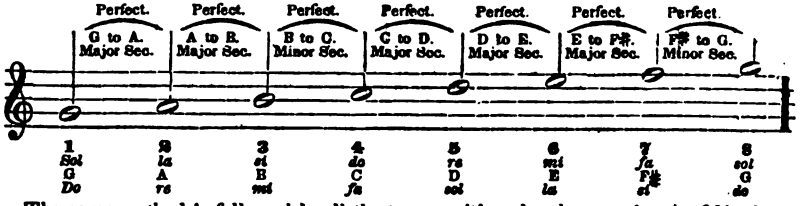
No. 1. SCALE IN THE KEY OF G IMPERFECT.



* For extended illustrations and instructions in Modulation, see Woodbury's "*Self-Instructor in Musical Composition and Thorough Base*"

The above example is not, strictly speaking, in the key of G, although we take G as one. When F sharp is introduced, then, *and then only*, the transposition takes place, thus;

No. 2. SCALE IN THE KEY OF G PERFECT.



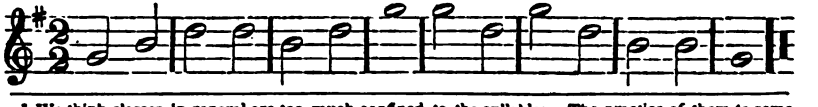
The same method is followed in all the transpositions by sharps, viz., the fifth above or fourth below is taken as one of a new key, in every succeeding transposition, and an additional sharp will be required also in every succeeding transposition.

Remark.—In the above example, it will be observed that we have not only placed the syllables *transposed*, but retained their original position as in the scale of C. Eight or ten years' experience has proved to us, that, generally speaking, *more* can be learned by classes, *if the syllables are not changed.**

Remark.—We are aware that this will not meet with the approbation of all our teachers, but those who have given it a fair trial, will fully endorse the above. Here we would also enter our protest against the change of the vowel sounds of the syllables, where an accidental is introduced. It brings a long train of evils that requires months of labor to eradicate. One reason why our choirs, and even select societies, almost always fail on the accidentals, is owing to the habit of changing the syllables and their vowel sounds. The system of changing the syllables is not known in the best schools of Europe; and we predict that, ere many years pass away, the elements of the art in this country will throw off these trammels, and find itself free to soar on, in its glorious path of love to fallen man.

Question as follows:—What do you understand by the transposition of the scale? *Ans.* When any other letter besides C is taken as one of a new scale, and accidentals are introduced. When is the scale said to be in its natural position? What letter is used to designate the natural key? What is the signature to C? In transposing the scale what order of intervals should always be preserved? What is the first transposition? *Ans.* To G, the fifth of C? What is the signature to G? If F is not sharped how many intervals would be wrong? What would be the interval from six to seven without the F#? What should it be, &c.?

No. 3.



* We think classes in general are too much confined to the syllables. The practice of them to some extent, is desirable and even necessary; but we would not use them one moment longer than is necessary, but substitute the words as soon as the progress of the class will allow. The syllable *La* and the vowels may also be used much more than is customary.

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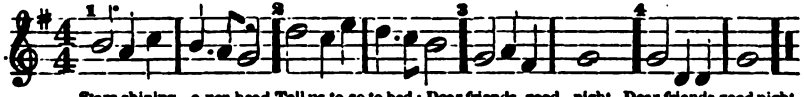
No. 4.

No. 5. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.



Stars shining o-ver-head, Tell us to go to bed; Dear friends, good night, Dear friends, good night.

No. 6. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

See on our garden the sun shines so brightly; Come, Mister Gard'ner, but mind you tread lightly;

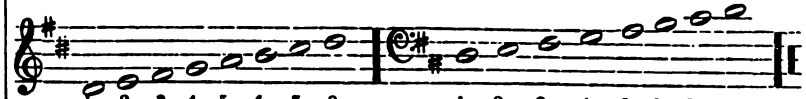
Pick up the stones, not a weed must be growing Here on the ground, where our sweet flowers are blowing.

Question on each tune something as follows: What is the signature? *Ans.* One sharp. What letter is sharped? *Ans.* F. Why do we sharp F? To regulate the order of the intervals. What is the order of intervals in all the transpositions? Between three and four, and seven and eight, are minor seconds; all the rest are major seconds. Name the letters to the scale of G. *Ans.* G is one, A is two, B is three, C is four, D is five, E is six, F# is seven, and G is eight.

Remark.—Most classes will be able to understand the theory, and, to a certain extent, the practical part of the art that we have been over, in about twelve or thirteen lessons, *if the teacher has been faithful.* Of course, in our division of the elements into lessons, it is not intended that they shall be followed out to the letter, but changes should be made as the interest of the class may require. Many classes will require twenty-four, or even more lessons, to acquire what we have been over in these few lessons. *There is but little danger of going too slow* in teaching the elements of music. The rest of the transpositions may be taken up as the class may require, but let it be impressed on the mind, that if the first transposition is well understood, all the rest will come easy, and but little time will be required in teaching them.

Second transposition by sharps (Key of D). One is written on D, the fifth to G, and in order to preserve the order of intervals, two sharps are used, viz., C# (new sharp) and F#, thus;

No. 7.



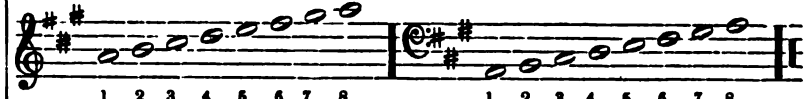
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Re	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*	*re*
D	E	F#	G	A	B	C#	D
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Re	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*	*re*
D	E	F#	G	A	B	C#	D
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

Questions.—In what key is this scale? *Ans.* D. How do you know it to be in the key of D? By the signature. What is the signature? Two sharps. What letters are sharp? F and C. Why do we sharp F and C? To preserve the order of intervals. What numerals of the new scale are sharped? Three and seven. In order to transpose a scale to its next affinity in sharps, what numeral of it must we sharp? The fourth. What was the fourth to C? *Ans.* F. By sharping F into what key do we modulate, or transpose the scale? *Ans.* G. By sharping the fourth to G (which is C), into what key do we modulate? *Ans.* D, &c. Practise tunes in D.

Third transposition by sharps (Key of A). One is written on A, the fifth to D, and in order to preserve the order of intervals, three sharps are found necessary, viz., G# (the new sharp), F# and C#, thus:

No. 8.

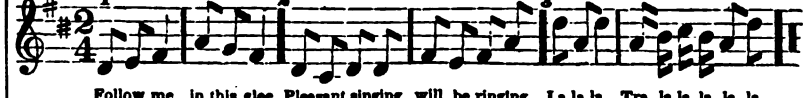


1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
La	*si*	*do*	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*
A	B	C#	D	E	F#	G#	A
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
La	*si*	*do*	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*
A	B	C#	D	E	F#	G#	A
Do	*re*	*mi*	*fa*	*sol*	*la*	*si*	*do*

Question as in the Key of D. Sing tunes in the Key of A, and exercises in the Keys of D and A.

No. 9. ROUND IN THREE PARTS.



Follow me in this glee, Pleasant singing will be ringing, La la la, Tra la la la la la.

No. 10. ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

O, may my heart dis - cov-er All that is good and true, And may I be a cov-er

* If these old Continental Tunes are not useful for the services of the sanctuary, they are at least valuable as practice for classes. We are aware that many will "cry out" against them, but such are not obliged to use them, for there is surely enough of *good* music in this work.

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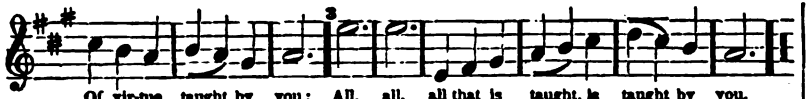
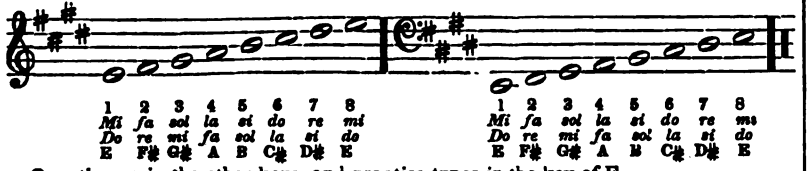
No. 10 continued.



Fourth transposition by sharps (key of E four sharps). One of this key is written on E, the fifth of A, and the new sharp is D#, making four sharps, viz., F# C# G# and D#. Thus,

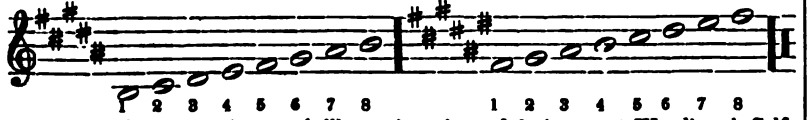
No. 11.



Question as in the other keys, and practise tunes in the key of E.

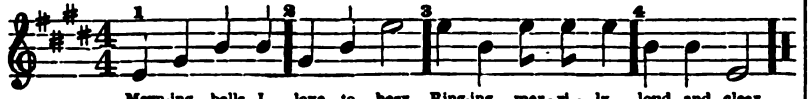
Fifth and Sixth transpositions by sharps (keys of B and F#), seldom used. Thus:

No. 12. KEY OF B—Five Sharps. KEY OF F#—Six Sharps.

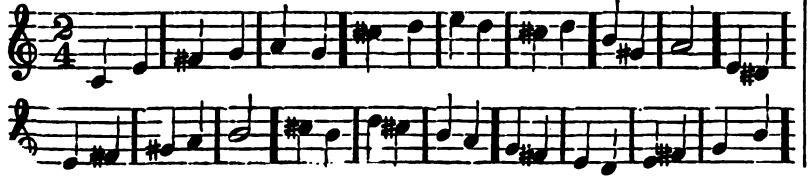


For extended instructions and illustrations in modulation, see "Woodbury's Self-Instructor in Musical Composition and Thorough Base."

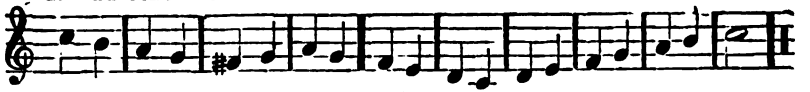
No. 13. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.



No. 14.



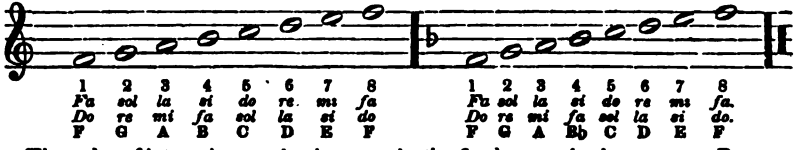
No. 14 continued.



In the above example we pass to the key of E, and back again, progressively, through the intermediate keys of G D A. The pupil should be questioned and instructed on it, until he can tell readily where the modulation takes place from one key to another.

First transposition of the scale by fourths. To transpose the scale by flats we take the fourth (instead of the fifth) of every new scale. F is the fourth of C, hence it is one of the new scale (Key of F), thus,

No. 15. IMPERFECT—Because B is not Flat. PERFECT—Because B is Flat.

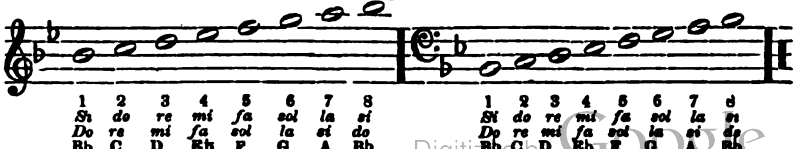


The order of intervals must be the same in the flat keys as in the sharps. By analyzing the perfect example above, we find that from F to G is a major; G to A, a major; A to Bb (three to four), a minor; Bb to C, a major; C to D, a major; D to E, a major; E to F, a minor second.

Question something as follows:—What is the signature to the Key of F? *Ans.* One flat. What letter is flat? B. Why do we flat? To regulate the order of intervals. Name the letters as they occur in this scale. The flat keys are transposed a fourth instead of a fifth, and flats are used instead of sharps to regulate the order of intervals—the fourth of each new scale being flatted instead of the seventh being sharped as in the sharp keys, &c.

Second, third, and fourth transpositions by flats stand thus:

No. 16. KEY OF Bb—Signature, two Flats.



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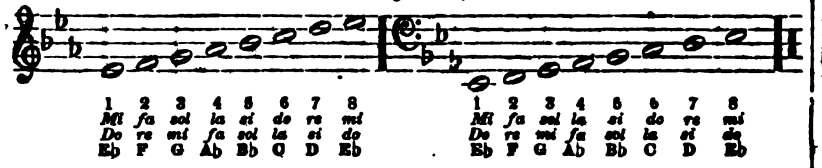
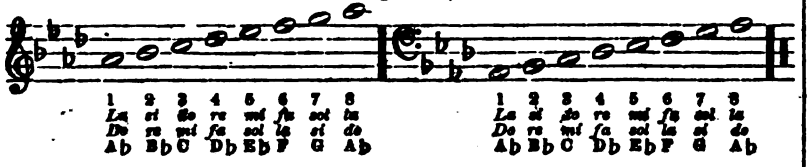
No. 17. KEY OF Eb—Signature, three Flats.



No. 18. KEY OF Ab—Signature, four Flats.



It will be perceived that in each succeeding new scale, the fourth of the old scale is taken as one of the new, and that an additional flat is used to each.

Other modulations may be procured by continuing to use additional flats, but as they would not be of any practical use, we omit them here. Questions should be proposed on all the scales, as in the key of F, and the practice of tunes should be introduced in all these keys, in the order of the transpositions as above.

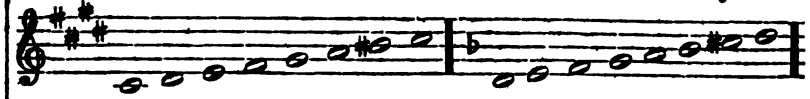
CONTINUATION OF THE MINOR SCALE.

Every major has its relative minor scale, founded on the third letter below, *i. e.*, the relative minor to C is A; to D, B, &c. The order of intervals in the minor scale is the same, as shown in Lesson 12, in all cases. Question the class as follows: What is the relative minor scale to G major? *Ans.* E. What is the signature of the relative minor to any major scale? The same as its major. What is the signature to E minor? *Ans.* One sharp. Is it necessary to introduce any accidentals in the minor scale? Yes; the seventh is always sharped both in ascending and descending in the Harmonic form, (for example see page 13); but in the Melodic form only in ascending. Which form of the minor scale is now generally used? The Harmonic. Why? Because every note of the scale is susceptible of natural harmonies. What is the relative minor to A major? F sharp minor. To E major? C sharp minor. To F major? D minor. B flat major? G minor. E flat major? C minor. A flat major? F minor. Here we have all the minor scales at one view.

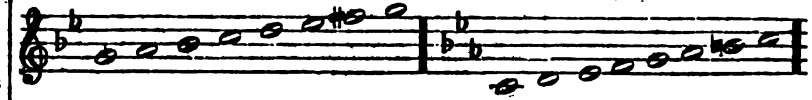
No. 19. A Minor Relative to C Major. E Minor Relative to G Major.

B Minor Relative to D Major. F Sharp Minor Relative to A Major.

G Sharp Minor Relative to E Major. D Minor Relative to F Major.



G Minor Relative to B Flat Major. C Minor Relative to E Flat Major.

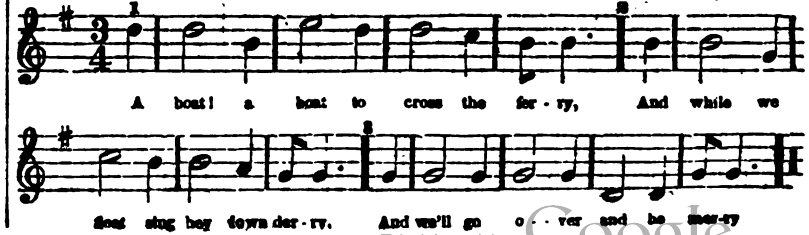


F Minor Relative to A Flat Major.

Practise tunes in all the minor scales.

MELODIES, ROUNDS, ETC., FOR CLASS PRACTICE.

ROUND IN THREE PARTS—No. 1.



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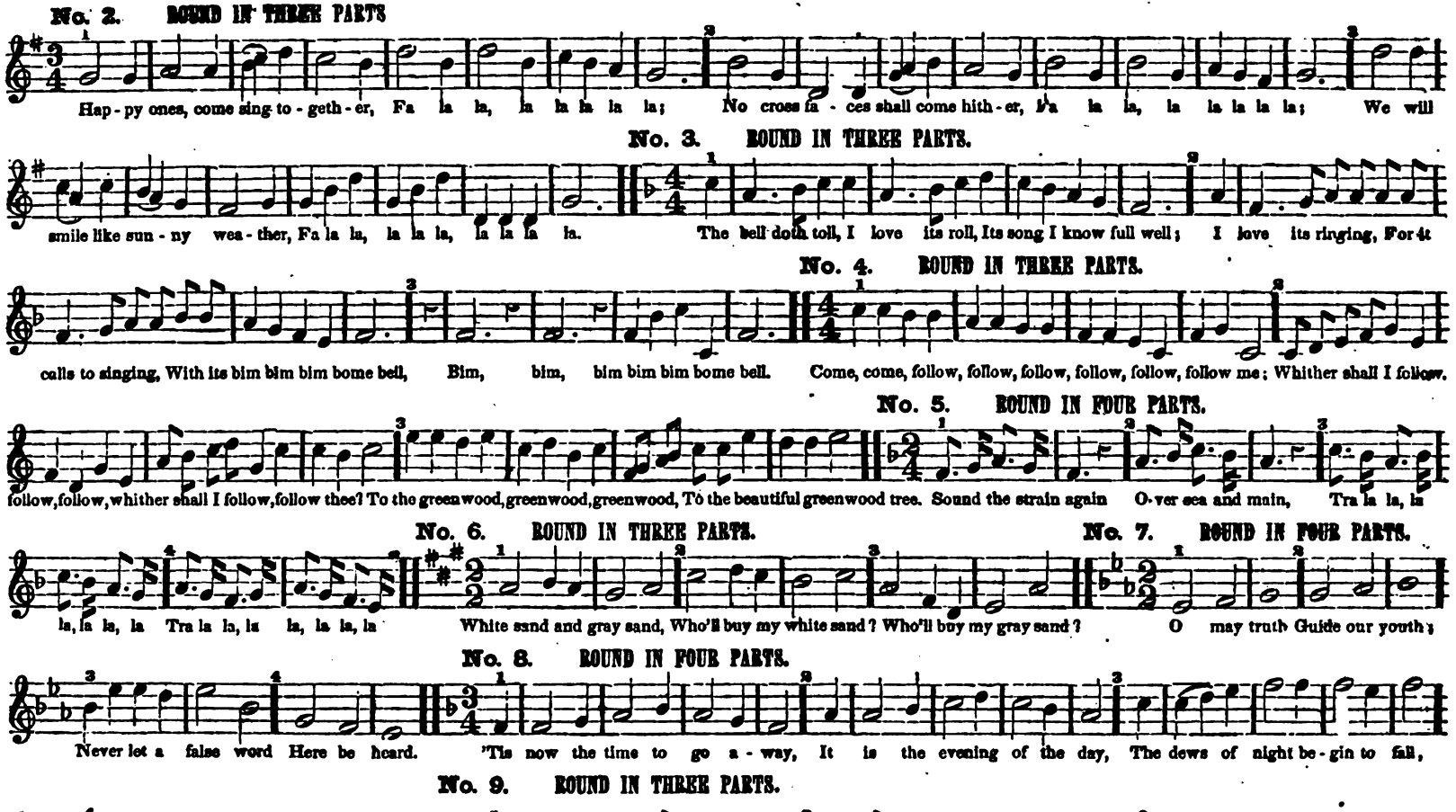

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THE MARINER LOVES O'ER THE WATERS TO ROAM.—Quartett.

Lively

Arranged expressly for this work.

1. The mar-i-ner loves o'er the wa-ters to roam, o'er the wa-ters to roam, While he thinks on the groves of his own na-tive home, of his own na-tive

2. Ah! loves he the moonlight, as o-ver the deep, shin-ing o-ver the deep, When the land's out of sight and the world is a-sleep, and the world is a-

home. Hark, hark, hark! The ves-per bells steal-ing so soft-ly a-long! The mar-i-ner's song, the mar-i-ner's song, The

Chorus to each verse.

sleep. Hark, hark, hark! How sweet-ly is steal-ing the mar-i-ner's song! The mar-i-ner's song, &c.

Cres.

A little faster.

Dim.

p song.

Dim.

Rit.

pp

winds are now bring-ing the mar-i-ner's song, The mar-i-ner's song, the mar-i-ner's song, The winds are now bring-ing the mar-i-ner's song!

sing.

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No. 10. TEACHER AND SCHOLARS.—Trio.

Pupils.

Do, re, mi, Fine. f Ah, I love to sing with a fa la la, Merri-ly, mer-ri-ly, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! D. C. Fine.

Sol, la, Si, O hear me, hear me;

Teacher.

Sit up e-rect, don't be afraid, To bend up double man never was made;
Beat, beat the time, move hands aright, And then you never need fear you're not right. } Gently, gent-ly, don't you be so boisterous, Ah! I see the rogue in yonder corner is the naughtiest;
D. C. Ah! what a rogue breaking the rule; I'll turn you, turn you right out of my school.

No. 11. ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

Hark! the cry of fire is near; God preserve us in our fear; Hear, O hear.

No. 12. ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

All those that are wise should be mer-ry, All those that are merry be wise; . .

No. 13. O HOW SWEET. Opening or Close of Singing School.—Melody.

'Tis wisdom our sorrows to bu - - ry, When-ev-er in life they a-rise. . . 1. O how sweet the tones that fall from the lips of those we love, To cheer our weary pilgrimage, as
2. O 'tis meet to spend the days in sweet mel-o-dy and song; They always seem so short to us, and

here be-low we rove, But sweet-er sounds are those that from singing school spring forth, When young and old do congregate from east, west, south and north. } O how happy 'tis to stay } 'Tis a
nev-er, nev-er long. Sometimes the voice so gent-ly falls in num-bers soft and sweet; Then louder, louder, louder ring the words and mu-sic neat. } Singing catch and merry lay; } 'Tis a

Fine.

No. 14. ROUND IN SIX PARTS.

D. C. Fine.

pleasant, pleasant thing, and true happiness 'twill bring.
pleasant, pleasant thing, and true happiness 'twill bring.

Two measures in silence.

Bime bome bell. Bime bome bell. Bime bome bell. One, two, three. In district three, ver-y near me.

No. 15. NEW YORK CRIES.—Round in Four Parts.

Fire! Fire! Sween . . . . O . . . In a shrill falsetto..... Straw-ber-ries! Straw-ber-ries! Broom! Broom! Broom! Broom! Charcoal! Char-coal!

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLAYING THE ORGAN, PIANO-FORTE, MELODEON AND SERAPHINE BY FIGURES.

Introductory Remarks.—Keyed instruments similar to the organ are now coming so much in use, that we think a theory simplified for playing them by figures (*Thorough Base*) would be acceptable to a large majority of the choristers and singers in the United States. Setting aside the expense of procuring works on this subject, it is quite difficult to get them at any price in some parts of the country.* Indeed there are but few works that are well adapted to the wants of the United States. In the first place, they are for the most part republications of English works that were written for the peculiar wants of the English student, differing essentially from the system that is generally taught in our own country.

The student is supposed to have some knowledge of the Elements, *i. e.*, the characters used in writing music: he must also be familiar with the letters on both clefs, in order to proceed to advantage.

By far the larger proportion of works on church music published in this country have the figures, and the four parts are spread on four staffs. When the music is written on two staffs, the figures are not used as the eye will easily take in the four parts.

In commencing the practice of *Thorough Base* the pupil should first play the soprano in the right hand, (it may be well to use the fourth finger for the soprano until the figures are understood,†) then the base in the left, then look at the figures that are placed underneath, which will enable him to decide what chord is to be struck.

COMMON CHORD.

The common chord of any letter consists of its third and fifth, to which the eighth is usually added.

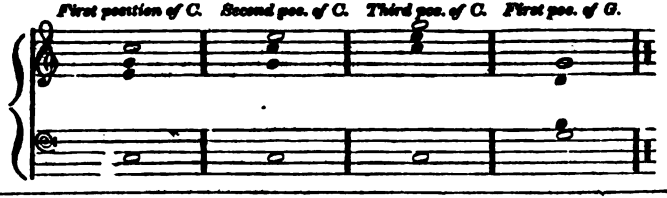
Questions.—What letters form the common chord of C? *Ans.* C E G—C is one, E is three, G is five, and C is eight. What is the common chord of F? *Ans.* F is one, A is three, C is five, and F is eight. Question each letter of the scale as above.

When there are no figures under the base the common chord must be played. We would impress on the mind of the pupil once for all, that the rules in italics should *always be committed to memory.* The moment the rule is understood and committed to memory, the student should turn to some tune (a simple one if possible), and put it in practice.

☞ Practice this and other tunes in this manner until perfect familiarity with the common chord has been acquired, when we pass to the following rule:

Every letter has three different positions of the common chord; first position when the soprano is written on the same letter as the base, second position when the soprano is a third above the base, and third position when the soprano is a fifth above the base, thus:

First position of C. Second pos. of C. Third pos. of C. First pos. of G.



* We have had repeated applications for works relating to Thorough Base from teachers and students living many hundred if not thousand miles from this city, who write that it is impossible for them to procure such books at any price in their vicinity.

† The pupil will take notice that the two intermediate parts are always played lower than the soprano and higher than the base, *i. e.*, they never pass above the soprano or below the base.

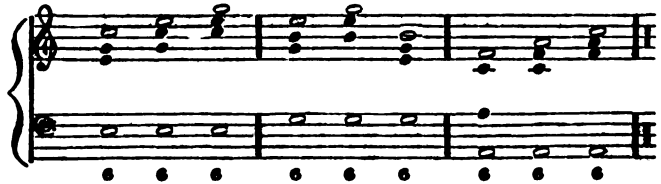
In the above example the black notes indicate the notes that are filled up in Thorough Base. The pupil will also observe that C is termed the eighth to the base on C, whether written eight degrees above or fifteen; the same may be said also of the third and fifth; *i. e.*, whether the third is written a third or a tenth above, or whether the fifth is written a fifth or a twelfth above, they are considered the same in Thorough Base.

Sometimes a common chord is figured to contradict some preceding chord or unison passage, and the figures 3, 5 and 8 are used to designate it, either one or the whole of them (see the tune Machir, page 86). A sharp, flat or natural, placed under a chord or figures always has reference to the third; *i. e.*, the third is made sharp, flat or natural, as the case may be (see tunes Faron, Russia, &c.) When a passage is marked *unison*, it denotes that the two extreme parts alone are to be played, viz., the soprano and base. The pupil should now practise tunes in all the keys, and play every chord that is not figured, also those that have a sharp, flat or natural under them, without other figures, and those that are figured 3, or $\frac{3}{5}$; or $\frac{3}{5}$, or 5, or 8—all other chords will be omitted.

FIRST INVERSION OF THE COMMON CHORD.

The figure 6 or $\frac{6}{3}$ denotes the first inversion of the common chord. *Play the base and soprano as written, and the common chord of the letter a third below the base*, or the 6th, 8th and 3d from the base.

First inversion of C. First inversion of E. First inversion of F.



Question as follows: If a base written on E, is the first inversion of some letter, what is the harmony that is to be played in the right hand? *Ans.* The common chord of C, because it is the letter a third below the base. What would be the chord to F, if written as the first inversion? *Ans.* The right hand would play the common chord of D.

Remark.—The learner should not suppose that the common chord direct of C and D should be played, for *the real base never changes.*

It will be observed by the above example that there are three different positions to each inversion. The black notes indicate the notes that are filled out, and the learner will find, by examination, that in every case they form the common chord to the letter a third below the base. Play tunes for the practice of the chord of the 6.

SECOND INVERSION OF THE COMMON CHORD.

The second inversion is figure $\frac{6}{4}$. *Play the base as written*, and in the right hand play the *common chord to the letter a fourth above the base*, or the sixth, eighth and fourth from the base.

Questions.—If the base is written on G, the common chord of what letter will be played in the right hand. *Ans.* C, because it is the fourth above the base thus:

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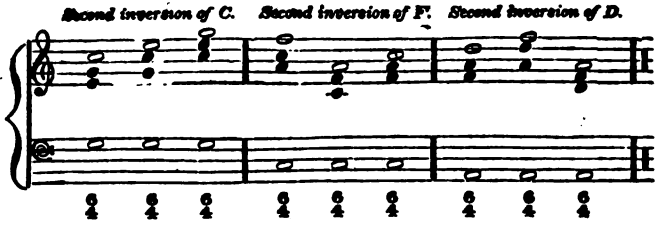


Play tunes for the practice of the chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$.

CHORD OF THE SEVENTH.

The common chord of any letter with the seventh, instead of the eighth, forms this combination, and it is figured 7, sometimes $\frac{7}{3}$ or $\frac{7}{5}$. *Play the base and soprano as written, and add the seventh with the common chord to the base*, or the third, fifth and seventh to the base. *Questions.*—What letters form the chord of the seventh to C? *Ans.*—C E G and B. What is the seventh to G? *Ans.*—F. See next exercise for illustrations.

Play tunes for the practice of the chord of the seventh, such as Asah, Edmeston, &c.

FIRST INVERSION OF THE SEVENTH, FIGURED $\frac{6}{5}$.

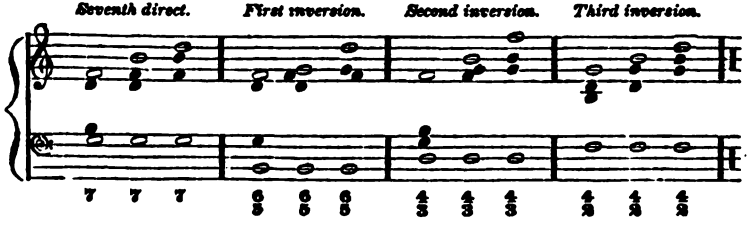
Play the base and soprano as written, and the right hand just as in the seventh direct to the letter a third below the base, or the sixth, third and fifth from the real base. See Memphis, Refuge, &c.

SECOND INVERSION OF THE SEVENTH, FIGURED $\frac{4}{3}$.

Play the base and soprano as written, and add the common chord and seventh to the letter a fourth above the base; or the third, fourth and sixth from the real base. See Refuge, Nohah, &c.

THIRD INVERSION OF THE SEVENTH, FIGURED $\frac{4}{2}$.

Play the base as written, and add the common chord of the next letter above the base in the right hand. Here we have the three inversions of the seventh written out, the black notes being the ones that the figures indicate. See Westford, Danton, Britton, &c.



It will be perceived by the above example that the chord of the seventh direct and each of the inversions have three positions. *Questions.*—Which part takes the seventh in this chord direct, first position? *Ans.*—The soprano. In the second position? The alto. In the third position? The tenor. The common chord of what letter, with its seventh, do we play in the chord of $\frac{6}{5}$, as above written? G, because is the third below. What is the rule for playing this chord? What is the rule for playing the chord of the $\frac{4}{3}$? What is the rule for playing the third inversion, $\frac{4}{2}$? How many inversions are there to the chord of the seventh? *Ans.*—Three. How many positions to each inversion? Three.

Play many tunes in all the keys for the practice of the above chords.

MISCELLANEOUS CHORDS.

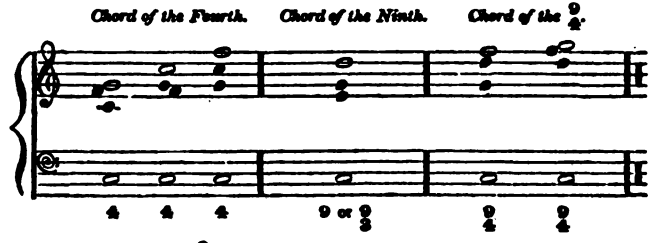
CHORD OF THE FOURTH, FIGURED 4. *Play the common chord with a fourth from the base instead of a third.*

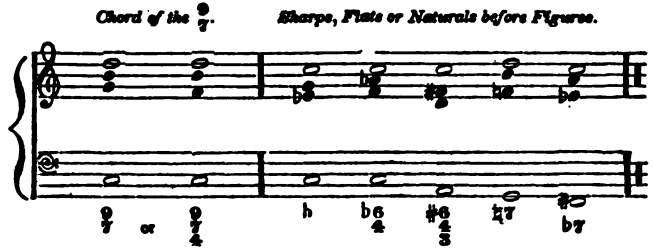
CHORD OF THE NINTH, FIGURED 9. *Play the common chord with the ninth instead of the eighth.*

CHORD OF THE NINE SEVEN, FIGURED $\frac{9}{7}$. *Add the seventh to the above chord.**

CHORD OF THE NINE FOUR, FIGURED $\frac{9}{4}$. *Play the fifth, ninth and fourth from the base.*†

Of sharps, flats or naturals placed before figures. *A sharp (♯), flat (♭) or natural (♮), placed before a figure, always affects the note that the figure indicates. Example of the above chords.*





We have now had all the chords that are in common use in the church psalmody of this country. If a chord is not understood, let the pupil look at the intermediate parts, which he will often have to do, as many of the chords are not figured correctly in most church music books. Perseverance is particularly necessary for the student in Thorough Base, and the rules will have to be again and again studied and understood. Above all, be particularly careful to understand what you do study, thoroughly, else the farther you go the deeper you will get in the labyrinths of uncertainty.‡

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* The figuring of this chord is somewhat ambiguous, as sometimes the fourth instead of the fifth is played, hence the performer had better cast his eye over the parts.

† It may be well to explain to the learner that the figures attached to all the chords indicate the interval from the base. For example, if the figures $\frac{6}{4}$ are written, we play those intervals reckoned from the base, and so with all others. The chords may be figured in full, but the abbreviations have been found to answer the purpose.

‡ For a thorough course of progressive instruction in the elements of Musical Composition and Thorough Base, see "Woodbury's Self-Instructor in Musical Composition."

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LUTE OF ZION.

WESLEY. L. M.

With great power and spirit.

Composed expressly for this work.

TENOR.

1. Come, let us tune our lof - tiest song, And raise to Christ our joy - ful strain; Worship and thanks to him be - long, Who reigns, and shall for - ev - er reign.

ALTO.

2. His sovereign power our bodies made; Our souls are his im - mor - tal breath; And when his creatures sinned, he bled, To save us from e - ter - nal death.

SOPRANO or AIR.

3. Burn eve-ry breast with Je - sus' love; Bound every heart with rap-turous joy; And saints on earth, with saints a - bove, Your vol - ces in his praise em-ploy.
4. Ex - tol the Lamb with lof-tiest song, As-cend for him our cheer-ful strain; Worship and thanks to him be - long, Who reigns, and shall for - ev - er reign.

BASE.

OLD HUNDRED L. M.

Firm.

LUTHER.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Cre - a - tor's praise be sung, Through eve-ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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Boldly.

HEDDING. L. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. O ren-der thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love, Whose mercy firm thro' a - ges past Hath stood and shall for - ev - er last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds ex-press, Not on - ly vast, but num-ber - less? What mortal el - o-quence can raise His trib - ute of im-mor - tal praise?

3. Ex-tend to me that fa - vor, Lord, Thou to Thy cho-sen dost af - ford; When Thou return'st to set them free, Let Thy sal - va - tion vis - it me.

4. O may I wor-thy prove to see Thy saints in full pros-per - i - ty! That I the joy - ful choir may join, And count Thy peo - ple's tri-umph mine!

Firm, but not boisterous.

RUSSIA. L. M.

Old Continental Tune.

How long, O Lord! shall I complain, Like one that seeks his God in vain? How long my soul thine absence mourn, And still despair of Thy return?

How long, O Lord! shall I complain, Like one that seeks his God in vain? How long my soul thine ab - sence mourn, And still despair of Thy re-turn?

How long, O Lord! shall I complain, Like one that seeks his God in vain? How long my soul thine absence mourn, How long my soul thine absence mourn, And still despair of Thy return?

Slow.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

From eve - ry storm-y wind that blows, From every swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.

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Very rapidly.

JOHN STREET. L. M.

1. Je - sus, thy far - ex - tend - ed fame My droop-ing soul exults to hear; Thy Name, thy all - re - stor - ing Name, Is mu - sic in a sin-ner's ear.

2. Sin-ners of old thou didst re - ceive With com-fort - a - ble words, and kind; Their sor - rows cheer, their wants re - lieve, Heal the dis - eased, and cure the blind.

3. And art thou not the Sav - ior still, In eve - ry place and age the same? Hast thou for - got thy gra - cious skill, Or lost the vir - tue of thy name?

With order.

MENDON. L. M.

Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for thee; Thy saints a - dore thy ho - ly name; Thy crea-tures bend the o - bedient knee, And hum-bly, now, thy presence claim.

Not too fast.

PALESTRINA.* L. M. 6 lines.

FINE. D. C. FROM 𝄋 TO FINE.

{Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught the rocks the notes of wo;
{Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, (Omit. . . . . .) } And let thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold, the pre - cious balm is found,

To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

* May be sung as a quartett, small notes for the last verse.

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Spirited, but not too fast.

INVITATION. L. M.

KIMBALL.—Old Continental Tune.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow.

Come, my be - lov - ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow. Fly like a youthful

Fly like a youthful hart . . . or roe, O - - - - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills . . where spi - - ces grow.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where spices grow, O - - - - ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills . . where spi - - ces grow.

hart or roe, Over the hills where spi - - - - ces grow, O - ver the hills where spi - - ces grow, O - - ver the hills . . where spi - - ces grow.

With Dignity.

WINCHELSEA. L. M.

PRELLEUR.

In-cumbent on the bending sky, The Lord descend-ed from on high; And bade the darkness of the pole Be - neath his feet tre - mend - ous roll.

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With strong accent.

ADORATION. L. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Thou God of hosts by all a - dored: The earth and heavens are full of thee, Thy light, thy power, thy ma - jes - ty.

2. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to thy Name, An - gels and se - ra - phim proclaim: By all the powers and thrones in heaven, Eter-nal praise to thee is given.

3. A - pos - tles join the glorious throng, And swell the loud tri - umphant song: Prophets and martyrs hear the sound, And spread the halle - lu - jah round.

With fervor.

PEACE. L. M.

SECOND ENDING. B. DIM.

1. Assembled at thy great command, Before thy face, dread King, we stand: The voice that marshalled every star, Has called thy people from afar.

2. We meet thro' distant lands to spread The truth for which the martyrs bled; Along the line—to either pole—The anthems of thy praise to roll.

3. Our prayers assist; accept our praise; Our hopes revive; our courage raise; Our counsels aid;—to each impart The single eye, ... the faith - ful heart.

Spirited.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

S. HOLYOKE.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.

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With tenderness.

OPENING PRAYER. L. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. Thy presence, gracious God, afford; Prepare us to receive thy word: Now let thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mixed with what we hear, And faith be mixed, &c.

2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove, And fix our hearts and hopes above; With food divine may we be fed, And satisfied with living bread, And satisfied with living bread.

DUET—SOLI.

3. To us the sacred word apply, With sovereign power and energy; And may we in thy faith and fear, Reduce to practice what we hear, Reduce to practice what we hear.

Declamatory style.

TEMPLE. L. M. Double, or 6 lines.

FINE.

Commence with the Duet when there is an odd verse. D. C.

1. As - sembled at thy great command, Be - fore thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star, Has called thy people from a - far.

2. We meet thro' distant lands to spread The truth for which the martyrs bled;

FINE.

D. C.

D. C. A - long the line—to ei - ther pole—The anthem of thy praise to roll.

Firm.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

Dr. CROFT.

My soul, thy great Cre-a - tor praise; When clothed in his ce - les - tial rays, He in full ma-jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

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With ardor.

THE WONDROUS CROSS. L. M.

Composed for this work.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour . . contempt on all my pride.

2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - - ri-fice them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingling down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns . . compose so rich a crown?

Ardent and glowing.

WOODVALE. L. M.

From the Timbrel.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On thee, my Savior, and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all . . a-broad.

2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To him, who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine . I move.

3. 'Tis done: the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and he is mine: He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice . di-vine.

In chanting style.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath thy own al - migh-ty wings.

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Plaintive and sadly.

ANGUISH. L. M. Minor.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. From Cal - va-ry a cry was heard—A bitter and heart-rending cry; My Savior! every mournful word Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony, Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2. Let the dumb world its silence break; Let pealing anthems rend the sky; Awake, my sluggish soul, awake! He died that we might never die, He died, that we might never die.

3. Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye; If e'er I'll lose my strong control, O, let that dying, piercing cry, Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul, Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

With great gentleness and delicacy.

OLIVET. L. M.

W. . .

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to his blood.

Lively.

LEYDEN. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

Quickened with our im-mor-tal Head, Who dai - ly, Lord, as - cend with thee;
Redeemed from sin, and free in - deed, (*Omit* - - - - - - - - - - - - -) We taste our glo - rious lib - er - ty, We taste our glo-rious lib-er - ty.

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Ardent and glowing

GRATITUDE. L. M.

SOLL.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from thee; His lov - ing kindness, O how free! His lov - ing kind-ness,

2. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail; O may my last ex-pir-ing breath, His loving kindness sing in death, His lov - ing kind-ness

3. Then let me mount and soar a - way To the bright world of endless day; And sing, with rapture and surprise, His lov - ing kind-ness in the skies

O how free! His loving kindness, O how free!

sing in death, His loving kindness sing in death.

His loving kindness in the skies.

Declamatory style

IMLAH. L. M.

Arranged from T.

1. When strangers stand, and hear me tell What beauties in my Savior dwell, That they might seek and love him too. Where he is gone they fain would know,

2. My best beloved keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds unknown; But he descends, and shows his face In the young gardens of his grace.

3. O may my spirit daily rise, On wings of faith above the skies; Till death shall make my last remove, To dwell for ever with my love.

Firm.

SEASONS. L. M.

PLEYEL.

The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The sum-mer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

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Spirited.

CALL TO PRAISE. L. M. Double.

Arranged expressly for this work.

FINE. D. C.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar - ment wears;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

With dignity.

ST. PETER'S. L. M.

HARWOOD.

O Thou, whom once they flocked to hear—Thy words to hear, thy power to feel—Suffer a sin - ner to draw near, And gra - cious-ly . . re - ceive me still.

Gentle and connected.

BOWRING. L. M.

1. How sweet-ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle-ness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place.

2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his fol - lowers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Unveiling an im - mor - tal day.

3. "Come, wanderers, to my Fa-ther's home; Come, all ye wear-y ones, and rest;" Yes, sa - cred Teacher, we will come, O - bey thee, love thee, and be blest.

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Plaintive.

WEEPING CALVARY. L. M. Minor.

Composed for this work. RITARD.

1. Ye that pass by, be - hold the Man— The Man of griefs—condemned for you; The Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain, Weeping to Cal - va - ry pur-sue.

2. To us our own Ba - rab - bas give— A - way with him—(they loudly cry:) A - way with him, not fit to live— The vile se - du - cer cru - ci - fy!

3. His sa - cred limbs they stretch, they tear; With nails they fasten to the wood; His sa - cred limbs, ex-posed and bare, Or on - ly cov - ered with his blood.

With dignity.

MEDWAY. L. M.

PERGOLESI.

When, O my Sav - ior, shall it be, That I no more shall break with thee? When will this war of pas-sion cease, And I en - joy a last-ing peace?

Gentle, but with earnestness.

REFUGE. L. M.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our ap-proaching souls a - way; And we shrink back again to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.

3. O would my Lord his servant meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she passed.

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With energy.

CHRISTIAN PRAISE. L. M.

CHORUS. QUARTETTE. p SOSTENUTO. CHORUS.

1. Ser - vants of God! in joy-ful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je - ho - vah's praise; His glo - rious Name let all a - dore, From age to age, for ev - er - more.

2. Blest be that Name, supremely blest, From the sun's ris - ing to its rest; A - bove the heavens his power is known, Through all the earth his good - ness shown.

Majestic and solemn.

MONMOUTH. L. M. Or P. M.

LUTHER.

L. M. In robes of judgment, lo! he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tomb; Before him burns devouring fire; The mountains melt, the seas retire, The mountains melt, the seas retire.

P. M. Great God! what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - ted!
The Judge of man I see ap-pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! } Be-neath his cross I view the day, When heaven and earth shall pass away, And thus prepare to meet him.

Glowing.

VERMONT. L. M.

E. DUTCHER.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone; Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

2. My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire: Come, my dear Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heavenly love.

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PUBLIC WORSHIP. L. M.

In chanting style. Composed expressly for this Work.

1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I en - joy the mean-est place With-in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, or thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way From all as-saults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes with-in.

STERLING. L. M.

In chanting style. HARRISON.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - migh-ty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our sal-va - tion's rock we praise.

PARADISE. L. M.*

With fervor. QUARTETT. CHORUS.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Sav - ior see, I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire: Come, my dear Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with heavenly love.

* Third line may be sung as a Quartett, Trio, Duet, or Chorus.

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Bold, and third line staccato.

BEVERLY. L. M.

W^m.

1. Thy pres-ence, ev - er - last - ing God! Wide o'er all na - ture spreads a - broad: Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep, In eve - ry place thy chil - dren keep.

2. While near each other we re - main, Thou dost our lives and souls sus - tain; When sep'rate, hap - py if we share Thy smiles and thy pa - ter - nal care.

3. To thee we all our ways commit, And seek our com - forts near thy feet; Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine, And guard and guide us still as thine.

Bold.

NUREMBURG. L. M. Or 7's by omitting the first note to each line.

German.

Let ev - er - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my Sav - ior and my Lord; Thy hands have brought sal - va - tion down, And writ the bless-ings in thy word.

With strong accent and emphasis.

ALEXANDER, or EL-PARAN. L. M.

SCHULTZ.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee! A - shamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end - less days.

2. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven de - pend; No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

3. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No tears to quell, no soul to save.

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Ardent and glowing.

ALWAY. L. M.*

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels, how divine!

* The broken time may be omitted in the third line, Base, by singing the small notes, and noticing the ties.

Bold.

ORLAND. L. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. Be-hold the nations with their kings; There Europe her best tribute brings; From north to sonth the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet.

3. There Persia, glorious to be - hold, And In - dia shines in east - ern gold; While western em-pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at-tend his word.

Glowing.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

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Spirited.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.

Old Continental style.—G. MAXIM.

When strangers stand, and hear me tell What beauties in my Savior dwell, Where he is gone they fain would know, :||: Where he is gone they fain would know, :||: That they may seek and love him too.

Maestoso.

ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

W. TANSUR.

The God of my sal - va - tion lives; My no - bler life he will sus - tain; His word im - mor - tal vig - or gives, Nor shall my glo - rious hopes be vain.

In chanting style.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.

1. O, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stub-born heart a - way; And thaw with beams of love di - vine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the moun-tains shake: Of feel - ing, all things show some sign, But this un-feel - ing heart of mine.

3. To hear the sor - rows thou hast felt, O Lord, an a - da - mant would melt: But I can read each mov - ing line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.

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With gentleness.

MELITA—Quartett, or 8's & 4's.

W. . . SECOND ENDING.

1 There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They soft - ly lie and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose; Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

3 Then, traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of everlasting light, Thro' time's dark wilderness of years, (*Omit* - - - - - - - - -) A star of day.

4. Thy soul, renewed by grace divine, In God's own image, freed from clay, In heaven's e - ter - nal sphere shall shine, (*Omit* - - - - - - -) A star of day.

Lively.

ALBANY. L. M.

S. B. POND—From the U. S. Psalmody by permission.
(If the Tenor sing the small notes, the Alto must be omitted)

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy coun-sels! how di - vine!

Majestic.

COSTELLOW. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

Be earth and all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and van - i - ty be gone; In se-cret si - lence of the mind, My heaven, and there my God I find.

With order, but not too fast.

ASSURANCE. L. M. Double.

Theme from HAYDN.

1. I know that my Re-deemer lives; What com-fort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, He lives, who once was dead, He lives my ev-er liv-ing head. 2. He lives tri-

3. He lives to bless me with his love, He lives to plead for me for above; He lives mv hun-gry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need. 4. He lives to

5. He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to stop and wipe my tears; He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives all bless-ings to im-part. 6. He lives my

(When it is desirable to sing all the words of the last line, use the small notes.)

umphant from the grave, He lives e-ter-nal-ly to save; He lives all glo-rious in the sky, He lives ex-alt-ed there on high, ex-alt-ed there on high.

grant me fresh sup-ply, He lives to guide me with his eye; He lives to comfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint, to hear my soul's com-plaint.

kind, wise, heavenly Friend, He lives and loves me to the end; He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King, my Pro-phet, Priest, and King.

Earnestly.

PENITENCE. L. M.

C. MEINECKE.

Show pit-y, Lord; O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

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Tenderly.

MOURNFUL THOUGHTS. L. M.

Arranged expressly for this work.

MINOR.

1. A - rise, my tend'rest thoughts! arise! Dis - solve in grief, my stream-ing eyes! And thou, my heart! with an - guish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

2. See hu - man na - ture sunk in shame; See scan-dal poured on Je - sus' name; The Fa - ther wound-ed, thro' the Son, The world abused,—the soul an - done.

3. See the short course of vain de-light, Clos - ing in ev - er - last - ing night, In flames that no a - bate - ment know, Tho' bit - ter tears for - ev - er flow.

Moderate.

PLAYFORD. L. M.*

From PLAYFORD'S Coll., 1671.

At thy command, our dear - est Lord, Here we at - tend thy dy - ing feast; Thy love has spread the sa - cred board, To feed the faith of eve - ry guest.

* May be sung in notes of equal length.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. Or L. M. 6 Lines.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from thee—His loving-kindness, O how free, His loving-kindness, O how free, His loving-kindness, &c.

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate—His loving-kindness, O how great, His loving-kindness, O how great, His loving-kindness, &c.

3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along—His loving-kindness, O how strong, His loving-kindness, O how strong, His loving-kindness, &c.

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Plaintive.

INVITING SERMON. L. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. Shep - herd of souls, with pit - ying eye The thou-sands of our Is - rael see; To thee in their be - half we cry— Our - selves but new - ly found in thee.

2. See where o'er de - sert wastes they err, And nei - ther food nor feed - er have, Nor fold, nor place of re - fuge near, For no man cares their souls to save.

3. Thy peo - ple, Lord, are sold for naught, Nor know they their Re - deem - er nigh; They per - ish, whom thy - self hast bought; Their souls for lack of know-ledge die.

Firm.

POMFRET. L. M.

CECIL.

Happy the church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Crea-tor's grace; Thy ho - ly courts are his a - bode, Thou earthly pal - ace lof our God, Thou earthly palace of our God.

Moderato.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou - - sand days of mirth.

Great God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds, &c.
To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth, Exceeds, &c.

UNISONS.

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HINGHAM. L. M.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a-rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land, by every tongue, Through every land, by every tongue.

2. E - ter - nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3. Your lof-ty themes, ye mortals, bring; In songs of praise di-vine - ly sing; The great salvation loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name, And shout for joy the Savior's name.

APPLETON. L. M.

Bold.

"Dr Boyce" H H H Coll

For male voices.

O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - migh - ty King; For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

Old English.

1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for - give; Let a . . re - penting reb - el live; Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.

3. O, wash my soul from eve - ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain my eyes.

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Affetuoso.

ACKWORTH. L. M.

Subject from BEETHOVEN.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin; Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2. The day glides swift-ly o'er their heads, Made up of in - no - cence and love; And soft and si - lent as the shades, Their night-ly min - utes gen - tly move.

3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on, But fly not half so swift a - way; Their souls are ev - er bright as noon, And calm as sum - mer eve - nings be.

Spirited.

PARK-STREET.

VENUA.

Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love, And raise the tuneful notes of love.

ANTIGUA. L. M.

English Tune.

1. Great God, attend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy pres - ence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thous - and days of mirth.

2. Might I en - joy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes with - in.

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Very Bold and Spirited.

MORNING. L. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part, Who all night long un - wea - ried sing High praises to th'e - ter - nal King.

3. All praise to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re - freshed me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take.

Majestic.

TIMESBURY. L. M.

I. SMITH.

Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and ma - jes - ty; His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

CALCUTTA. L. M.

JARMAN.

1. What e - qual honors shall we bring To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb? Since all the notes that angels sing, Are far in - fe - rior to thy Name; Are far in - fe - rior to thy Name.

2. Worthy is he that once was slain, The Prince of Peace that groaned and died; Worthy to rise and live and reign At his al - mighty Father's side, At his al - mighty Father's side.

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Gentle.

THE CROSS. L. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sa-cri-fice . . . . them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow mingling down: Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose . . . . so rich a crown.

Spirited.

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. BURNEY.

Now to the Lord a no-ble song: A-wake, my soul, a-wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th' eter-nal name, And all his bound-less love pro-claim.

BRENTFORD. L. M.

English Tune.

1. Je-sus, thy blood and right-eous-ness My beau-ty are, my glo-rious dress: 'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar-rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.

2. Bold shall I stand in thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Ful-ly abs-olved through these I am— From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3. The ho-ly, meek, un-spot-ted Lamb, Who from the Fa-ther's bo-som came—Who died for me, e'en me t'a-tone— Now for my Lord and God I own.

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Bold.

CASTLE STREET. L. M.

O God, most mer - ci - ful and true, Thy na - ture to my soul im - part; 'Stab-lish with me the cov' - nant new, And stamp thine im - age on my heart, And stamp thine im - age on my heart.

In chanting style.

GOOD SHEPHERD. L. M. 6 lines.

The Lord my pas - ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care.

His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watchful eye: My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

Bold and joyous.

BREWER. L. M.

English.*

Daughters of Zi - on, come, be-hold The crown of hon - or and of gold, Which the glad church, with joys un - known, Placed on the head of Sol - o - mon.

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Bold.

HAMILTON. L. M.

From the Timbrel.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; Let eve-ry soul be Je-sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all man-kind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I'll call; The in-vi-ta-tion is to all:— Come all the world! come, sin-ner, thou! All things in Christ are rea-dy now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin op-pressed, Ye rest-less wan-derers af-ter rest; Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hearty wel-come find.

Firm.

BLENDON. L. M.

GIARDINI.

My open-ing eyes with rap-ture see The dawn of thy re-turn-ing day; My thoughts, O God, as-cend to thee, While thus my ear-ly vows I pay.

In chanting style.

RELIANCE. L. M.

W**.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on— Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And eve-ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps am near my home: But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And give me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head; While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

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To come out

Chin Bacell

CHINA, or NOTAWAY. L. M.

3. Give thanks to God, he reigns above, Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercies ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own, And a ges long to come shall own.

2. Let the re - deemed of the Lord The wonders of his grace re - cord; Is - rael, the na-tion whom He chose, And rescued from their mighty foes, And rescued from their mighty foes.

3. When God's own arm their fetters broke, And freed them from the Egyptain yoke, They traced the desert, wandering round A wild and solitary ground, A wild and sol - i - ta - ry ground.

THIRDS.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

Spirited.

LINLEY.

Now be my heart in - spired to sing The glo-ries of my Sav - ior King, Je - sus the Lord; how heavenly fair His form! how bright his beau - ties are!

DRESDEN. L. M. Double.

Legato affetuoso.

Old German.

FINE.

D. C.

1. He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies; Lo! Sa - lem's daughters weep a - round;
A sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground;

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load;

D. C. He shed a thou-sand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich - est blood.

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Ardent.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love; Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.

Not too fast.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON, by permission.

The heavens de-clare thy glo-ry, Lord, In eve-ry star thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

Firm.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

English.

1. Not heaven's wide range of hallowed space Je-ho-vah's presence can confine; Nor an-gel's claims re-strain his grace, Whose glo-ries through cre-a-tion shine.

2. It beamed on E-den's guilt-y days, And traced re-demption's wondrous plan; From Cal-va-ry, in bright-est rays, It glowed to guide be-night-ed man.

3. Its sa-cred shrine it fix-es there, Where two or three are met to raise Their ho-ly hands in hum-ble prayer, Or tune their hearts to grate-ful praise.

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With earnest gentleness.

LAKE-SIDE. L. M.

L. B. WOODBURY.

1. Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near, And bow my - self be - fore thy face? How in thy pur - er eyes ap - pear? What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2. Will gifts de - light the Lord Most High? Will mul - ti - plied ob - la - tions please? Thousands of rams his fa - vor buy, Or slaughtered hec - a - tombs ap - pease?

3. Can these a - vert the wrath of God? Can these wash out my guilt - y stain? Riv - ers of oil, and seas of blood, A - las! they all must flow in vain.

Firm.

BATH. L. M.

Na - ture with o - pen vol - ume stands, To spread her Ma - ker's praise a - broad; And eve - ry la - bor of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord, Thy help and comfort still af - ford; And let a wretch come near thy throne To plead the mer - its of thy Son.

2. A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sa - cri - fice I bring; Thou God of grace, wilt thou de - spise A broken heart for sac - ri - fice?

3. My soul lies hum-bled in the dust, And owns the dreadful sen - tence just: Look down, O Lord, with pit - ying eye, And save a soul condemned to die.

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Moderato.

GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heaven-ly guest, Come, fix thy mansion in my breast; Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the an - guish of my soul.

2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sin-cere, Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin compel you to de - part.

3. Thou God of hope, and peace divine, O make this sa - cred pleasure mine; Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And send the to - kens of thy love.

Lively.

SHOEL. L. M.

SHOEL.

He reigns; the Lord, the Sav - ior reigns Praise Him in e - van - gel - ic strains: Let the whole earth in songs re - joice, And dis - tant is - lands join their voice.

Lively.

GRANDEUR. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Now to the Lord, a no - ble song; A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue; Ho - san - na to th'E - ter - nal Name, And all his bound-less love proclaim.

2. See, where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace; God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood, Proclaim the wise and power-ful God; And thy rich glo - ries from a - far Sparkle in eve - ry roll - ing star.

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Gently.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. B. From the Psalmodist, by permission.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on— Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And eve-ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps am near my home: But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head; While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

Firm.

NEW-SABBATH. L. M.

I. SMITH.

For-give-ness! 'tis a joy-ful sound To guilt-y reb-els doomed to die: Publish the bliss the world a-round; Ye se-raphs shout it from the sky.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; Let eve-ry soul be Je-sus' guest: Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I'll call; The in-vi-ta-tion is to all:— Come all the world! come, sin-ner, thou! All things in Christ are rea-dy now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin op-pressed, Ye rest-less wan-derers af-ter rest; Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hear-ty wel-come find.

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With subdued gentleness.

SABBATH EVE. L. M.

MR.

1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af - flict - ed, at thy feet I fall; When the great wa - ter-floods pre - vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fall.

2. Friend of the friendless, and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep com-plaint? Where, but with thee, whose op - en door In - vites the help-less and the poor?

3. Did ev - er mourner plead with thee, And thou re - fuse that mourn-er's plea? Does not the prom-ise still re - main, That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Mournful.

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there; But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.

HIDING-PLACE. L. M.

Old Melody.

1. Hail! sovereign love, that first be - gan The scheme to res - cue fal - len man; Hail! matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hid - - ing - place.

2. A - gainst the God that rules the sky, I fought with hands up-lift - ed high; Des - pised the of - fers of his grace—Too proud to seek a hid - - ing - place.

3. Vin - dic - tive Jus - tice stood in view; To Si - nai's fie - ry mount I flew; But Jus - tice cried, with frown-ing face, "This moun-tain is no hid - - ing - place."

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In chanting style.

EVENING CHANT. L. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peace-ful and se - rene, And when the sun, with cloud-less ray, Sheds mel-low lus-tre o'er the scene!

2. Such is the Christian's part-ing hour; So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, en-dued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his lan-guid breast.

3. Mark but that ra-diance of his eye, That smile up-on his wast-ed cheek; They tell us of his glo-ry nigh, In language that no tongue can speak.

Firm.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

MITCHELL.

O ren-der thanks to God a-bove, The foun-tain of e-ter-nal love; Whose mer-cy firm through a-ges past Has stood, and shall for ev-er last.

Moderato.

QUITO. L. M.

Air from MORLEY.

Who is this stranger in dis-tress, That trav-els through this wilder-ness? Op-pressed with sorrow and with sins, On her belov-ed Lord she leans, On her be-lov-ed Lord she leans.

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Lively and spirited.

STENNETT. L. M.

Re - turn, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Im - prove the day thy God hath blest: Another six . . days' work is done; An - oth-er Sab - - - - - bath is be - gun.

Re - turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest; Im - prove the day thy God hath blest: An - oth-er six . . days' work is done; An-oth - er Sabbath is be - gun.

* In this work, that the lines of the Hymn may be readily applied, the double bars are always inserted without reference to being over each other, but rather at the end of each line in poetry.

Plaintive.

LIMEHOUSE. L. M.

HUSBAND.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re - pine, To see the wick-ed placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

Slow.

MUNICH. L. M.*

German.

1. 'Tis fin - ished! 'tis fin - ished! so the Sav-ior cried, And meekly bowed his head and died: 'Tis fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic - t'ry won.

2. 'Tis fin - ished! 'tis fin - ished!—this his dy - ing groan Shall sins of dark-est hue a - tone, And millions be redeemed from death By Je - sus' last, ex - pir - ing breath.

* When applied to other hymns, omit the second measure, and put two syllables in the first measure, without regard to rests or pauses.

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WARRINGTON. L. M.

2. Come hith-er, all ye wear-y souls, Ye heav-y-la-dened sin-ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

2. Blest is the man, whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de-light; My yoke is eas-y to the neck, My grace shall make the bur-den light.

CLINTON. L. M.

1. Sal-va-tion is for-ev-er nigh The souls who fear and trust the Lord; And grace, de-scending from on high, Fresh hopes of glo-ry shall af-ford.

2. His righ-teous-ness is gone be-fore, To give us free ac-cess to God; Our wan-dering feet shall stray no more, But mark his steps, and keep the road.

ALFRETON. L. M.

Lively. W. BEASTALL.

The Lord is come; the heavens proclaim His birth; the na-tions learn his name; An un-known star di-rects the road Of eas-tern sa-ges to their God.

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To come out

"Arr. for Mariam" Can Sac 78
pub. here with F. Liberty

WELTON. L. M.

Theme by MALAN.

1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af - flict - ed, at thy feet I fall; When the great wa - ter - floods pre - vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fall.

2. Friend of the friend-less, and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep com-plaint? Where, but with thee, whose op - en door In - vites the help - less and the poor?

3. Did ev - er mourn-er plead with thee, And thou re - fuse that mourn-er's plea? Does not the prom - ise still re - main, That none shall seek thy face in vain?

WARD. L. M.

Arranged from a Scotch Tune, by L. MASON.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy are glid - ing through, And wa - t'ring our di - vine a - bode.

ZERED, or DEGROOT. L. M.

Slow and deliberate.

HELLENMAGEN.

1. De - scend from heaven, immor - tal Dove, Stoop down, and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things.

2. Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll, Where sol - id plea - sures nev - er die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.

3. O for a sight, a pleas - ing sight Of our al - migh - ty Fa - ther's throne! There sits our Sav - ior, crowned with light, Clothed in a bod - y like our own.

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Plaintive.

DAVIES. L. M.

1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend, to thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee; Wear-y of earth, my-self, and sin: Op - en thine arms, and take me in, Op-en thine arms, and take me in,

2. Pit - y and heal my sin-sick soul; 'Tis thou a - lone canst make me whole; Dark, till in me thine image shine, And lost, I am, till thou art mine, And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3. What shall I say thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin—but thou art love: I give up eve - ry plea beside— Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died, Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

With dignity.

NAZARETH. L. M.

WEBBE.

O Je - sus, full of truth and grace! O all - a - ton - ing Lamb of God! I wait to see thy glo - rious face; I seek re - demp - - tion in thy blood.

Firm and spirited.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

English.

1. Eternal depth of love divine, In Jesus, God with us, displayed; How bright thy beaming glories shine! How wide thy healing streams are spread! How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2. With whom dost thou delight to dwell? Sinners, a vile and thankless race! O God, what tongue aright can tell How vast thy love, how great thy grace! How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3. The dictates of thy sovereign will With joy our grateful hearts receive; All thy delight in- us ful - fil; Lo, all we are to thee we give, Lo, all we are to thee we give.

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LITCHFIELD. L. M.

1. Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest; Im - prove the day thy God hath blest: An - oth - er six days' work is done; An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun.

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grate - ful in - cense to the skies: And draw from Christ that sweet re-pose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

3. This heaven-ly calm with-in the breast, Is the dear pledge of heaven-ly rest, Which for the church of God re - mains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

WELLS. L. M.

Slow. HOLDRAD.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in - sure the great re - ward: And while the lamp holds out to burn, Ye sin - ners, has - ten to re - turn.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Affettuoso. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Sin - ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar - ing to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly!

2. Wilt thou des - pise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu - sive dreams? Mad-ly at - tempt th' in-fer - nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames?

3. Stay, sin - ner, on the gos - pel plains; And hear the Lord of life un - fold The glo - ries of his dy - ing pains! For ev - er tell - - ing, yet un - told!

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Chanting Style.

HENRIETTA. L. M.

1. When Je - sus for his peo - ple died, The ho - ly law was sa - tis - fied; Its aw - ful pen - a - lties he bore, It can command, nor curse no more.

2. He hav - ing suffered in their stead, The law in cov'nant form is dead; He rules them with a gen - tle sway And they with sweet delight, o - bey.

3. A maz-ing Love! how rich, how free! That Christ should die for such as we! From hence the ho - liest du - ties flow, O saints a - bove, and saints be - low.

Spirited.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praise my Mak - er in my song; An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song and join the praise.

Smooth and gentle.

ORFORD. L. M. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

1. When to his tem - ple God descends, He holds com-mu - nion with his friends: His grace and glo - ry there dis - plays, And shines with bright, but friend-ly rays.

2. While hov'ring o'er the hap - py place, The Spir - it sheds his heav'nly grace; To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise, And tune our souls to love and praise.

3. 'Tis here we learn the bless-ed skill To know and do our Ma - ker's will; And while we hear, and sing, and pray, With heavenly joy we soar a - way.

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MEMPHIS. L. M.

1. Poor, weak and worthless, though I am, I have a rich all-migh-ty Friend; Je-sus, the Sav-ior, is his name; He free-ly loves, and with-out end.

2. He ransomed me from hell with blood, And by his power my foes controlled; He found me wandering far from God, And brought me to his cho-sen fold.

3. He cheers my heart, my want sup-plies, And says that I shall short-ly be En-throned with him a-bove the skies; O what a friend is Christ to me.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Gently. Gregorian.

King-doms and thrones to God be-long; Crown him, ye na-tions, in your song: His wondrous name and power re-hearse; His hon-ors shall en-rich your verse.

MARIETTA. L. M.

In chanting style. Arranged from a Chant composed by Mr. WOODBURY.

1. So fades the love-ly, bloom-ing flower, Frail, smil-ing so-lace of an hour; So soon our transient com-forts fly, And plea-sure on-ly blooms to die.

2. Is there no kind, no len-ient art To heal the an-guish of the heart? To ease the heav-y load of care, Which na-ture must, but can-not bear.

3. Can reason's dic-tates be o-beyed? Too weak, a-las, her strong-est aid! O, let Re-li-gion then be nigh; Her com-forts were not made to die.

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Very spirited.

VIRGINIA. L. M.

1. Wel-come, thou well-be-loved of God, Thou heir of grace, re-deemed by blood; Wel-come with us thy hand to join, As part-ner of our love di-vine.

2. With us the pil-grim's state em-brace, We're travelling to a bliss-ful place; The Ho-ly Ghost who knows the way, Con-ducts thee on from day to day.

3. Take up thy cross, and bear it on, It shall be light, and not be long; Soon shall thou sit with Je-sus down, And wear an ev-er-last-ing crown.

Flow.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace, When list'-ning thousands gath-ered round, And joy and glad-ness filled the place.

Connected.

GUIDANCE. L. M. Quartett.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. God of my life, through all my days My grate-ful powers shall sound thy praise; My song shall wake with open-ing light, And cheer the dark and si-lent night.

2. When anx-ious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tune-ful prais-es, raised on high, Shall check the mur-mur and the sigh.

3. When death o'er na-ture shall pre-vail, And all the powers of lan-guage fail, Joy through my swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I can-not speak.

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Lively.

PENSACOLA. L. M.

1. Come ye who know the Lord in - deed, Who are from sin and bond-age freed, Sub - mit to all the ways of God, And walk the hap - py, nar - - - - row road.

2. Great trib - u - la - tion you shall meet, But soon shall walk the gold - en street; Though hell may rage and vent her spite, Yet Christ will save his heart's . . de - light.

3. That aw - ful day will soon ap - pear, When Ga-briel's trum-pet you shall hear Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell, To call the na - tions great . . . and small.

Majestic.

OLD NINETY-SEVENTH. L. M.

TUCKER.

Thy glo - ry, Lord, the heavens de-clare; The fir - ma-ment dis - plays thy skill; The changing clouds, the view - less air, Tempest and calm, thy word ful-fill.

Gentle.

AFFECTION. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Dear Lord, be - hold thy serv - ants, here, From va - rious parts, to - geth - er meet, To tell their la - bors through the year, And lay the harv-est at thy feet.

2. In thy wide fields and vine-yards, Lord We've toiled and wrought with watchful care; Thy wheat has flourished by thy word, Thy love consumed the chok - ing tare.

3. The reap-ers cry, "The fields are white, Al - read - y to be gath-ered in, And har - vests wave, in changing light, Far as the eye can trace the scene."

UNISON. 4 6 UNISON. 4 4 7

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Not too slow.

AIKEN. L. M.

1. Death and the grave are dole-ful themes For sin-ful mor-tal worms to sing, Ex-cept a Sav-ior's sweeter beams Dis-pel the gloom, and touch the string.

2. But, dear-est Lord, when viewed in thee, The mon-ster los-es all his dread; There all his fright-ful hor-rors flee, And joys sur-round a dy-ing bed.

3. This makes the grave a fa-vored spot; To saints its deep-est gloom is blessed; For there the wick-ed trou-ble not, And there the wea-ry are at rest.

Bold.

GILGAL. L. M.

Western Tune.

My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.

Soft and gentle.

NIHILOTH. L. M.

L. B. WOODBURY.

1. Sweet is the scene when virtue dies! When sinks a righteous soul to rest; How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes, How gent-ly heaves th' ex-pir-ing breast!

2. So fades a sum-mer-cloud a-way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er, So gent-ly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a-long the shore.

3. A ho-ly qui-et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death destroys; No-thing dis-turbs that peace pro-found Which his un-fet-tered soul en-joys.

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Gracefully, and with delicacy.

SURRY. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our longing souls aspire, With ardent love and strong desire, With ar - dent love and strong de-sire.

2. No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs Which warble from immortal tongues, Which warble from immor - tal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes, No cares to break the long repose, No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa - cred, high e - ter - nal noon. But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.

Slow.

STEEL. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. From year to year in love we meet, From year to year in peace we part, The tongues of thousands uttering sweet The bo - som - joy of eve - ry heart.

2. But time rolls on, and year by year, We change, grow up, or pass a - way; Not twice the same as - sem - bly here Have hailed the children's fes - tal day.

3. Death, ere an - o - ther spring, shall strike Some in our un - ion, marked to fall; Be young and old prepared a - like, The warn-ing is to each, to all.

Firm.

ST. HELENS. L. P. M. Or L. M. 6 lines.

JENNINGS.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought and

☞ See next page.

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Lively.

TILDEN. L. M. Double.

R. BROWN, Esq.

This life's a dream, an emp - ty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub - stan - tial and . . sin-cere; When shall I wake and find me there? When

shall I wake and find me there? My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the bands with sweet surprise, And in my Savior's image rise.

be - ing lasts, Or im - mortal - i - ty en-dures.

Glowing.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

My God, how end - less is thy love!
Thy gifts are eve - ry evening new; } And morning mer-cies from a - bove Gent-ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.

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Earnestly.

NEPONSET. L. M.

1. As-cend thy throne, Al - migh-ty King, And spread thy glo - ries all a - broad; Let thine own arm sal - va - tion bring, And be thou known the gra - cious God.

2. Let mil - lions bow be - fore thy seat, Let hum-ble mourners seek thy face; Bring dar-ing reb - els to thy feet, Sub - dued by thy vic - to - rious grace.

3. O, let the king-doms of the world Be - come the kingdoms of the Lord; Let saints and an - gels praise thy name; Be thou through heaven and earth a - dored.

Majestic.

ST. PAUL'S. L. M.

Dr. GREEN.

Al - migh-ty Rul - er of the skies, Through all the earth thy name is spread, And thine e - ter - nal glo - ries rise A - bove the heavens thy hands have made.

Soft and gentle.

SERENE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Lord, we have wan-dered from thy way, Like fool - ish sheep have gone as - tray, Our pleas - ant pas - tures we have left, And of their guard our souls be - reft.

2. Ex - posed to want, ex - posed to harm, Far from our gen - tle shep-herd's arm; Nor will these fa - tal wanderings cease, Till thou re - veal the paths of peace.

DUET.

3. O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord, Nor let us quite for - get thy word; Our err - ing feet do thou re - store, And keep us that we stray no more.

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Lively.

LODI. L. M. Double.

SOLI

1. O God, most mer - ci - ful and true, Thy na - ture to my soul im - part; 'Stablish with me the cov'nant new, And stamp thine im - age on my heart. To re - al

TUTTI

3. Remember, Lord, my sins no more, That them I may no more for - get; But, sunk in guilt-less shame, a - dore, With speech-less won - der, at thy feet. O'erwhelm'd with

5. Then ev - ery murm'ring tho't, and vain Expires, in sweet con - fu - sion lost: I can - not of my cross complain,— I can - not of my good - ness boast. Par-don'd for

SOLI

TUTTI

ho - li - ness restored, O let me gain my Sa-vior's mind; And in the knowledge of my Lord, Fulness of life e - ter - nal find, Fulness of life e - ter - nal find.

SOLI

TUTTI

thy stupendous grace, I shall not in thy presence move; But breathe un-ut - ter - a - ble praise, And rap-t'rous awe, and si - lent love, And rapt'rous awe, and si - lent love.

SOLI

TUTTI

all that I have done, My mouth as in thy dust I hide; And glo - ry give to God a - lone,—My God in Je - sus pa - ci - fied, My God in Je - sus pa - ci - fied.

Slowly.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

Southern & Western Melody.

A - rise my ten - der thoughts, a-rise, To tor - rents melt my streaming eyes; And thou my heart, with anguish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

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Not too slow.

INCONSTANCY. L. M. Double.

J. KIMBALL.

Lord Je - sus, when, when shall it be, That I . . no more shall break with thee? When will the war of pas - sion cease, And my free soul en - joy thy peace?

Here I re - pent, and sin . . . a - gain, . .

Here I re - pent and sin . . . a - gain, . . . Now I re - vive, and now am slain;

Here I re - pent, and sin . . . a - gain;

Here I re - pent, and sin . . . a - gain, . . Here I re - pent and sin a - gain, . .

Not too fast.

BRIGHTON. L. M. 6 lines.

English.

Blest who with generous pity glows, Who learns to feel another's woes; Bows to the poor man's wants his ears, And wipes the helpless orphan's tear: In every want, in every wo, Himself, thy

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INCONSTANCY—Concluded.

TUTTI.

Slain with the same un - hap - py dart, Which O! too oft - en wounds my heart; Slain with the same un - hap - py dart, Which O! too oft - en wounds my heart.

SOLI. TUTTI.

LANCASTER. L. M.

Allegretto. French Melody.

TUTTI.

A - wake, my glo - ry, harp and lute, No long - er let your strings be mute; And I, my tune - ful part to take, Will with the ear - ly dawn a - wake.

SOLI. TUTTI.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

Slowly. Southern Melody.

pit - y, Lord, shall know.

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight, The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee; O burst these bands, and set it free.

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Fast.

A DREAM. L. M.

1. Come in this cold, de - clin - ing day, Dear friends, at-tend to what I say, And prove yourselves, while I re - late, A dream which I have dreamed of late.

2. I thought that a dear friend and I, Were stand-ing, and lo! we did spy, A great and aw - ful sign ap - pear, Which somewhat did ex - cite my fear.

3. Then sa - ble darkness veiled the sky, Which caused me sud - den - ly to cry, The day of judg - ment now is come; I soon shall know my fi - nal doom.

Spirited.

KEY WEST. L. M.

When in the cloud, with hon - ors fair, I see the cov' - nant bow ap - pear, Its beau - teous form and love - ly rays, A - wake my soul to love and praise.

Spirited.

DEVOTION. L. M.

D. READ.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, Like David's, &c.

Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound,
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound,

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RETIREMENT. C. M.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, broth-er, friend, On whom I cast my eve - ry care, On whom for all things I de - pend, In - spire, and then ac - cept my prayer.

2. If I have tast - ed of thy grace, The grace that sure sal - va - tion brings; If with me now thy Spir - it stays, And hov' - ring, hides me in his wings:

Allegretto Moderato. To come out

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

(Treble and Tenor may be inverted.)

CH. REUNER.

On Zi - on and on Leb - a - non, On Car - mel's blooming height, On Shar - on's fer - tile plains, once shone The glo - ry pure and bright.

Moderato.

PEMBROKE. C. M.

DALMER.

TUTTI.

1. Praise ye the Lord, y' immor-tal choirs That fill the worlds a-bove; Praise him who formed you of his fires, Praise him who formed you of his fires, And feeds you with his love.

2. Shine to his praise, ye crys - tal skies, The floor of his a - bode; Or veil in shades your thousand eyes, Or veil in shades your thousand eyes Be - fore your brighter God.

SOLO. TUTTI.

3. Thou restless globe of gold - en light, Whose beams create our days, Join with the silver queen of night, Join with the silver queen of night, To own his borrowed rays.

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Gracefully.

ALLABAHAD. L. M.

1. My ris - ing soul with strong de-sires, To per - fect hap - pi - ness as-pires, With stea - dy steps would tread the road That leads to heav'n, that leads to God.

2. I thirst to drink un - mingled love, From the pure foun-tain-head a - bove, My dear-est Lord, I long to be Emp - tied of sin and full of thee.

3. For thee I pant, for thee I burn: Art thou withdrawn? a - gain re - turn, Nor let me be the first to say, Thou wilt not hear when sin - ners pray.

WAREHALL. L. M. (Metrical Chant).

1. An - o - ther six days' work is done, An - o - ther Sab-bath is be - gun; Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day, thy God hath bless'd.
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grate-ful in - cense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet re - pose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

Slow.

VESPER. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

An - o - ther fleet-ing day is gone! Slow o'er the west the sha - dows rise; Swift the soft steal - ing hours have flown, And night's dark man - tle veils the skies.

An - o - ther fleet-ing day is gone! Slow o'er the west the sha - dows rise; Swift the soft steal - ing hours have flown, And night's dark man - tle veils the skies.

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Slowly.

SCHEIDLER. L. M.

1. Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy way; So, to my life's re - mot - est day, By thy un - err - ing precepts led, My wil - ling feet its paths shall tread.

2. In - formed by thee, with sacred awe, My heart shall med - i - tate thy law, And with ce - les - tial wisdom fill'd, To thee its full o - be - dience yield.

Lively.

BETTER LAND. L. M.

Arranged from an English Tune.

1. There is a land my eye hath seen, In vis - ions of en - rap-tured thought, So bright that all which spreads be - tween Is with its ra - diant glo-ry fraught.
2. A land up-on whose bliss-full shore There rests no sha - dow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part - ed meet a - gain.
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of suns to rise, To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.

Slowly.

DELIVERANCE. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

Soon shall I quit this mor - tal shore, And Je - sus stand my friend; My nights of grief shall all be o'er, And all . . my la - bors end.

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Tenderly.

DITSON. C. M.

From the Timbrel.

1. O for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3. What peace-ful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem' - ry still! But now I find an ach - ing void, The world can nev - er fill.

Gentle and connected.

ARMENIA. C. M.

S. R. POND, by permission.

1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of eve - ry clime and coast, O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.

2. O guard our shores from eve - ry foe; With peace our bor - ders bless— Our ci - ties with pros - per - i - ty, Our fields with plen-teous-ness.

3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of know-ledge, truth, and thee; And let our hills and val - leys chant The songs of lib - er - ty.

Lively.

TOLLAND. C. M. Double.

SPOFFORTH.

Sing to the Lord a new - made song, Who won - drous things has done; With his right hand, and ho - ly arm, The con - quest he has won.

☞ See next page.

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Dignified.

WANDERER INVITED. C. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek thy fa-ther's face; Those new de-sires which in thee burn Were kin-dled by his grace, Were kin-dled by his grace.

2. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn; He hears thy hum-ble sigh: He sees thy soft-ened spirit mourn, When no one else is nigh, When no one else is nigh.

3. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn; Thy Sav-ior bids thee live: Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn How free-ly he'll for-give, How free-ly he'll for-give.

In chanting style.

NORTON. C. M.

I. N. METCALF.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, send thy grace, All-power-ful from a-bove, To form in our o-be-dient souls The im-age of thy love.

2. O! may our sym-pa-thiz-ing breasts That gen-erous plea-sure know, Kind-ly to share in oth-ers' joy, And weep for oth-ers' woes.

3. When poor and help-less sons of grief In deep dis-tress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pains to feel, And swift our hands to aid.

TOLLAND—Concluded.

2. The Lord has through th' as-ton-ished world Dis-played his sav-ing might, And made his righ-teous acts ap-pear In all the hea-then's sight.

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Cheerful.

TAYLOR. C. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me: A to - ken of his love he gives,— A pledge of li - ber - ty.

2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near; His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap - pear.

3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can with - stand his will? The coun - sel of his grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.

Chant.

MARLOW. C. M.

Gregorian.

Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise; Sing psalms in ho - nor of his name, And spread his glo - rious praise.

Declamatory.

BALER. C. M.

From a MS.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve; Come, with your guilt and fear op - pressed, And make this last re - solve:

2. "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin High as a moun - tain rose; I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

3. "Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore his throne, And there my guilt con - fess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch un - done, With - out his sove - reign grace."

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Tenderly.

PHUVAH. C. M. Or 7's, 6's & 8's.* Or 8's, 6's & 4's. †

German Choral.

As C. M. 1. I love the Lord: he heard my cries, And pit - ied eve - ry groan; Long as I live, when trou - bles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

As 7's, 6's & 8's. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee: For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir - it longed to be.

As 8's, 6's & 4's. Our blest Redeem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort - er be - queathed, With us to dwell.

* By omitting the first note. † By using ties, as in the Soprano—the last strain.

Not too fast.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

L. MASON, by permission.

There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

Gentle, but with fervor.

PILGRIMS' CHURCH. C. M.

W**.

1. Thou dear Re - deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No mu - sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. When we ap - pear in yon - der cloud, With all the fa - vor'd throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song.

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Rather slow, and in exact time.

DALMATIA. C. M. Double.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights! 2. In darkest shades, if thou ap-pear,

3. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss, While Je - sus shows his mercy mine, And whispers, I am his! 4. My soul would leave this heavy clay

My dawning is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris- ing sun, Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris - ing sun.

At that transporting word, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dearest Lord, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dear - est Lord.

Andante.

DEPARTURE. C. M.

J. C. IDE.

Be - hold the west - ern even - ing light, It melts in deepening gloom; So calm-ly Chris - tians sink a - way, De - scend-ing to the tomb.

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Gentle and expressive.

SHADY RILL. C. M.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay; The rose, that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody.

O, hap - py is the man who hears In - struc tion's warn - ing voice, And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly on - ly choice.

BURLIN. C. M.

With firmness.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shepherd stand, With all - en - gag - ing charms; Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

2. "Per - mit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, by fer - vent prayer, And yield them up to thee; With hum - ble trust that we are thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

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Lively.

ELLA'S SONG. C. M.

W^m.

1. Now may the Lord re - veal his face, And teach our stamm'ring tongues, To make his glo - rious reign of grace, The sub - ject of our songs.

2. No sweet - er sub - ject can in - vite A sin - ner's heart to sing, Or more dis - play the sov' - reign right, Of our ex - alt - ed King.

3. This sub - ject fills the star - ry plains, With won - der, joy, and love, And fur - nish - es the no - blest strains, For all the harps a - bove.

DOWNS. C. M.

Permitted - slow & sustained

L. MASON.

1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God! Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'o - bey thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

2. I choose the path of heaven-ly truth, And glo - ry in my choice; Not all the rich - es of the earth Could make me so re - joice.

DOUGLAS. C. M.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; Thy goodness we a - dore; A spring, whose bless - ings nev - - er fail, A sea with - out a shore!

2. Where'er we turn our gaz - ing eyes, Thy ra-diant foot - steps shine! Ten thou - sand pleas - ing won - ders rise, And speak the hand di - vine.

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Loud and spirited.

LAKE PLEASANT. C. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy Name, To spread through all the world abroad, The honors of thy Name.

3. Je-sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

With dignity.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN. 2d Minor.

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

Slowly.

SABBATH DAY. C. M.

Arranged for this work. I. B. W.

1. How gent - ly falls the gos - pel sound, On this thy ho - ly day, It spreads a sa - cred peace a - round, And points us out the way.

2. The feathered tribes in notes so clear, The low-ing herds a - round, The lit - tle in - sects buzzing near, In prais - ing God are found.

3. The for - est green on dis - tant hills, And blushing, low - ly flower, The wa - ter - fall, the ti - ny rills, And soft - ly rust - ling bower.

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Spirited.

TRINITY. C. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. Hail! holy, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Whom one in three we know; By all thy heavenly host adored, By all thy Church below; By all thy heavenly host adored, By all thy Church below.

2. One un-di - vid-ed Trin-i - ty With triumph we proclaim; Thy u-ni-verse is full of thee, And speaks thy glorious name; Thy universe is full of thee, And speaks thy glorious name.

3. Thee, holy Fa - ther, we confess; Thee, holy Son, a - dore; And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless, And worship evermore; And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless, And worship evermore.

Subdued, but firm.

LEBANON. C. M.

English.

Lord, we a - dore thy boun - teous hand, And sing the sol - emn feast, Where sweet ce - les - tial dain - ties stand, For eve - ry will - ing guest.

Slowly.

COMMUNION. C. M.

Arranged from B.

1. Here, at thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di - vine; Thy bod - y is the bread we eat; Thy pre - cious blood, the wine.

2. Here peace and par - don sweet - ly flow; O, what de - light - ful food! We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler good.

3. Deep was the suf - fering he en - dured Up - on th'ac - curs - ed tree; "For me," each wel - come guest may say, "'Twas all en - dured for me."

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With spirit.

PIETY. C. M. Or C. P. M.

CHORUS.

1. Happy is he who fears the Lord, And follows his commands, And follows his commands; Who lends the poor, without reward, Who lends the poor, without reward, Or gives with liberal hands.

SOLI. CHORUS.

2. As pit-y dwells within his breast, To all the sons of need, To all the sons of need; So God shall answer his request, So God shall answer his request With bless - ings on his seed.

Smooth and connected.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

DIM. SECOND ENDING FOR LOUD PASSAGES.

Be - hold the west - ern even - ing light! It - melts in deep'ning gloom; So calm - ly Chris-tians sink a - way, De - scend - ing to the tomb.

Slowly.

RECORD. C. M.

W. ..

1. I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And pit - ied eve - ry groan; Long as I live, when trou - bles rise, I'll hast - en to his throne.

2. I love the Lord; he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a - way; O let my heart no more des - pair, While I have breath to pray.

3. My God hath saved my soul from death, And dried my fall - ing tears; Now to his praise I'll spend my breath, And my re - main - ing years.

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Spirited.

MILES LANE, or MARLBOROUGH. C. M.

W. SHRUBSALL.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed of the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

Firm.

HILLER, or FIELD. C. M.

HILLER.

Mortals, a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the so - lemn lay; Joy, love and grat - i - tude com - bine To hail th'au-spi - cious day, To hail th'au-spi - cious day.

Ardent.

DYER. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. On through Ju - de - a's pal - my plain, By Jor-dan's sil - very shore, The Savior leads the thronging train, Who follow to a - dore. Hal - le - lu - - - jah.

2. 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid, He marked the lis - tening child; His hand up - on its head he laid, And blest in ac - cents mild. Hal - le - lu - - - jah.

* When the last line of a verse is repeated to the second ending the first two quarter notes should be sung as a half note, and the slur erased.

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TURNER. L. M.

Spirited.

Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers, Come, shed a - broad a

Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, Come, shed, &c.

Come, shed a - broad a Sav - - - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle

that shall kin - - - - - dle ours,

Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that . . shall kin - dle ours.

ours,

COVENTRY. C. M.

Slowly. Old Tune.

O could our thoughts and wish - es fly, A - bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

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Gracefully.

DERAH. C. M.

From the Sab. S. Music Book.

1. Re - turn, my soul un-to thy rest; From God no lon - ger roam; His hand hath boun - ti - ful - ly blest: His good-ness calls thee home.

2. What shall I ren - der un - to thee, My Sav - ior, in dis - tress, For all thy ben - e-fits to me, So great and num - ber - less?

3. This will I do, for thy love's sake, And thus thy power pro-claim; The cup of thy sal - va - tion take, And call up - on thy Name.

Firmly.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

O, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day."

With fervor.

ALDWINKLE. C. M.

Dr. HAWEIS.

1. O Thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to thee; In all my tri - als, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me, remember me, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2. When groaning, on my burdened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly; My par - don speak, new peace impart; In love, remember me, remember me, In love, re - mem - ber me.

3. If on my face, for thy dear name, Shame and reproaches be, I'll hail reproach and wel-come shame, If thou remember me, remember me, If thou re - mem - ber me.

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Gentle.

JOMELLI. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all - en - gag - ing charms; Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

2. "Per - mit them to ap - proach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an - gels came."

3. We bring them, Lord, by fer - vent prayer, And yield them up to thee; With hum - ble trust that we are thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

Firmly.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.

The Sav - ior calls, let eve - ry ear At - tend the heaven - ly sound; Ye doubt - ing souls, dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

Slowly.

BIRDALANE. C. M.

GEORGE STONE.

1. Sweet is the mem'-ry of thy grace, My God, my heaven-ly King; Let age to age thy righ-teous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing, In songs of glo - ry sing.

2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His good-ness to the skies; Through all the earth his boun - ty shines, And eve - ry want sup - plies, And eve - ry want sup-plies.

3. How kind are thy com-pas-sions, Lord! How slow thy an - ger moves! But soon he sends his pard'ning word, To cheer the souls he loves, To cheer the souls he loves.

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Ardent and glowing.

HEAVEN. C. M. Double.

L. R. WOODBURY.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sav-ior's pard-'ning blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

3. (In vain the tempt-er spreads his wiles, The world no more could charm; I lived up-on my Sav-ior's smiles, And leaned up-on his arm.)

5. But now, when evening shade pre-vails, My soul in dark-ness mourns: And when the morn the light re-veals, No light to me re-turns.

2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His prais-es tuned my tongue: And when the even-ing shade pre-vailed, His love was all my song.

4. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo-ry shine; And when I read his ho-ly word, I called each prom-ise mine.

6. My prayers are now a chat-t'ring noise, For Je-sus hides his face; I read, the prom-ise meets my eyes, But will not reach my case.

LANESBORO'. C. M. Or 8s & 6s.

Firm. English.

As C. M. Early, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirs-ty spir-it faints a-way, My thirs-ty spir-it faints a-way, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

As 8's & 6's. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for eve-ry wound-ed breast; 'Tis found-a-lone in heaven.

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Allegretto.

TRUST. C. M.

Arranged from the Choral.

1. 'Twas in the watch - es of the night I thought up - on thy power; I kept thy love - ly face in sight, A - mid the dark - est hour.

2. While I lay rest - ing on my bed, My soul a - rose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy sal - va - tion nigh.

3. I strive to mount thy ho - ly hill; I walk thy heaven - ly road; Thy glo - ries all my spi - rit fill, While I com - mune with God.

UNISON.

With energy.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND, by permission.

'Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter - nal power; The sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem - pests cease to roar.

ABRIDGE. C. M.

English.

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al - might-y love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.

2. God on his thirst - y Zi - on hill Some mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have bound his love, To shower sal - va - tion down.

3. Why do we then in - dulge our fears, Sus - pi - cions and complaints? Is he a God, and shall his grace Grow wea - ry of his saints?

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ANDOVER. C. M.

National Church Harmony.

1. Come, ye that love the Sav - ior's name, And joy to make it known. The Sov' - reign of your hearts pro - claim, And bow be - fore his throne.

2. Be - hold your Lord, your Mas - ter, crowned With glo - ries all di - vine: And tell the won - d'ring na - tions round, How bright those glo - ries shine.

3. When, in his earth - ly courts, we view The glo - ries of our King, We long to love as an - gels do, And wish, like them, to sing.

DORCHESTER. C. M.

Firm. STANLEY.

Fa-ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be thy name a - dored, For these ce - les - - tial lines.

JERUSALEM. C. M. Double.

With fervor. Air from a National Dutch Melody, D. C.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, (Omit - - - - - - - -) In joy, and peace, and thee? 2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold?

D. C. Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, (Omit - - - - - - - -) And streets of shin - ing gold?

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ANTIOCH. C. M.

Allegretto. — Arranged from HANDEL.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; And heaven and nature sing . . . . . And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

HOWARD. C. M.

Moderate. — Mrs. CUTHBERT.

1. Lord, hear the voice of my com - plaint; Ac - cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

MERTON. C. M.

In the declamatory style. — W. K. OLIVER.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven! fare - well, With all your fee - ble light; Fare - well, thou ev - er - chang-ing moon, Pale em - press of the night.

2. And thou, re - ful - gent orb of day! In bright - er flames ar - rayed, My soul, which springs be-yond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

3. Ye stars are but the shin - ing dust, Of my di - vine a - bode, The pave - ment of those heaven - ly courts, Where I shall reign with God.

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ST. CHRYSOSTOM. C. M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. With cheer - ful notes, let all the earth To heaven their voi - ces raise; Let all, in - spired with god - ly mirth, Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.

2. God's ten - der mer - cy knows no bound; His truth shall ne'er de - cay; Then let the will - ing na - tions round Their grate - ful trib - ute pay.

CONWAY. C. M.

Spirited. English.

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our fa - ther there, And smile to see our father there, Upon a throne of love.

BEDFORD. C. M.

WHEALL.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for ev - er thine: I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From cares and busi - ness free, 'Tis sweet con - vers - ing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this even - ing sac - ri - fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith and hope re - lies Up - on thy grace a - lone.

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BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

1. Whilst thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es stilled; And may this con-se-crat-ed hour With bet-ter hopes be filled.

3. In each e-vent of life, how clear, Thy rul-ing hand I see; Each bless-ing to my soul most dear, Be-cause con-ferred by thee.

5. When glad-ness wings the fa-vored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Re-signed, when storms of sor-row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

2. Thy love the power of thought be-stowed, To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer-cy I a-dore.

4. In eve-ry joy that crowns my days, In eve-ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re-lief in prayer.

6. My lift-ed eye, with-out a tear, The gath-ering storm shall see, My stead-fast heart shall know no fear— That heart will rest on thee.

WARWICK. C. M.

Flowing style. STANLEY.

Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high; To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

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Vivace.

BRAINTREE. C. M.

English.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re - news the sound, Wide as the heaven on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

3. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

With dignity.

TALLIS. C. M.

TALLIS.

O all ye na - tions praise the Lord, Each with a dif - ferent tongue; In eve - ry lan - guage learn his word, And let his name be sung.

Glowing, and not too fast.

PROSPECT. C. M.

A. DOTY.

1. When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And hell - ish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sor-row fall; May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all, My God, my heaven, my all.

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Bold, and not too slow.

GIVE. C. M.

J. GRIGGS.

1. Come, let us join our souls to God In ev - er - last - ing bands, And seize the bless - ings he be - stows With eg - ger hearts and hands.

2. Come, let us to his tem - ple haste, And seek his fa - vor there; Be - fore his foot - stool hum - bly bow, And of - fer fer - vent prayer.

3. Come, let us share, with - out de - lay, The bless - ings of his grace; Nor shall the years of dis - tant life Their mem'ry e'er ef - face.

Joyful.

DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.

Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

CASWELL, or ST. GEORGES. C. M.

Old Melody.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sav - ior's pardoning blood Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine; And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each pro - mise mine.

3. But now, when evening shade pre-vails, My soul in dark - ness mourns; And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re-turns.

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DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

Wesley's Melody.

1. My God, what gen - tle cords are thine, How soft, and yet how strong! While power, and truth, and love com - bine To draw our souls a - long.

2. Thou saw'st us crushed be - neath the yoke Of Sa - tan and of sin; Thy hand the i - ron bond-age broke, Our worthless hearts to win.

3. The guilt of twice ten thousand sins One offering takes a - way; And grace, when first the war be - gins, Se - cures the crown - ing day.

ASMON.* C. M.

GLÉSER.

1. Come, hap-py souls, ap-proach your God With new me - lo - dious songs, Come, ren - der to al - migh - ty grace The tri - bute of your tongues.

2. Thy hands, dear Je - sus, were not armed With a re - veng - ing rod, No hard com - mis - sion to per - form The ven - geance of a God.

* ASMON, from the same theme, as usually arranged, employs a very different rhythm.

CLIFFORD. C. M.

With spirit.

CLARKE.

This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heaven re - joice, let earth be glad, Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, and praise surround the

☞ See next page.

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With gentleness. Cres. and Dim.

SILOAM. C. M.*

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - - y grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.

Small notes for

* May be sung as a Quartett.—The small notes, seldom used, are intended for the flute or some similar instrument.

Slow.

GEORGIA. C. M.

1. Re - turn, O God of love, re - turn; Earth is a tire - some place; How long shall we, thy chil - dren, mourn Our ab - sence from thy face?

2. Let heaven suc - ceed our pain - ful years; Let sin and sor - row cease; And, in pro - por - tion to our tears, So make our joys in - crease.

3. The won-ders to thy ser - vants show, Make thy own work com - plete; Then shall our souls thy glo - ry know, And own thy love was great.

Gently.

VERY. C. M.

throne, And praise sur - round the throne.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believ-er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

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Lively.

SHERBURNE. C. M.

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And

While shepherds watched their flock by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry

While shepherds watched their flock by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone a - round, And

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - - - - - - ry shone a - round;

glo - - - - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

shone a - round, And glo - - - - - - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

glo - - - - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

Moderate.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANSUR.

O Thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With-in this earth - ly frame, Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!

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GENEVA. C. M.

Moderate.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost, In won-der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

When all thy mercies, O my God, Transported with the view,

ROCHESTER. C. M.

Moderate. English.

My soul, come me-di-tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands.

SWEET SURPRISE. C. M.

Slowly. TUTTI TUTTI O. HOLDEN.

1. Sing we the song of those who stand Around th'e-ter-nal throne, Of ev-ery kindred, clime, and land, Of ev-ery kindred, clime and land, A mul-ti-tude unknown.

2. Life's poor distinctions va-nish here; To-day the young, the old, Our Sav-ior and his flock ap-pear, Our Sav-ior and his flock, ap-pear, One shepherd and one fold.

SOLI TUTTI SOLI TUTTI

3. Toil, tri-al, suff'ring, still a-wait, On earth the pilgrim throng; Yet learn we in our low es-tate Yet learn we in our low es-tate The Church triumphant's song.

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DYING LAMB. C. M.

Arranged from BERGMULLER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal choirs, That fill the worlds a - bove; Praise him who formed you of his fires, And feeds you with his love, And feeds you with his love.

2. Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies, The floor of his a - bode; Or veil in shades your thousand eyes Be - fore your brighter God, Be - fore your brighter God.

3. Thou rest-less globe of golden light, Whose beams create our days, Join with the sil - ver queen of night, To own your bor-rowed rays, To own your borrowed rays.

HANOVER, or ST. JOHNS. C. M.

English Tune.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sav - ior comes— The Sav - ior, prom - ised long; Let eve - ry heart pre - pare a throne, And eve - ry voice a [song.

2. He comes, the pris' - ner to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held; The gates of brass be - fore him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield.

3. He comes, from thick-est films of vice To clear the ment - al ray, And on the eyes op - pressed with night To pour ce - les - tial day.

PARMA. C. M. Double.

Not too fast.

1. Be-hold the glo-ries of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne; Pre - pare new honors for his name, Pre - pare new honors for his name, And songs be - fore unknown.

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'Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea . . grows calm at thy com - mand, And tem-pests

The sea . . grows calm at thy com - mand,

'Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter - nal pow'r; The sea . . . grows calm at

The sea . . . grows

cease to roar, ... And tem - pests cease to roar, . . . And tem - pests cease to roar.

And tem-pests cease to roar, ...

thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar. . . . . And tem - pests cease to roar, . . . And tem - pests cease to roar.

PARMA—Concluded.

2. Let el-ders worship at his feet, The church adore around, With vials full of odors sweet, With vials full of odors sweet, And harps of sweeter sound, And harps of sweeter sound.

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In chanting style.

UNITY. C. M. Or 8s & 4s. Or 8s, 6s & 4s.

CRES. DIM.

C. M. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

8s, 6s & 4s. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His tender, last farewell, A guide, a com-fort-er bequeathed, A guide, a com - fort-er be-queathed, With us, With us to dwell.

CRES. DIM.

8s & 6s. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for eve - ry wounded breast: 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. To thee, be - fore the dawn - ing light, My gra - cious God, I pray; I med - i - tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.

2. My spir - it faints to see thy grace; Thy prom - ise bears me up; And while sal - va - tion long de - lays, Thy word sup-ports my hope.

3. Seven times a day I lift mine hands, And pay my thanks to thee; Thy righ - teous pro - vi - dence de - mands Re - peat - ed praise from me.

With order.

JORDAN. C. M. Double. Or 8s, 6s & 8s.*

BILLINGS.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain.

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JETHRO. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know; Blest seats! through rude and storm - y scenes, I on - ward press to you.

3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there, A - round my Sav - ior stand, And soon my friends in Christ be - low, Will join the glo - rious band.

LACY. C. M.

K. W. PETTESILLE.

1. O! how di - vine, how sweet the joy, When but one sin - ner turns, And with an hum - ble, brok - en heart, His sins and er - rors mourns! His sins and er - rors mourns!

2. Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tid - ings go, And heaven is filled with joy, And heaven is filled with joy.

3. Well pleased the Father sees and hears The conscious sin - ner's moan: Je - sus re - ceives him in his arms, And claims him for his own, And claims him for his own.

JORDAN—Concluded.

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne - ver - with - ring flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heaven - ly land from ours.

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Slow.

LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

Arranged from the "Missouri Harmony."

1. O could I lose my-self in thee, Thy depth of mer-cy prove, Thy vast, un-fath-om-a-ble sea Of un-ex-haust-ed love.

2. My hum-bled soul, when thou art near, In dust and ash-es lies; How shall a sin-ful worm ap-pear, Or meet thy pur-er eyes?

3. I loathe my-self when God I see, And in-to noth-ing fall; Con-tent if thou ex-alt-ed be, And Christ be all in all.

Not too fast.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To him who rules the skies.

Mournful.

REDEMPTION. C. M.

ORMONDE.

1. Be-hold the Sav-ior on the cross, A spec-ta-cle of wo! See from his ag-o-niz-ing wounds The blood in-ces-sant flow;

2. Till death's pale en-signs o'er his cheek And trembling lips were spread; Till light for-sook his clos-ing eyes, And life his droop-ing head.

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MAGDALENE. C. M.

Very spirited. — I. B. WOODBURY.

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heaven, Him all the hosts of heaven.

2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, Forev-er more a-dored— The Wonderful, the Counsel-lor, The great and migh-ty Lord, The great and migh-ty Lord.

3. His power, increasing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Jus-tice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound be-low, And peace a-bound be-low.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Spirited. — HANDEL.

A-wake, my soul; stretch every nerve, And press with vi-gor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immor-tal crown, And an immor-tal crown.

MARTYRDOM, or AVON. C. M.

Scottish Tune.

1. O Thou, whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh; Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye:

2. See, low be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretch-ed wan-derer mourn? Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—Re-turn?

3. And shall my guilt-y fears pre-vail To drive me from thy feet? O, let not this dear ref-uge fail, This on-ly safe re-treat.

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Lively.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. C. M.

I. B. W. From the B. M. Ed. See, Coll.

1. Mor - tals, a - wake, with an - gels join, And chant the sol - emn lay; Joy, love, and grat - i - tude combine To hail th'aus - pi - cious day.

2. In heaven the rapturous song began, And sweet se-raph - ic fire Through all the shining re - gions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.

3. Down through the portals of the sky Th' im-petuous tor - rent ran: And an-gels flew with ea - ger joy To bear the news to man. Hal - le - lu - jah.

Slow, and with dignity.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

Dr. CROFT.

How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est rule im - parts To keep the con-science clean.

SABBATH MORNING. C. M.

By J. MOORE.

1. How sweet the Sab - bath's ho - ly calm, How bright its peace - ful rays, The Chris-tian hails its sooth - ing balm, And tunes his heart to praise.

2. A brighter "rest re - mains" a - bove, To which our souls as - pire, There all is light and joy, and love, There spi - rits nev - er tire.

3. An - gels and saints, un - it - ed move, And sweep the gold - en lyre— Their theme, God's ev - er - last - ing love, While Ga - briel leads the choir.

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In chanting style. **BROADERS. C. M.** J. Conquest.

1. A - gain, from calm and sweet re - pose, I rise to hail the dawn; A - gain my wak - ing eyes un - close, To view the smil - ing morn.

2. Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing; For thou hast safe - ly kept My soul be - neath thy guar - dian wing, And watched me while I slept.

Bold. **MORAVIAN. C. M. Double.** German. D. C.

FINE.

I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause; Main - tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross. Je - sus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust; Nor D. C. will he put my hope to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M. LEACH.

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say, In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the sol - emn day.

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a - dorned with grace, Stands like a pal - ace built for God; To show his milder face, To show his mild - er face.

THIRDS.

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HEIMANN. C. M.

BROWNSON.

1. Our old companions in dis - tress We haste a - gain to see, And ea - ger long for our re-lease, And full . . . . fe - li - ci - ty, And full fe - li - ci - ty.

2. E'en now, by faith, we join our hands With those that went be-fore; And greet the blood-besprinkled bands On the . . . . e - ter-nal shore, On the e - ter - nal shore.

3. Our spirits too shall quick-ly join, Like theirs with glo - ry crowned, And shout to see our Captain's sign, To hear . . . . his trumpet sound, To hear his trumpet sound.

LONDON. C. M.

Firm.

Dr. CROFT.

O, praise the Lord with one con - sent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the serv - ants of the Lord His wor - thy praise pro - claim.

NEYWOOD. C. M.

Arranged from GRAUN.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh-ing grace, And thy re - freshing grace.

mf DIM. CRES. FOR. DIM. mf

2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou ma - jes - ty di-vine, Thou ma - jes - ty di - vine.

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NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

I bid farewell to every fear,

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.

I bid farewell to eve-ry fear, I bid farewell to eve - ry fear,

With order.

KENDALL. C. M.

CLARK.

Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise! Known through the earth by thou - sand signs, By thou - sands through the skies.

Gentle.

BYRNE. C. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - lev - er's ear; It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place; My nev - er - fail - ing trea - sure, filled With bound less stores of grace.

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Very spirited.

HOSANNA. C. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made: O earth, re-joice and sing; Let songs of tri-umph hail the morn; Ho-san-na to our King! Ho-san-na to our King.

2. The Stone the build-ers set at naught, That Stone has now be-come The sure founda-tion, and the strength Of Zion's-heavenly dome, Of Zi-on's heavenly dome.

3. Christ is that stone, re-ject-ed once, And number'd with the slain; Now rais'd in glo-ry, o'er his Church E-ter-nal-ly to reign, E-ter-nal-ly to reign.

Firm.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly shed for me.

Moderate.

MELBOURN. C. M.

English tune.

1. To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful song I'll raise; From day to day thy works record, From day to day thy works record, From day to day thy &c. And ever sing thy praise.

2. Thy wond'rous acts, thy pow'r and might, My constant theme shall be; That song shall be my soul's delight, That song shall be my soul's delight, That &c. Which breathes in praise to thee.

3. The Lord is bountiful and kind, His anger slow to move; All shall his tender mercy find, All shall his tender mercy find, All shall his tender mercy find; And all his goodness prove.

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OLD ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

1. Thus saith the mer - cy of the Lord, "I'll be a God to thee! I'll bless thy nu - merous race, and they Shall be a seed for me."

2. A - br'am be - lieved the prom-ised grace, And gave his son to God; But wa - ter seals the bless - ing now, That once was sealed with blood.

3. Thus Ly - dia sanc - ti - fied her house, When she re - ceived the word; Thus the be - liev - ing jail - or gave His house - hold to the Lord.

SWANWICK. C. M.

Firm. LUCAS.

A - rise, ye peo - ple, and a - dore; Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th'al - mighty Lord, Con - fess th'al - mighty Lord.

TRANSPORT. C. M.

With great spirit. SECOND ENDING.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

2. O, the transport-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

3. There generous fruits that never fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale, With milk and - - - - - - - hon - ey flow.

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With fervor.

SEYMOUR. C. M.

From the Sacred Choir.

1. Come, let us lift our joyful eyes Up to the courts above; And smile to see our Father there, Up-on a throne of love, And smile to see our Father there, Upon a throne of love.

2. Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath, And shot devouring flame; Our God appear'd consuming fire, And vengeance was his name, Our God appear'd consuming fire, And vengeance, &c.

3. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss Are open'd by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th'Almighty's throne, High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach, &c.

Bold and spirited.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem And crown him Lord of all.

With energy.

CAMPMOUNT. C. M. Double.

FINE

D. C.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare-well to eve - ry fear (OMIT - - - - - - - - -) And wipe my weeping eyes. 2. Should earth against my soul engage, And hell - ish darts be hurled, D. C. Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, (OMIT - - - - - - - - -) And face a frowning world.

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Bold and joyous.

SALEM. C. M.*

From the Surry Chapel Music.

(The slurs may be used in the Duet with some hymns.)

1. Come, happy souls, approach your God With new melodious songs, Come, render to Almighty grace, The tribute of your tongues, The tribute of your tongues, The tribute of your tongues.

2. So strange, so boundless was the love, That pit - ied dy - ing men, The Fa - ther sent his e - qual Son To give them life again, To give them life again, To give them life a - gain.

3. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds, And wipe your sorrows dry; Trust in the mighty Savior's name, And you shall never die, And you shall never die, And you shall nev-er die.

Not too fast.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDNER.

Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sav - ior's par - doning blood, Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

Glowing.

TAPPAN. C. M. Or P. M., 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.

As P. M. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wan - derers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for eve - ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

As C. M. Behold the love, the generous love, That ho-ly Da - vid shows; Be-hold his kind compassion move, Be - hold his kind compassion move For his af - flict - ed foes.

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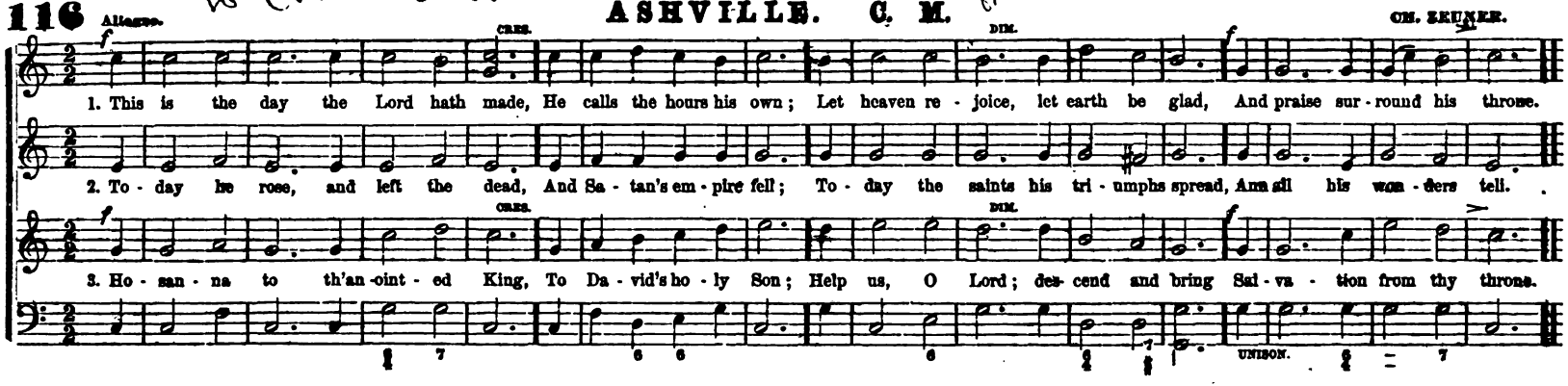

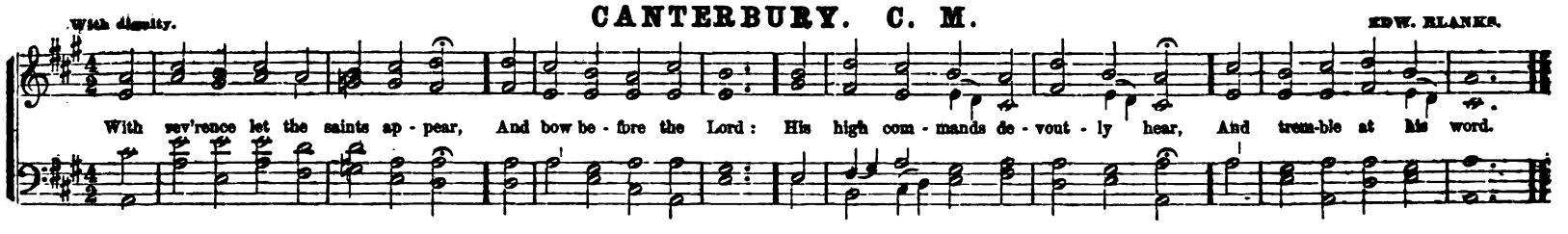

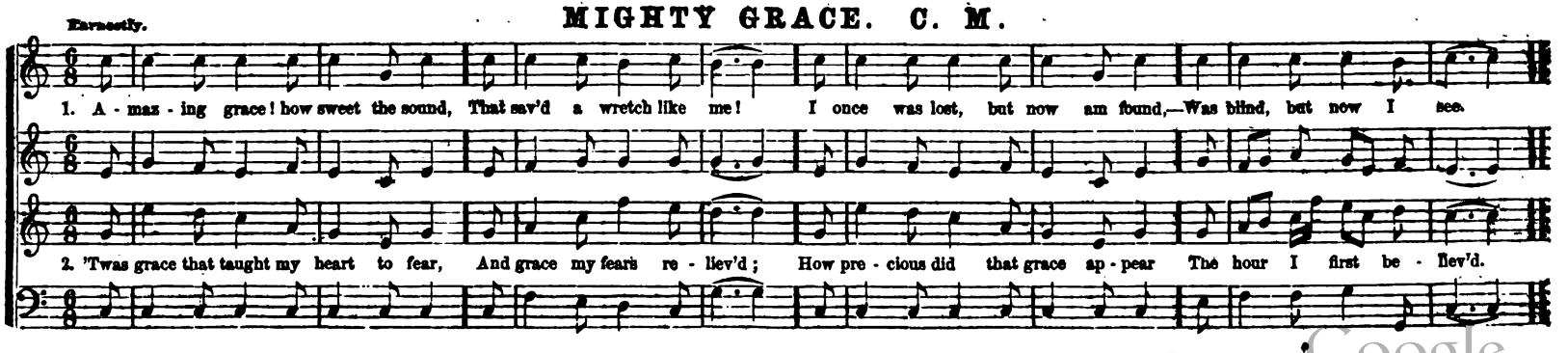

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Allegro.

OCEAN. C. M. Double.

Thy works of glo-ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of cour-age shall re - cord, Who tempt that dangerous way.

At thy command the

Thy works of glo-ry, mighty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea, The sons of cour-age shall re - cord, Who tempt that dangerous way. At

At thy com-mand the winds arise, The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - - ing graves.

winds a-rise, And swell the towering waves; . .

thy command the winds arise, And swell the towering waves, And swell . . . the towering waves; The men, astonished, mount the skies, And sink in gap - - ing graves.

winds a-rise, And swell the towering waves; . . . . . .

In chanting style.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.

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Vigorous.

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

WM. BILLINGS.

CHORUS.

The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - ness of the sky.

SOLI. CHORUS.

The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - ness of the sky.

On cherubs, and on cherubim, Full royal - ly he rode; And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all a-broad.

On cherubs, and on cherubim, Full royal - ly he rode: And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all a-broad.

Lively.

MERIDEN. C. M.

T. CLARK.

O, how I love thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my delight! And thence my medi-ta-tions draw Divine advice by night; And thence my meditations draw Divine advice by night.

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Allegro Moderato.

NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap - py place, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned . . .

The new Je - ru - sa-

From the third heaven where God resides, That ho - ly, hap - py place, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned . . . . . with

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned . . . . . with shin-ing grace,

. . . with shin - ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.

lem comes down, A - dorned . . . . . with shin - ing grace,

shin - ing grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.

The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace,

Firm.

BARBY. C. M.

Why doth the man of rich - es grow To in - so - lence and pride, To see his wealth and hon - ors flow With eve - ry ris - ing tide?

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With resignation and joy.

OVERTON. C. M. Or Short Anthem.

Arranged from T. CLARK.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft my spir-it home.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover, Angels will hover, Angels will hover round my bed, And waft, ... And waft my spirit home.
And waft . . . my spir-it home.

Slow.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-tend the cry? Ye liv-ing men, come, view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie.

Allegro.

OLD VICTORY. C. M.

D. READ.

SOLI. CHORUS.

Now shall my head be lift-ed high, A-bove my foes a-round; And songs of joy and vic-to-ry Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound.

SOLI. CHORUS.

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WATTS. C. M.

1. Blest be the ev - er - last - ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord; Be his a - bound - ing mer - cy praised, His ma - jes - ty a - dored.

2. When from the dead he raised his Son, And called him to the sky, He gave our souls a live - ly hope That they should nev - er die.

3. What though our in - bred sins re - quire Our flesh to see the dust; Yet as the Lord our Sav - ior rose, So all his fol - lowers must.

Choral.

LUTZEN. C. M.

LUTHER, or N. HERMANN.

Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds, Which God per - formed of old; Which in our younger years we saw, And which our fathers told.

WOODLAND. C. M.

National Church Harmony.

1. Lovers of plea-sure more than God, For you he suffer'd pain; For you the Sav - ior spilt his blood: For you the Sav - ior spilt his blood: And shall he beeld in vain?

2. Sinners his life for you he paid; Your bas-est crimes he bore; Your sins were all on Je - sus laid, Your sins were all on Je - sus laid, That you might sin no more.

3. To earth the great Re-deem - er came, That you may come to heaven; Believe, be - lieve in Je - sus' name, Be - lieve, be - lieve in Je - sus' name, And all your sin's forgiven.

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Moderate.

WINTER. C. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey his will; He speaks, and in his heaven - ly height The roll - ing sun stands still.

2. Re - bel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threat'ning as - pect roar; The Lord up - lifts his aw - ful hand, And chains you to the shore.

3. Ye winds of night, your force com - bine; With - out his high be - hest, Ye shall not, in the moun - tain - pine, Dis - turb the sparrow's nest.

Choral.

DUNDEE. C. M.

THUS: OR THUS. Scottish.

Let not des - pair, nor fell re - venge, Be to my bo - som known; O, give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And pa - tience for my own.

BRIDGETON, or LYDIA. C. M.

C. L.

1. Thou, Lord, hast blest my go - ing out, O bless my com - ing in! Compass my weakness round a-bout, And keep me safe from sin, And keep me safe from sin.

2. Still hide me in thy se - cret place, Thy ta - ber - na - - cle spread; Shel - ter me with preserving grace, And screen my naked head, And screen my na - ked head.

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CLARENDON. C. M.

1. Thy gra-cious pre-sence, O my God, All that I wish con-tains; With this, be-neath af-flic-tion's load, My heart no . . more com-plains.

2. This can my eve-ry care con-trol— Gild each dark scene with light: This is the sun-shine of the soul; With-out it all is night.

3. O hap-py scenes a-bove the sky, Where thy full beams im-part Un-cloud-ed beau-ty to the eye, And rap-ture . . to the heart.

MEAR. C. M.

Slow and firm.

O 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, "Up, Is-rael, to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day!"

TRIAS. C. M.

In chanting style.

From the Timbrel.

1. How large the prom-ise, how di-vine, To A-brah'm and his seed— I am a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need.

2. The words of his un-bound-ed love From age to age en-dure; The An-gel of the Cov'-nant proves And seals the bless-ing sure.

3. Je-sus the an-cient faith con-firms, To our great fa-ther given; He takes our chil-dren to his arms, And calls them heirs of heaven.

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With gentleness.

ROBY. C. M.

W. C.

1. Re - turn, my soul, un - to thy rest, From God no long - er roam; His hand hath boun - ti - ful - ly blest; His good - ness calls thee home.

2. What shall I ren - der un - to thee, My Sav - ior in dis - tress, For all thy ben - e - fits to me, So great and num - ber - less?

3. This will I do for thy love's sake, And thus thy power pro - claim; The cup of thy sal - va - tion take, And call up - on thy Name.

Plaintive.

WINDSOR, or DUNDEE.* C. M.

From the Scotch Psalter, of 1615.

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come; Be thou our guard, while trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

* "Perhaps DUNDEE's wild warbling measures rise."—BURNS.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de-voutly say, In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol-emn day, And keep the sol - emn day.

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Very spirited.

FREE GRACE. C. M.

1. Hail, mighty Je - sus, how di - vine Is thy vic - to - rious sword! The stout - est re - bel must re - sign At thy com - mand - ing word.

2. Still gird thy sword up - on thy thigh, Ride with ma - jes - tic sway; Go forth, sweet prince, tri - umph - ant - ly, And make thy foes o - bey.

Chant.

PATMOS. C. M.

O! for an o - ver - com - ing faith, To cheer my dy - ing hours, To tri - umph o'er the mon - ster, Death, And all his fright - ful powers!

Tenderly.

ON THE CROSS. C. M.

1. Be - hold the Sav - ior of man - kind, Nail'd to the shame-ful tree! How vast that love that him in - clin'd To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark, how he groans! while na - ture shakes, And earth's strong pil - lars bend; The tem - ple - veil a - sun - der breaks, The so - lid mar - bles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the pre - cious ran - som's paid, "Re-ceive my soul," he cries: See how he bows his sa - cred head: He bows his head and dies!

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Moderate.

NORTH PROVIDENCE. C. M.

WM. BILLINGS.

CHORUS.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne: Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus: Wor - thy the Lamb, our hearts re-ply, For he was slain for us, For he was slain for us.

SOLO. CHORUS.

3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and power di - vine; And bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ev - er thine, Be, Lord, for ev-er thine.

Firm.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Dr. RANDALL.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wond'rous deeds hath done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he hath won, The conquest he hath won, The conquest he hath won.

Lively.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.

VOGLER.

Lord, who a - mong the sons of men, May vis - it thine a - bode? He who has hands from mis - chief clean, Whose heart is right with God.

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With gentleness and dignity.

CORNER. C. M. Double.

Arranged from A. CORNER. Composed 1800.

FINE.

1. God of my life, look gent - ly down, Be - hold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

2. I'm but a stran - ger here be - low, As all my fa - thers were;

FINE.

D. C.

D. C. May I be well - pre - pared to go, When I the sum - mons hear!

With fervor.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

A - wake, a - wake the sa - cred song To our in - car - nate Lord; Let eve - ry heart and eve - - ry tongue A - dore th' e - ter - nal Word.

Firmly.

BELIEF. C. M.

W**.

1. Be - hold, O Lord! be - fore thy throne Thy mourn-ing peo - ple bend: 'Tis on thy sov' - reign grace a - lone Our hum - ble hopes de - pend.

2. Tre - men - dous judg - ments from thy hand Thy dread - ful power dis - play; Yet mer - cy spares this guil - ty land, And yet we live to pray.

3. And why, great God, are we thus spared, Un - grate - ful as we are? O, make thine aw - ful warn - ings heard, While mer - cy cries—For - bear!

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Moderato.

BEDAN. S. M.

L. MASON.—From the Modern Psalmist.

1. Oh, cease! my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear a - bode, Oh! haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And eve - ry long - ing sa - tis - fied, And eve - ry long - ing sa - tis - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

Allegro Spiritoso.

HARAS. S. M.

From the B. M. Ed. Soc. Coll.

The Prince of peace is come! Ye na-tions, shout and sing; Let men and an - gels join their songs, To hail this glo - rious King, To hail this glo - rious King.

Larghetto e dolce.

MAGDALA. S. M.

L. MASON.—From the Modern Psalmist.

p CRES. mf p mf p DIM. pp

1. While my Re - deemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I bid farewell to eve - ry fear, I bid fare-well to eve - ry fear; My wants are all sup-plied.

p CRES. mf p mf f DIM. pp

2. To ev - er - fra-grant meads, Where rich a - bun-dance grows, His gra-cious hand in - dul - gent leads, His gracious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

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Firm.

LUMMUS. S. M.

1. Je - sus, my truth, my way, My sure, un - err - ing light, On thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which thou wilt guide a - right.

2. My wis - dom and my guide, My coun - sel - lor thou art; O nev - er let me leave thy side, Or from thy paths de - part.

3. I lift mine eyes to thee, Thou gra - cious, bleed - ing Lamb, That I may now en - lightened be, And nev - er put to shame.

Bold. English.

HUSBAND. S. M.

Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at his feet; His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is his seat, And mer - cy is his seat.

With fervor. W. C.

JUDD. S. M.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live, if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here; If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smil - ings of thy face, How a - mia ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine em - brace; And no - where else but there.

6 6 6 6 7 6 7 6 4 1 6 7

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Allegro.

AURORA. S. M. Or Short Anthem.

WM. BILLINGS.

A - wake, my soul, a - wake, A - wake, look up and view The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new.

A - wake, my soul, a - wake, A - wake, look up and view The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new.

CODA

The glorious sun, who has begun His dai - ly task a - new. . . ., His dai - ly task a - new. . . . . His dai-ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has be - gun His dai - ly task a - new, The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun His dai-ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has be - gun, The glo - rious sun, who has be - gun, His dai - - - - - - - - - - - ly task a - new.

The glorious sun, who has begun, The glorious sun, who has be - gun His dai - - - ly, day - - - ly, dai - - - - - - - - - - ly task a - new.

Moderato.

OLNEY. S. M.

The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whispering, 'Sin - ner, come;' The bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims To all his chil - dren, 'Come!'

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Slow. **LANDAFF. S. M.** Inserted by request.

1. Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

2. My thoughts ad - dress his throne, When morning brings the light; I seek his bless - ing eve - ry noon, And pay my vows at night.

Chant. **OLMUTZ. S. M.** Gregorian.

Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of Love di - vine, Bid eve - ry string a - wake.

Not too fast. **MEDES. S. M. By observing the ties to first line. Or C. M.** Old American Tune.

As C. M. 1. I pay this eve - ning sac - ri - fice: And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope re - lies Up - on thy grace a - lone.

2. Thus, with my thoughts com-posed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slum - bers keep.

As S. M. The day is past and gone, The even-ing shades ap - pear; O may I well re - mem - ber now, The night of death draws near.

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VIENNA. S. M. Or P. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

S. M. 1. While my Re - deem - er 's near, My Shep - herd and my Guide, I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er - fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dance grows, His gra - cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

P. M. The God of A - bram praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove: An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love.

SUNBURY. S. M.

Firm.

TH. MORLEY.

To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy Lord, in - cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

ELIOT. S. M.

Devotional.

E. L. WHITE.

1. Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath his guar - dian care: I slept, and I a - woke, and found My kind Pre - ser - ver near.

2. Thus does thine arm sup - port This weak, de - fence - less frame; But whence these fa - vors, Lord, to me, All worth - less as I am?

3. O, how shall I re - pay The boun - ties of my God? This fee - ble spir - it pants be - neath The pleas - ing, pain - ful load.

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Spirited.

CONCORD. S. M.

O. HOLDEN.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields,

Glowing.

LISBON. S. M.

READ.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Welcome to this re - viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes; Welcome to this re - viv-ing breast, And these rejoi-cing eyes.

With tenderness.

OZREM. S. M.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His boun-ty will pro - vide! His saints se - cure ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wear - y mind? O, seek your heavenly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find!

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Lively.

WORCESTER. S. M. Double. Or Short Anthem.

WORC.

SOLI. CHORUS. mf f

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring salvation, &c., And words, &c. How charming, charming is their voice!

SOLI. CHORUS. mf f

How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, Who bring salvation, &c., And words, &c. How charming, charming is their voice!

How sweet their tidings are! Zion, behold thy Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here.

Zion, behold thy Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here.

How sweet their tidings are! Zion, behold thy Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion, behold thy Savior King, He reigns, &c.

Zion behold thy Savior King, He reigns and triumphs here, Zion behold thy Savior King,

Plaintive.

CORELLI. S. M.

CORELLI.

When o - ver - whelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies; Help - less and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

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ORMAN. S. M.

In exact time.

1. We sing the Sav - ior's love, Who pi - tied wretch - ed men; De - light - ing in the thought of peace, Ere time and worlds be - gan.

2. We see its smil - ing beams Forth shin - ing at his birth; And trace its lus - ter day by day, While he so - journed on earth.

3. But in his clos - ing hour, How in - fi - nite his grace; When, bowed be - neath the curse he died, To save the cho - sen race.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

Firm. READ.

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live, if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

HEZRON. S. M.

Smooth and gentle. CRES. CRES. W**.

1. I lan - guish for a sight Of Him who reigns on high— Je - sus, my soul's su - preme de - light; For him a - lone I sigh.

2. O that I knew the place, Where I might find my God, And make the arms of his em - brace My soul's se - cure a - bode.

3. Near to his mer - cy seat, Where grace tri - um - phant reigns, I'd come and wor - ship at his feet, And tell him all my pains.

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"FOREVER WITH THE LORD." S. M. Double.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A-men, So let it be; Life for the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty. Here in the bod - y pent,

2. My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times, to faith's as-pir - ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah, then my spir-it faints,

3. Yet doubts still in - ter - vene, And all my com-fort flies; Like No - ah's dove, I flit be-tween Rough seas and storm-y skies. A-non the clouds de-part,

Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home, near-er home, near - er home, A day's march near . er home.

To reach the land I love; The bright in - her-it-ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove, home a - bove, home a-bove, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

The winds and waters cease; While sweetly o'er my glad-dened heart, Ex - pands the bow of peace, bow of peace, bow of peace, Ex - pands the bow of peace.

* Sing the small note if this cannot be given clear and flute-like.

DENNIS. S. M.

Slow and soft. Cantabile.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELI.

How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

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Slowly and plaintive.

RUTLAND. S. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. Pros-trate at Je - sus' feet, A guil-ty reb-el lies; And upward to the mer - cy - seat, Pre-sumes to lift his eyes, Pre - sumes to lift his eyes.

2. Will just - - - ice frown me hence? Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm? Forbid it, that Omnip - o - tence, Should crush a fee-ble worm, Should crush . a fee - ble worm.

3. If sor - - - row would suf-fice To pay the debt I owe, Tears should, from both my weeping eyes, In ceaseless currents flow, In cease - - less cur - rents flow.

Moderate.

DOVER. S. M.

English.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the chur - ches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.

MAZZAROTH. S. M.

Italian.

1. Be - hold, the morning sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the nations run, His beams through all the nations run, And light and life convey.

2. But where the gos-pel comes, It spreads divi - ner light; It calls dead sin-ners from their tombs, It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
His beams through all the nations run, ...

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Smooth and connected, and not too slow.

LYNSEN. S. M.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I . . am his, What can I want . . be - side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa - - - ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

3. The boun-ties of thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from thy house will I re-move, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

* In some of the verses these two notes will have to be omitted, and the small notes sung.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Bold.

MORNINGTON.

The law by Mo-ses came, But peace, and truth, and love, Were brought by Christ a no-bler name, Des-cend-ing from a-bove.

PRAYER. S. M.

Gently.

L. MARSHALL.

1. Fa-ther, I dare be-lieve Thee mer-ci-ful and true: Thou wilt my guil-ty soul for-give,—My fal-len soul re-new.

2. Come, then, for Je-sus' sake, And bid my heart be clean; An end of all my trou-bles make,—An end of all my sin.

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SEIR. S. M.

Moderato.

SEMICHORUS. CODA. FULL CHORUS.

1. The Lord my shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side? Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows; Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal le-lu-jah!

THIRDS.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

With power.

LINLEY.

To bless thy cho-sen race, In mer-cy, Lord, in-cline; And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

LABAN, or CONFLICT. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; And hosts of sins are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly eve-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3. Ne'er think the vic-tory won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.

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In staccato style, and with great energy.

BARNES. S. M.

W. ●.

1. Jesus, the Conq'ror reigns, In glorious strength arrayed ; His kingdom over all maintains, His kingdom over all maintains, And bids the earth be glad, And bids the earth be glad.

2. Ye sons of men, rejoice In Jesus' mighty love ; Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To him who rules above, To him who rules a - bove,

3. Extol his kingly power ; Adore th' exalted Son, Who died, but lives, to die no more, Who died, but lives, to die no more, High on his Father's throne, High on his Father's throne.

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

Choral.

BOYCE.

Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord; Yet we re - joice to hear his name, And love him in his word.

ELMSWOOD. S. M. Double.

Spirited and energetic.

(The small notes may be sung in the Tenor or Lib.)

FINE. D. C.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise ;
And hosts of sins are press-ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch and fight and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er ;
Re - new it bold - ly eve - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

D. C.

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Spirited. **MOSES' SONG. S. M.** Composed expressly for this work.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb: Wake, eve - ry heart and eve-ry tongue, To praise the Savior's Name, To praise the Savior's Name.

2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing power; Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins he bore, For those whose sins he bore.

3. Ye pil - grims, on the road To Zi - on's ci - ty, sing; Re - joice ye in the Lamb of God, In Christ, th' eter - nal King, In Christ, th' eter - nal King.

Bold. **PECKHAM. S. M.** L. SMITH.

My soul with joy at - tend, While Je - sus si - - - lence breaks; No an - gel's harp such mu - sic yields, As what my Shep - herd speaks.

Large. **DIMON. S. M.**

1. Ye trembling captives hear! The gospel's trumpet sounds: No music more can charm the ear, Or heal your heartfelt wounds, No music more can charm the ear, O heal your heartfelt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Sinai's awful roar; Sal - vation's news it spreads afar, And vengeance is no more, Salvation's news it spreads afar, And vengeance is no more.

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AIN, or LONSDALE. S. M. Or Short Anthem.*

CORELLI.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

Then let our songs a - bound, We're marching through E-man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry;

Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' E - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

THIRDS.

* If used as an anthem, the second part may be repeated.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

Firm.

SMITH.

Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

Digitized by Google

Very spirited.

THE PROMISE. S. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

Je - sus we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As-sem-bled in thy name, As - sem - - - - bled in thy name.

As-sem-bled in . . thy name.

Je - sus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As-sem-bled in . . thy name, As - sem - - - - bled in thy name.

As-sem-bled in thy name, As-sem-bled in . . thy name.

Gently.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON, by permission.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower; When blast - ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Dr. GREEN.

1. O Thou who art the Light Of all thy saints be - low, That we may wor - ship thee a - right, Thy sov' - reign grace be - stow.

2. Our ris - ing world o - beyed Thy God - head's high com - mand; And all the heaven-ly host are swayed By thy cre - at - ing hand.

3. Yet all things made a - new To won - dering mor - tals seem, When the E - ter - nal Word we view De - scend - ing to re - deem.

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Spirited.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

TH. CLARK.

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har-mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo, &c. And all the earth shall hear, And

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the echo, &c., Heav'n with the echo, &c., And all the earth shall

hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

all the earth shall hear, And all . . the earth shall hear.

hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

Gently.

KEDAR. S. M.

RIT.

And canst thou, sinner, slight The call of love divine? Shall God with tenderness invite, And gain no thought of thine?

RIT.

Firm.

LITTLE MALBOROUGH. S. M.

To God in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my fore - re - joice.

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Firm.

SANGER. S. M.

1. O where shall rest be found— Rest for the wear - y soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

Spirited.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

DUNBAR. S. M.

CORELLI.

1. When, o - ver - whelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies, Help - less and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2. O! lead me to the rock That's high a - bove my head, And make the cov - ert of thy wings My shel - ter and my shade.

3. With - in thy pres - ence, Lord, For ev - er I'll a - bide; Thou art the tower of my de - fence, The ref - uge where I hide.

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FOUNDER'S HALL. S. M.

T. WALKER.

1. O, bless the Lord, my soul, Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vors are divine, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

2. O, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with - out praises die, And with - out praises die.

3. 'Tis He for - gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain; 'Tis He that heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a-gain, And makes thee young a-gain.

HUDSON. S. M.

HARRISON.

Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at his feet; His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is his seat.

ARDOR. S. M.

Bold and Spirited.

W. W.

1. Our Cap-tain leads us on; He beck-ons from the skies; He reach - es out a star - ry crown, And bids us take the prize, And bids us take the prize.

2. "Be faith-ful un - to death; Par - take my vic - to - ry; And thou shalt wear this glo-rious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me."

3. 'Tis thus the right-eous Lord To eve - ry sol - dier saith; E - ter - nal life is the re - ward Of all vic - to - rious faith, Of all vic - to - rious faith.

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Firm. **THACHER. S. M.** HANDEL.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

2. Thy mer - cies and thy love, O Lord! re - call to mind: And gra - cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wast ev - - er, kind.

3. Let all my youth - ful crimes Be blot - ted out by thee; And O, for thy great good - ness' sake, In mer - cy think of me.

Glowing. **SHIRLAND. S. M.** STANLEY.

Be - hold! the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

With tenderness. **BELKNAP. S. M.**

CRES. DIM.

1. Where shall the man be found, Who fears t' of - fend his God, Who loves the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, And trem - - - bles at his rod?

CRES. DIM.

2. The Lord will make him know The se - crets of his heart; The won - ders of his cov' - nant show, And all his love im - part.

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Connected.

HUMBLENESS. S. M.

Composed expressly for this work.

1. In sor - row I la - ment, Be - fore thy feet, my God, My pas - sion, pride, and dis - con - tent,— My vile in - grat - i - tude.

2. Ne'er was a heart more base And false than mine has been; More faith - less to its prom - is - es,— More prone to eve - ry sin.

3. How long, Lord, shall I feel These strug - gles in my breast? When wilt thou bow my stub - born will, And give my con - science rest?

Plaintive.

DENHAM, or SOUTHWELL. S. M.

From the Psalter of 1558.

O, for the death of those Who slum - ber in the Lord! O, be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward.

HANTS. S. M.

English Tune.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run, . . . Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet, . . . Make their commu - nion sweet.

3. Thus, when on Aar-on's head They poured the rich per - fume, The oil down to his rai - ment spread, And pleasure filled the room, . . . And pleasure filled the room.

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METCALF. S. M.

Lively.

GEO. KINGSLEY.—By permission.

1. O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all divine; Thy glories round the earth are spread, Thy glories round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine, And o'er the heavens they shine.

2. When to thy works on high I raise my wondering eyes, And see the moon complete in light, And see the moon complete in light, Adorn the darksome skies A-dorn the darksome skies.

3. How rich thy bounties are! And wondrous are thy ways: Of dust and worms thy power can frame, Of dust and worms thy power can frame A monument of praise, A mo - nu-ment of praise.

HOBART. S. M.

Firm.

Arranged from an Ancient Chant.

When o - verwhelm'd with grief, My heart with-in me dies, Help - less, and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift my eyes, To heaven I lift my eyes.

TIOGA. S. M.

Slow and solemn.

T. HASTINGS.—By permission

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole:

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un - mea - sured by the flight of years; And all that life is love

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EATON. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. M. 6 lines.

WYVIL.

1. Be - hold! the serv - ant of the Lord, I wait thy guid - ing hand to feel; To hear and keep thy eve - ry word— To prove and do thy per - fect will:

2. And if thy grace vouchsafe to me The mean-est of thy crea-tures, me, The deed, the time, the man - ner choose; Let all my fruit be found of thee:

Joy-ful from my own works to cease, Glad to ful - fil all righteousness.

Let all my works in thee be wrought, By thee to full perfection brought.

WATERS. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. M. 6 lines.

Very spirited.

1. Mes - si - ah, joy of eve - ry heart, Thou, thou the King of glo - ry art;

2. When thou hadst rendered up thy breath, And, dy - ing, drawn the sting of death.

3. Seat - ed at God's right hand a - gain, Thou dost in all thy glo - ry reign;

ARNE. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8's.) Or L. M. 6 lines.

DR. ARNE.

END. D.C.

And didst thou, Lord, for sin - ners bleed! And could the sun be- hold the deed! No, he withdrew his sick'- ning ray, And darkness veiled the mourning day.

D.C. No, he withdrew his sick' - ning ray, And darkness veiled the mourn-ing day.

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Lively. **SOMMERVILLE. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. M. 6 lines.** Composed for this work.

FINE. D. C.

Come, Ho-ly Ghost, all-quickening fire, Come, and in me de-light to rest; Drawn by the lure of strong de-sire, O come, and con-se-crate my breast;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. The tem-ple of my soul pre-pare, And fix thy sa-cred pre-sence there.

WATERS—Concluded.

The Fa-ther's ev-er-last-ing Son: Thee it de-lights thy Church to own; For all our hopes on thee de-pend, Whose glo-rious mer-cies nev-er end.

Thou didst from earth triumph-ant rise, And ope the por-tals of the skies; That all who trust in thee a-lone, Might fol-low, and par-take thy throne.

Thou dost, thy Fa-ther's im-age, shine In all the at-tri-butes di-vine; And thou with judg-ment clad shalt come, To seal our ev-er-last-ing doom.

Moderate. **YOAKLEY. 1st P. M. (6 lines.) Or L. M. 6 lines.** YOAKLEY.

1. { The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; }
{ His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watchful eye; } My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.

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Gentle.

HOME DEVOTION.* 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. M. 6 lines.

Composed for this work.

1. When qui-et in my house I sit, Thy book be my companion still; My joy thy sayings to re-peat,—Talk o'er the records of thy will, And search the o - ra - cles di - vine,

2. O may the gracious words divine, Sub - ject of all my con-verse be; So will the Lord his foll'wer join, And walk and talk himself with me; So shall my heart his presence prove,

Till eve-ry heartfelt word be mine, Till eve-ry heartfelt word be mine.

And burn with ev-er - lasting love, And burn with ev-er - last - ing love.

* For many other 6 lines 8s, see index of metres.

ITALY. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. M. 6 lines.

ZACCHINI.

1. O thou, whom fain my soul would love Whom on - ly I de - sire to know;

2. Hast thou been with me, Lord, so long, Yet* thee, my Lord, have I not known?

3. If now thou talk - est by the way With me, the ab - ject sin - ner, me,

Choral.

DRESDEN. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s) Or L. M. 6 lines.

From Mar. Sacra.

D. C.

The Lord hath spoke, the might - y God Hath sent his sum - mons all a - broad; From dawn - ing light, till day - de-clines, The list - 'ning earth his voice hath heard;

D. C. And be from Zi - on hath appeared, Where beau - ty in per-fec - tion shines.

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GLOUCESTER. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8's.) Or L. M. 6 lines.

END. D. C.

Prisoners of hope lift up your heads, The day of lib - er-ty draws near! Je - sus, who on the ser - pent treads, Shall soon in your be - half ap - pear.

END. D. C.

D. C. The Lord will to his tem - ple come; Prepare your hearts to make him room.

ITALY—Concluded.

This veil of un - be - lief re - move, And show me all thy good-ness, show; Je - sus, thy - self in me - re - veal; Tell me thy name, thy na - ture tell.

I claim thee with a falt - 'ring tongue; I pray thee, in a fee - ble groan, Tell me, O tell me, who thou art, And speak thy name in - to my heart.

The mys - te - ry of grace dis - play; O - pen mine eyes that I may see; That I may un - der - stand thy word, And now cry out,—It is the Lord!

IMMORTALITY. 6 lines 8's, or L. P. M.

WM. HORTON. Whitlockville, N.Y.

FINE D. C.

I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past.

D. C. While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - durea.

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Moderato.

PSALM FORTY-SIXTH. 2d P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. P. M.

Wm. FRANCK. 1542.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My days of praise shall

2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for ev - er

ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

stands se - cure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his pro - mise vain.

3.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

GREENFIELD. 1st P. M. (6 lines 8s.) Or L. M. 6 lines.

EDSON.

God is our ref - uge in dis - tress, A pres - ent help when dan - gers press, In him un - daunt-ed we'll con - fide; Though

Though earth were from her

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CREATION. 2d P. M. (6 lines 8s) Or L. P. M.

From HAYDN'S "Creation."

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My days of praise shall
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for ev - er
3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports the faint - ing mind; He sends the la - b'ring con - science peace: He helps the stran - ger

ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
stands se - cure; He saves th' op-pressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his prom - ise vain, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.
in dis - tress, The wid - ow and the fa - - ther - less, And grants the pris' - ner sweet re - lease, And grants the pris' - ner sweet re - lease.

ORGAN AD LIB.

GREENFIELD. Concluded.

earth were from her cen- tre tossed, And mountains, &c. Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide, Torn, &c.

Though earth were from her cen-tre tossed, And mountains in the o - ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide.

Though earth were from her cen -tre tossed, And moun - - tains in . . . . the o - cean lost, &c.

cen- tre tossed And mountains in the o - - - - - ean lost. Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide. Torn, &c.

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156 Moderato.

NASHVILLE. 2d P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. P. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.

1. I love the vel-ume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benighted and distressed; { Thy pre-cepts guide my doubtful way, / Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray, } Thy pro-mise leads my heart to rest.

2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis thy bless-ed gos-pel, Lord, { That makes my guilty conscience clean, / Converts my soul, sub-dues my sin, } And gives a free and large reward.

Slowly.

PANOREM. 2d P. M. (6 lines 8s). Or L. P. M.

Composed expressly for this Work.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immor-[tality endures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for ever stands secure; He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall [find his promise vain.

Spirited.

WARSAW. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

T. CLARK.

Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love and power, That ever mortals knew, Or an-gels ev-er bore; All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Sav-ior forth.

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MURRAY. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

1. Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sa-cred rest; I hail thy kind return, Lord, make these moments blest, From low delights and mortal toys, I soar to meet immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face, Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, ce - les-tial Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Disclose a Savior's love, And bless these sacred hours; Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Firm.

HADDAM. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

English.

{The Lord Je - ho-vah reigns; His throne is built on high;
{The garments he as - sumes (Omit - - - - - -) Are light and ma-jes - ty; His glo - ries shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

Andante.

HUTCHINSON. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Hark! what celestial sounds, What music fills the air! Soft warbling to the morn, It strikes the ravished ear; Now all is still, now wild it flows In tuneful notes, loud, sweet and shrill.

2. Th'an - gelic hosts descend, With harmony divine See how from heaven they bend, And in full chorus join; Fear not, say they, great joy we bring, Jesus, your King is born to-day.

3. He comes your souls to save From death's eternal gloom; To realms of endless light He lifts you from the tomb: Your voices raise, with sons of light; Your songs unite, of endless praise.

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Moderate.

STOW. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. Yes the Redeemer rose, The Savior left the dead, And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conq'ring head ; In wild dismay The guards around . Fall to the ground and sink a - way.

SMALL NOTES. DIM.

2. Behold th'angelic bands In full assembly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joy - ful they come, And wing their way From realms of day To Je - sus' tomb.

Joyous and bold.

TRIUMPH. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

English.

Awake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band ; The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand ; Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

With precision.

RIALLSIDE. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

W...

Bright suns arise, ... The mild wind blows . . . And beauty glows, . . Thro' earth and skies.

{ How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heavenly King,
{ Who bids the frosts retire, (OMIT . . . . . .) And wakes the lovely spring ! Bright suns arise, The mild wind blows, And beauty glows, Thro' earth and skies.

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Lively.

LENOX. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

In wild dismay the guards around Fall to the ground, and sink a-way.

Yes, the Redeemer rose; The Savior left the dead; And o'er his hellish foes, High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay the guard around; In wild dismay &c., Fall to the ground, and sink away.

In wild dismay the guard around, In wild dismay &c. Fall to the ground, and sink a-way.

Moderate. to come out

LISCHER. 3d P. M., &c.

From CARMINA SACRA, by permission.

CHORUS.

1. { Welcome de-lightful morn! Thou day of sa-cred rest; / I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest. } From low delights and mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

I soar, &c.

Allegro.

AMITY. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M., C. L. M., S. H. M., or C. H. M.

(Sing small notes for loud ending.)

C. L. M. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn That gilds the sa-cred tomb, / Where once the Cru-ci-fied was borne, And veiled in mid-night gloom! } O weep no more the Sav-ior slain; The Lord is risen—He lives a-gain.

S. H. M. This place is ho-ly ground; World, with its cares, a-way; / A ho-ly, sol-emn stillness round This life-less, mouldering clay; } Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx-ious fear, Can reach the peace-ful sleep-er here.

H. M. How beau-ti-ful the sight Of breth-ren who a-gree / In friend-ship to u-nite, And bonds of char-i-ty! } 'Tis like the pre-cious ointment, shed O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

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Spirited.

MALAN. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

Arranged from MALAN.

1. Thou God of truth and love, We seek thy per - fect way,
Read-y thy choice to' approve, Thy pro - vi - dence to' o - bey; } Enter into thy wise design, And sweetly lose our will in thine, And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2. Why hast thou cast our lot In the same age and place?
And why to - geth - er brought, To see each oth - er's face; } To join with softest sym-pa - thy, And mix our friendly souls in thee? And mix our friend - ly souls in thee.

Spirited.

HUREN. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are; To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

Slow and plaintive.

ROME. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Where is the Savior now, Whose smiles I once possess'd? Till he re-turn I bow, By heavy grief oppress'd: My days of hap-pi-ness are gone, And I am left to weep a - lone.

2. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah, who can soothe his wo, Ah, who can give relief? Earth cannot heal the wounded breast, Or give the troubled conscience rest.

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Fast.

GLORY. 4th P. M. (886, 886). Or C. P. M.

1. Thou God of power, thou God of love, Whose glo - ry fills the realms a - bove, Whose praise arch - an - gels sing, And veil their fa - ces while they cry, Thrice

2. Thee as our God we too would claim, And bless the Sav - ior's pre - cious name, Through whom this grace is given; He bore the curse to sin - ners due, He

SOLI.

3. The veil that hides thy glo - ry rend, And here in sav - ing power de - scend, And fix thy blest a - bode; Here to our hearts thy-self re - veal, And

TUTTI.

Holy, to their God Most High, Thrice Holy to their King, Thrice Holy to their King: And veil their faces while they cry, Thrice Holy, to their God Most High, Thrice Holy, to their King.

forms their ruin'd souls anew, And makes them heirs of heaven, And makes them heirs, &c.; He bore the curse to sinners due, He forms their ruin'd souls anew, And makes them heirs of heaven.

TUTTI.

let each waiting spirit feel The presence of our God, The presence of our God; Here to our hearts thy-self re-veal, And let each waiting spir - it feel The pre - sence of our God.

Moderato.

MERIBAH. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M.

by L. Mason.

When thou, my righteous Judge shalt come To take thy ransomed peo - ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I / Who sometimes am a - fraid to die. } Be found at thy right hand?

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BLISS INSPIRING. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M.

1. Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades through the wilderness, Who still your bodies feel : { Awhile forget your griefs and fears, / And look beyond this vale of tears, } To that ce - les - tial hill.

2. Be-yond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' secure a-bode ; { On faith's strong eagle pinions rise, / And force the passage to the skies, } And scale the mount of God.

WILLOUGHBY. 886,886, or C. P. M.

1. Jesus, thou soul of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength exert,—Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim ; Compose into a thankful frame, And tune thy people's heart.

2. While in the heav'nly work we join, Thy glory be our whole design, Thy glory, not our own :—Still let us keep this end in view, And still the pleasing task pursue, To please our God alone.

RAPTURE. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M.

Spirited. HAKWOOD.

O ! could I speak the matchless worth, O ! could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - ior shine ! I'd soar and touch the heaven - ly strings, And vie with

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Rather slow and in exact time.

ARIEL. 4th P. M. (886,886). C. P. M.

1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love, It lifts me up to things a - bove; It bears on ea - gles' wings; It gives my rav - ished soul a taste, And makes me for some mo - ments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings, With Je - sus' priests and kings.

2. Re - joi - cing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the moun - tain top See all the land be - low: Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise, And all the fruits of par - a - dise In end - less plen - ty grow, In end - less plen - ty grow.

3.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4.

O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

AIX. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M.

Slow.

Ga - briel while he sings In songs al - most di - vine.

How happy are the lit - tle flock, Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock, In all com - mo - tions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high, Unmoved, above the storm they lie, They lodge in Je - sus' breast.

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With precision.

DOUBT. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M. Or L. C. M.

Sing small notes half time.

1. Come, wisdom, power, and grace divine; Come, Jesus, in thy name to join A hap-py, cho-sen band; { Who fain would prove thine utmost will, / And all thy righteous laws ful-fil, } In love's benign com-mand.

2. If pure, es-sen-tial love thou art, Thy na-ture in-to eve-ry heart, Thy loving self, in-spire: { Bid all our sim-ple souls be one, / U-ni-ted in a bond unknown, } Bap-tized with heavenly fire.

Slow.

ENON. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M.

Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand, Se-cure, in-sen-si-ble: { A point of time, a moment's space, / Re-moves me to that heavenly place, } Or shuts me up in hell.

With earnestness.

APELLES. 4th P. M. (886,886). Or C. P. M. Or L. C. M.

Arranged.

Je-sus, thou seal of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength ex-ert— { Vouchsafe the grace we hum-bly claim / Com-pose in-to a thankful frame, } And tune thy people's hearts.

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Connected.

OLD WARREN. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

1. Chil - dren of the heaven-ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

2. We are trav' - ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3. O ye ban - ished seed, be glad; Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made: Us to save our flesh as - sumes— Broth - er to our soul be - comes.

Choral style.

ROGERS. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s). Or 4s & 7s. Peculiar.

From the Choral.

4s & 7s. End - less prai - ses, End - less praises, End - less prai - ses to our God; Ev - er be his name a - dored, Ev - er be his name a - dored.

With gentleness and delicacy.

EVE. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s). May be sung as a Quartett.

W^m.

CRES. DIM.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day; Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

DIM.

2. Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth, as day - light fades; All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close.

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With earnestness.

ST. LOUIS. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s). Or 34th P. M. (7s & 5s by slurs.

1. Chris - tians, bre - thren, ere we part, Eve - ry voice and eve - ry heart Join, and to our Fa - ther raise One last hymn of grateful praise.

2. Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brigh - ter shore; There, re - leased from toil and pain, There we all may meet a - gain.

Flowing.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s.) Or L. M., by omitting ties.

PLEYEL.

7s. To thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heaven-ly Shep - herd, lead thy charge; And my couch, with ten - derest care, Midst the spring - ing grass pre - pare.
L. M. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long, Crown him ye na - tions, in your song; His wondrous name and power re - hearse; His honors shall en - rich your verse.

Pastoral.

SACRAMENTO. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

W. C.

1. Thank and praise Jehovah's name, For his mercies, firm and sure; From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en-dure, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.

2. Let the ransom'd thus rejoice, Gather'd out of eve - ry land, As the peo-ple of his choice, Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand, Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3. Let the elders praise the Lord, Him let all the peo - ple praise, When they meet, with one accord, In his courts on holy days, In his courts on ho - ly days,

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Spirited.

CHRISTMAS EVE. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

1. Bright and joyful is the morn, For to us a child is born; From the highest realms of heaven, Unto us a Son is given. Hal-le - lu - - - - - - - jah!

2. On his shoulder he shall bear Power and majesty, and wear On his vesture and his thigh, Names most awful; names most high. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - - - - jah!

3. Wonder-ful in coun-sel He, Christ, th' incarnate Dei - ty; Sire of a - ges, ne'er to cease; King of kings, and Prince of Peace. Hal-le - lu - - - - - - - jah!

Spirited.

CLARK. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

T. CLARK.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal-le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's work be-gun, When he spake and it was done, When he spake and it was done.

Moderate.

HENDON. 5th or 6th* P. M. (4 or 6 lines 7s).

From Rev. Dr. MALAN.

1. To thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat Thou shalt guide my wear - y feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow, Thro' the ver - dant meadows flow.

* By repeating the first two lines

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Earnestly.

WENHAM. 5th & 6th P. M. (4 or 6 lines 7s).

Composed expressly for this work.

FINE. D. C.

5th P. M. Sov-reign Ru - ler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall; Hear, O hear my ar - dent cry,— Frown not, lest I faint and die.

6th P. M. Rock of Ag - es, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure,— Save from wrath and make me pure.

Gently.

TURIN. 5th or 6th P. M. (4 or 6 lines 7s).

F. GIARDINI.

Son of God, thy blessing grant, Still supply my every want; Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap my spirit feed; Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap my spirit feed.

NORWICH. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

German.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare.

2. I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro - voked him to his face; Would not hear - ken to his calls; Grieved him by a thous - and falls.

3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins lam - ent; Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

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Bold and spirited.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

Dr. ARNOLD.

1. Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled."

2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise; Join the triumph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem; Christ is born in Beth-le-hem."

3. See, he lays his glo-ry by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec-ond birth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

With precision.

MOZART. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s).

MOZART.

Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O, do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Earnestly.

WARNING. 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s.)

WEBB.

1. Haste, O sin-ner, now be wise; Stay not, stay not, for the morrow's sun: Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Harder is it to be won, Harder is it to be-won.

2. Haste, and mercy now im-plore; Stay not, stay not, for the morrow's sun, Lest thy sea-son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run, Ere this evening's stage be run.

3. Haste, O sin-ner, now re-turn; Stay not, stay not, for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere salvation's work is done, Ere salvation's work is done.

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Rather slow.

ROSEFIELD. 6th P. M. (6 lines 7s).

Subject from Rev. Dr. MALAN.

CRES.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - ior deigns to die,
What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear,
"Love's re - deem-ing work is done—Come, and wel - come, sin - ner, come!

CRES.

2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan?
On my wound-ed bod - y laid, Just - ice owns the ran - som paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—Come, and wel - come, sin - ner, come!"

With earnest expression.

ROCK OF AGES. 6th or 7th P. M. (6 or 8 lines 7s).

W**.

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

Tenderly.

MOUNT CALVARY. 6th P. M. (6 lines 7s). Or P. M., by omitting ties.

6th P. M. Hearts of stone, re-lent, re - lent, Break, by Je - sus' cross sub-dued; See his bod-y mangled, rent, Covered with his flow-ing blood; Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done?
P. M. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame: Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond na ture, cease thy strife,

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Reverently.

ORON. 6th P. M. (6 lines 7s). Or Short Anthem.

RIT.

By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy hu-man griefs and fears; } Savior, look with pitying eye; }
By thy con-flict in the hour Of the sub-tle tempter's power— } Savior, help me, or I die. } Sav-ior, help me, Savior, help me, Sav-ior, help me, or I die.

RIT.

Spirited.

CROSS OF CHRIST. 6th or 7th* P. M. (6 or 8 lines 7s).

Composed for this work.

FINE. D. C.

From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Sav-ior deigns to die, What me-lo-dious sounds we hear Burst-ing on the rav-ished ear:—

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Love's re-deem-ing work is done— Come and wel-come, sin-ner, come!

* By repeating the first two lines.

EXPOSTULATION. 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s).

Cru-ci-fied th' in-car-nate Son.
And let me lan-guish in-to life.

FIRST TIME. SECOND TIME. FINE. D. C.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? } When God in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh?
D. C. And angels are waiting, to wel - - - - - - - come you home. } Since Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says come,

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FERN HILL. 7th P. M. (8 lines 7s). May be sung as a Quartette.

Arr. expressly for this work.

FINE. D. C.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

ELTHAM. 7th P. M. (8 lines 7s).

Slow.

FINE. D. C.

1. Hast-en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
Eve - ry na - tion, eve - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.

2. Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name a - dore;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

BENEVENTO. 7th P. M. (8 lines 7s).

Firm, and accent strong.

A. WEBBE.

While, with cease - less course, the sun Hast-ed through the form - er year, Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

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Lively.

FENDON. 7th P. M. (8 lines 7s).

L. R. WOODBURY.

FINE. D. C.

Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all with one ac-cord, (OMIT - - - - - - -) Glo-ry to our com-mon Lord; Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; Sing as in the an - cient days.

FINE. D. C.

D. C. An - te-date the joys a - bove— (OMIT - - - - - - -) Cel - e - brate the feast of love.

Spirited.

ROUND LAKE. 7th P. M. (8 lines 7s).

Composed for this work.

FINE. D. C.

1. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra - cious hands I am;
Make me, Sav - ior, what thou art; Live thy - self with - in my heart,
2. I shall then show forth thy praise; Serve thee all my hap - py days;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Then the world shall al - ways see Christ the ho - ly child in me.

BENEVENTO—Concluded.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait; But how lit - tle none can know.

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SABBATH. 7th P. M. (8 lines 7s).

L. MASON.

1. Light of life,— se - raph - ic fire,— Love di - vine, thy - self im - part? Eve - ry faint - ing soul in - spire; Shine in eve - ry droop - ing heart:

2. Come in this ac - cept - ed hour; Bring thy heav'n - ly king-dom in; Fill us with thy glo - rious power, Root - ing out the seeds of sin:

Eve - ry mourn - ful sin - ner cheer; Scat - ter all our guilt - y gloom: Son of God, ap - pear! ap - pear!— To thy hu - man tem - ples come.

Noth - ing more can we re - quire,— We will co - vet noth - ing less; Be thou all our hearts' de - sire,— All our joy, and all our peace.

ESSEX. 7th or 6th P. M. (8 or 6 lines 7s).

Slow and expressive.

Arranged from a Spanish Melody.

FINE. D. C.

Sav - ior, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies, Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes: } O, by all the pain and wo, Suf - fered once for man be - low,
D. C. Bend - ing from thy throne on high, Hear us when to thee we cry.

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Energetic.

KENATH. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.*

From the German.

FINE AS DOUBLE. FINE.

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art migh-ty, (Omit - - - - - - - -) Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.

FINE AS DOUBLE. FINE.

* Or 9th P. M. (87,87,87,87), by ending D. C.

Bold.

TAMWORTH. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

Songs a - new of hon - or fram - ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone;
All his won - drous works proclaim - ing— Je - sus won-drous works hath done!
Glo - rious vic - tory, Glo - rious vic - tory, His right hand and arm have won.

KERSHAW. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

Sav - ior, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain;
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from thee.

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HARWELL, P. M. (87,87,77). Or 8s, 7s & 7.*

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove,
Jesus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces: Je - sus reigns, the God of love; } See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a-lone. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth: } Hap-py ob-jects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

* Or 9th P. M. (87,87); or 8s & 7s double. If this tune is used as an 8s & 7s, the small notes in the last measure of the first staff are to be sung.

OLIPHANT. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s. 7s & 4.

Allegro.

1. Men of God, go take your sta - tions; Darkness reigns throughout the earth; Go—pro-claim a - mong the nations,

2. Of his gos - pel not a - sham ed 'Tis the power of God to save; Go where Christ was nev - er named,

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

HELMSLEY. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

Lively.

Dr. MADAN.

Lo! he comes, with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for favored sin - ners slain;
Thousand thou - sand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the triumph of his train; } Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus shall for ev - er reign.

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OLIPHANT.—Concluded.

Joy - ful news of heaven-ly birth; Bear the tid - ings—Bear the tid - ings— Tid - ings of the Sav - ior's worth, Tid - ings of the Sav - ior's worth.

Pub - lish free - dom to the slave; Bless - ed free-dom!—Bless - ed free - dom!—Free - dom Zi - on's chil - dren have, Free-dom Zi - on's chil - dren have.

With expression.

MERCY.—Hymn. 8th P. M. (87, 87, 47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry: See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the

2. It is fin - ish'd! O what plea - sure Do these precious words af - ford! Heaven-ly bless-ings, with - out meas- ure, Flow to us from Christ the

pp *f* *p* DIM.

sky; It is fin - ish'd: It is fin - ished: Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry, Hear the dy-ing Sav-ior cry. A - - men.

Lord: It is fin - ish'd: It is fin - ish'd:— Saints, the dy - ing words record, Saints, the dying words record. A - - men.

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Bold and spirited.

AMI. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

M. S.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victo - rious, Eve-ry knee to him shall bow;

Crown him, Crown him; Crowns become the victor's brow, Crowns become the vic-tor's brow.

ZION. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

VERSE. CHORUS.

On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her-ald stands!
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands.

Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning cap-tive, God himself shall loose thy bands.

With gentleness and expression.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 8th P. M. (87,87,47). Or 35th P. M.)

W.

m f DIM.

8th P. M. Yes, my native land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well; Friends, connexions, happy country, Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

m f DIM.

P. M. Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners ruined by the fall, Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to cleanse a guilty soul, In a full perpetual tide, Opened when the Savior died.

* Or as P. M. (87,87.77), or 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

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With gentleness and simplicity.

TALMAR. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8s & 7s.*

Words and music by W. *.

1. Lis - ten to the gen - tle promptings Of the Spir - it's warn-ing voice; Will ye heed his sol - emn warn-ings? Can ye slight his won - drous love?

2. Sweet-ly call - ing on the err - ing, Par - dons of - fered with - out price; Come, and round the al - tar kneel-ing, O, re - ceive the of - fered grace.

* Or 5th P. M. (4 lines 7s), by ties.

Maestoso.

WILMOT. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8s & 7s.

Arranged from C. M. v. WEBER.

Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth! He's my rock, I'll bless his name: He, my God, sal - va - tion giv - eth; All ye lands, ex - alt his fame.

Moderate.

OTTO. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8s & 7s.

H. B. S.

FINE. D. C.

Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Beam-ing in his gra - cious eye.

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Bold and glowing.

MADRID. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8s & 7s.

From the Spanish of MARCHIO.

FINE. D. C.

1. { Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
{ Streams of mercy, never ceasing, (OMIT - - - - - - - - - - - - -)
Call for songs of loudest praise. 2. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above,

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it; Mount of thy redeeming love, Mount of thy redeeming love.

Firm.

WORTHING. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8s & 7s. Or 7s & 8s, Peculiar.

English.

Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be brok-en, Chose thee for his own a - bode.

Slow.

BAVARIA. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8s & 7s.

Popular Melody.

FINE. D. C.

Come, thou long ex - pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free,
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee: } Is - rael's Strength and Con-so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Dear De - sire of eve - ry na - tion, Joy of eve - ry long - ing heart.

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Earnestly.

PROTECTION. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8's & 7's.

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Though des - truc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from thee sur - round us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from thee; Thou art He who, nev - er wear - y, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.

Slow and soft.

MOUNT VERNON.* 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8's & 7's.

Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Plea - sant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.

* This tune may be sung as a duett by Treble voices.—It was originally written on the occasion of the death of Miss M. J. C., a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston, July 13, 1833.

SICILIAN HYMN. 9th P. M. (87,87). Or 8's & 7's.

Lowell Mason.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us, each thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace, / O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Travel - lers through this wil - der - ness.

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ANGELS SINGING. 9th P. M. (87,87,87,87). Or 8s & 7s. Double.

FINE. D. C.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?
Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re-joi-ces; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

2. Lis-ten to the wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!

GREENVILLE. 9th P. M. (87,87,87,87). Or 8s & 7s. Double.*

J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1778.

FINE. D. C.

Hail, thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, thou Gal-i-le-an King!
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
D. C. By thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en through thy name.

Hail, thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!

* Or 8th P. M. (87,87,47) Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

PARIS. 9th P. M. (87,87,87,87). Or 8s & 7s. Double.

Firm.

FINE. D. C.

We have met in peace to-geth-er, In this house of God a-gain;
Con-stant friends have led us hith-er, Here to chant the sol-emn strain;

Here to breathe our ad-o-ra-tion, Here the Sav-ior's praise to sing;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. May the Spir-it of sal-va-tion Come with heal-ing in his wing.

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Lively.

PEIRCE. 10th P. M. (8 lines 8s). Or 8s & 9s.

1. What now is my ob - ject and aim? What now is my hope and de - sire? To fol - low the heav - en - ly Lamb, And af - ter his im - age as - pire.

2. My hope is all cen - tered in thee; I trust to re - cov - er thy love; On earth thy sal - va - tion to see, And then to en - joy it a - bove.

DE FLEURY. 10th P. M. (8 lines 8s).

Old Ballad.

FINE.

Ye an - gels, who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man-u-el's face,
In rap - tur - ous songs make him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
D. C. While oth - ers sunk down in de - spair, Con - firmed by his power, ye stood.

He formed you the spir - its you are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good;

D. C.

Lively.

REYNOLDS. 10th P. M. (4 lines 8s).

1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart, For clos - er com - mu - nion I pine, I long to re - side where thou art.

2. The pas - ture I lan - guish to find, Where all who their Shep - herd o - bey Are fed, on thy bo - som re - clined, And screened from the heat of the day.

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Glowing.

ENON'S ISLE. 10th P. M. (8 lines 8s).

Composed for this work.

FINE. D. C.

O when shall we sweet-ly re - move, O when shall we en - ter our rest—
Re - turn to the Zi - on a - bove, The mo - ther of spir - its dis - tressed; That cit - y of God the great King, Where sor - row and death are no more.

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Where saints our Im-man-u - el sing, And che - rub and se - raph a - dore?

Spirited.

HOPE. 10th P. M. (8 lines 8s).

W. C.

FINE. D. C.

A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home;
The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear— The day of e - ter - ni - ty come. From earth we shall quick-ly re - move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. The house of our Fa - ther a - bove— The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

With spirit.

MADISON. 10th P. M. (8 lines 8s). Or 4 lines by using the first brace only.

A. E. POND.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone, O bear me, ye che - ru - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

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1. Weep not for a broth-er de-ceased; Our loss is his in-fin-ite gain; A soul out of pris-on re-leased, And freed from its bod-i-ly chain;

2. Our broth-er the hav-en hath gained, Out-fly-ing the tem-pest and wind: His rest he hath soon-er ob-tained, And left his com-pan-ions be-hind

3. There all the ship's com-pan-y meet, Who sailed with the Sav-ior be-neath; With shouting each oth-er they greet, And tri-umph o'er sor-row and death:

With songs let us fol-low his flight, And mount with his spir-it a-bove; Es-caped to the man-sions of light, And lodged in the E-den of love.

Still tossed on a sea of dis-tress, Hard toil-ing to make the blest shore, Where all is as-sur-ance and peace, And sor-row and sin are no more.

The voy-age of life's at an end: The mor-tal af-flic-tion is past: The age that in heav-en they spend, For ev-er and ev-er shall last.

MADISON—Concluded.

2. My Sav-ior, whom ab-sent I love, Whom not hav-ing seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glo-ry, do-min-ion, and power.

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Moderato.

RICHMOND. 11th P. M. (76,76,77,76). Or 7's & 6's.

Lowell Mason.

To the hills I lift my eyes, The ev-er - lasting hills ;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels : } Will he not his help afford ? Help, while yet I ask is given : God comes down; the God and Lord Who made both earth and heav'n.

* By singing the small notes in this measure, the metre will be 7's, 6's & 8's.

Bold.

AMSTERDAM. 11th P. M. (76,76,77,76). Or 7's & 6's. Peculiar. Or 7's, 8's & 6's.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from all terrestial things, Towards heaven thy native place. } Sun and moon and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

Spirited.

POTTER. 11th P. M. (76,76,77,76). Or 7's & 6's.

Arranged.

D. C.

Meet and right it is to sing, In eve - - - ry time and place,
Glo - ry to our heaven - ly King, The God . . . of truth and grace: } Join we then with sweet ac - cord,
All in one thanks - giv - ing join;

D. C.

D. C. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine.

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Spirited.

DANVERS. 11th P. M. (76,76,77,76). Or 7s & 6s.

Composed expressly for this work.

Zi - on's God is all our own, Who on his love re - ly;
We his pard'ning love have known, And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Je - ru - sa - lem He our faith - ful Guide shall be;
D. C. Him we claim, and rest in him, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Plaintive.

CALVARY'S MOUNT. 12th P. M. (76,76,78,76).

Arranged for this work.

Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind,
Send the an - swer from a - bove, (Omit . . . . .) And let us mer - cy find: Think on us who think on thee, And every struggling soul re - lease;
D. C. O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, (Omit . . . . .) And bid us go in peace.

Slowly.

SILVER HALL. 12th P. M. (76,76,78,76).

Composed for this work.

Wretched, help - less, and dis - tress'd, Ah! whi - ther shall I fly;
Ev - er gasp - ing af - ter rest,— I can - not find it nigh:
Na - ked, sick, and poor, and blind,—Fast bound in sin and mis - e - ry,—
D. C. Friend of sin - ners, let me find My help, my all in thee.

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BOOTH. 12th P. M. (76,76,78,76).

Composed for this work.

1. Thou, who hast in Zi - on laid The true Foun - da - tion - stone, And with those a cove-nant made Who build on that a - lone:

2. Earth is thine; her thousand hills Thy might - y hand sus - tains: Heaven thy aw - ful pre - sence fills; O'er all thy glo - ry reigns:

3. We, like Jes - se's son, would raise A tem - ple to the Lord: Sound throughout its courts his praise, His sav - ing Name re - cord;

Yet the place of all pre - pared, By re - gal Da - vid's fa - vored Son, Thy pe - cu - liar bless - ing shared, And stood thy cho - sen throne.

Hear us, Ar - chi - tect di - vine! Great Buil - der of thy church be - low! Now up - on thy ser - vants shine, Who seek thy praise to show.

Ded - i - cate a house to Him Who once, in mor - tal weak - ness shrined, Sorrowed, suffered, to re - deem, To res - cue all man - kind.

ROCKPORT. 12th P. M. (76,76,78,76).

Slowly.

Composed for this work.

Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good:
On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:
D.C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

FINE.

All thy plea - sures I fore - go; I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride;

D.C.

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Lively.

THE DISCIPLE 13th or 14th P. M. (10,11,10,11). Or 10s & 11s.

Composed for this Work.

1. All praise to the Lamb! accept-ed I am, Thro' faith in the Savior's a-dor-a-ble Name: In him I con-fide, his blood is ap-plied; For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

2. Not a doubt doth a-rise, to dar-ken the skies, Or hide for a mo-ment my Lord from mine eyes: In him I am blest, I lean on his breast, And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

Bold.

ST. MICHAELS. 13th P. M. (10,10,11,11). Or 10s & 11s. Or 14th P. M.

HANDEL.

Though troubles assail, and dangers af-fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise assures us—The Lord will provide.

LYONS. 13th or 14th P. M. (10,10,11,11). Or 10s & 11s. Or 14th P. M.

HAYDN.

1. Ap-point-ed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly a-gree to fol-low the Lamb; To trace thy ex-am-ple, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleas-ure and pain.

2. O what shall we do our Sav-ior to love? To make us a-new, come, Lord, from above: The fruit of thy passion, thy ho-li-ness give; Give us the sal-va-tion of all that be-lieve.

3. O Je-sus! ap-pear; no longer de-lay, To sancti-fy here, and bear us a-way; The end of our meeting on earth let us see— Tri-umphantly sit-ting in glo-ry with thee.

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Spirited.

HAPPY DAY. 15th P. M. (11,9,11,9). Or 11s & 9s.

Arranged for this work.

1. All hail! happy day, When, enrobed in our clay, The Redeemer appeared upon earth; How can we re-frain To u - nite in the strain, And to hail our Im-man-u'-el's birth!

2. Ye an-gels of God, Sound his praises abroad, And ac-knowledge him JAH, the I AM: We al-so will join in a hymn so di-vine, Giv-ing glo-ry to God and the Lamb!

Spirited.

HAHN. 15th P. M. (11,9,11,9). Or 11s & 9s. Or 11s & 8s; or 6s & 9s; or 5s, 6s & 9s.

From the Choral.

15th P. M. Come let us as-cend, My companion and friend, To a taste of the banquet a-bove! If thy heart be as mine, If for Je-sus it pine, Come up in-to the cha-riot of love.

5s, 6s & 9s. How hap-py are they Who their Savior o-bey, And have laid up their treasure above! Tongue can-not ex-press The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.

6s & 9s. Come away to the skies, My belov-ed, a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wast born; On this festi-val day, Come exult-ing a-way, And with singing to Zi-on re-turn.

11s & 8s. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O serve him with gladness and fear; Ex-ult in his presence with mu-sic and mirth; With love and de-vo-tion draw near.

Spirited.

ROWLEY. 15th P. M. (11,9,11,9). Or 11s & 9s.

Arranged by L. MASON.

All hail! hap-py day, When, enrobed in our clay, The Re-deem-er appeared up-on earth; How can we re-frain To u-nite in the strain, And to hail our Im-

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EBRO. 16th P. M. (11,12,11,12). Or 11s & 12s.

1. O join ye the anthems of triumph, that rise From the throng of the blessed, from the hosts of the skies: Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains; Alleluia, the Lord God omnipo-tent reigns.

2. He gave to the light its beneficent wings; He controlleth the counsels of senates and kings: From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurled, And he ruleth the factions that rage thro' the world.

MARTYR'S DEATH SONG. 16th P. M. (11,12,11,12). Or 12s & 11s. Or 18th P. M. (10,5,11); or 5s & 6s. Or 11s.

16th P. M. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race, And thee, O my Savior, I soon shall embrace; They may torture this body, my spirit is free, And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

5s & 6s. Come, let us a-new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, And never stand still, till the Master appear, And never stand still, till the Master appear.

11s. Our Fa-ther in heaven, We hallow thy name; Thy kingdom most holy, On earth be the same; O give to us, dai-ly, Our portion of bread; It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.

man-u-el's birth, And to hail our Im-man-u-el's birth.

MARTIN. 16th P. M. (11,12,11,12, &c.)

My God, I am thine: what a comfort di-vine, What a bles-sing to know that my Je-sus is mine.

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SAVANNAH. 17th P. M. (4 lines 10s). Or 6 lines, by repeating the last two lines.

Arranged.

As 4 LINES. From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

As 6 LINES. { The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; { From east to west the sounding orders spread, Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead; No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

For the 18th P. M. see Martyr's Death Song, preceding page.

FAITH. 19th P. M. (664,6664). Or 6s & 4s.

Dignified. W. ·.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry: Sav-ior di-vine, Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; O let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my heart to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.

HARVEST HYMN. 19th P. M. (664,6664). Or 6s & 4s.

Bold and spirited. W. ·.

The God of harv-est praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart, and voice; { The val-leys smile and sing, / For-ests and mountains ring, } The plains their trib-ute bring, The streams re-joice.

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Bold, and firm.

AMERICA. 19th P. M. (664,6664). Or 6s & 4s. (National Hymn.)

Words by S. F. SMITH.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrims' pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
3. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

For another 19th P. M. see Italian Hymn, succeeding page.

Spirited.

CALIS. 20th P. M. (66,77,77). Or 6s & 7s.

Composed for this work.

Je-sus, thou art our King! To me thy suc-cor bring; Christ the mighty one art thou; Help for all on thee is laid: 'Tis the word; I claim it now; Send me now the promised aid.

Gently.

SEPOLIS. 20th P. M. (66,77,77). Or 6s & 7s. Or 7s & 6s, Peculiar.*

20th P. M. Savior, the world's and mine, Was ever grief like thine? Thou my pain, my curse hast took, All my sins were laid on thee; Help me, Lord, to thee I look; Draw me, Savior, after thee.

7s & 6s, Peculiar. { Savior, I thy word believe; By un - be-lief re-move; / How thy quickening Spirit gives, The unction from above; } Show me, Lord, how good thou art; Now thy gracious word fulfil; Send the witness to my heart; The Holy Ghost reveal.

* Small notes and repeat for lower verse.

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Allegro.

BROWNE. 21st P. M. (66,84,66,84). Or 6s, 8s & 4s.*

Miss BROWNE.

1. Pro - claim the loft - y praise Of Him who once was slain, But now is risen, through end - less days To live . . . and reign;

2. All ho - nor, power, and praise, To Je - sus' Name be - long; With hosts se - raph - ic, glad we raise The sa - - - cred song:

3. He lives to bless and save The souls re - deem'd by grace, And res - cue from the drear - y grave The fal - - - len race;

He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood,— En - throned a - bove the far - thest sky, Our Sav - - - ior God.

Worth - y the Lamb, they cry, That on the cross was slain; But now, as - cend - ed up on high, He lives . . . to reign.

And soon we hope, a - bove, A loud - er strain to sing,— With all our powers to praise and love Our Sav - - - ior King.

* See Vienna, p. 158, for same metre

For 22d P. M. use any 6s, 6 lines. See "Good Shepherd," &c.

Bold.

ITALIAN HYMN. 19th P. M. (664,6664). Or 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.

Come, thou al - might - y King. Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days.

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SPRING. 23d P. M. (88,88,77). Or 8s & 7s.

1. The voice of my Be - - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds: He flies ex - - ult - ing o'er the
2. The scat - tered clouds are fled at last; The rain is gone, the win - ter's past: The love - ly ver - nal flowers ap-

hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills: Gen - tly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."
pear, The warb - ling choir en - - chant my ear; Now with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone.

Gen - tly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, ... my love, and come a - way.
Now with sweet - ly pen - sive moan, Coos . . . . . the tur - tle dove a - lone.

1. Rise, my love, and come a - - way, ...
2. Coos the tur - tle dove a - - lone, ...

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Ardent.

COME AWAY. 23d P. M.* (86,86,77).

W. ..

The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies, ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans-port fills:

The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies, ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans-port fills:

Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way,"—Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way,"—Gent - ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way."

* For 22d P. M. use any 8's, 6 lines. See Belville, Good Shepherd, &c.

Spirited and Joyous.

HOMEVILLE. 24th P. M. (66,66,86,86.)

6s, 8s, & 6s. { Ye simple ones that stray Far from the path of peace, That unfrequented way To life and happiness;— } How long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom from above, And mock [the sons of God.

* Hymns 279 and 944, can also be sung to this tune.

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HINTON. 25th P. M. (77,87,77,87). Or 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s) by slurs.

1. Head of the Church tri - umph - ant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou ap - pear, thy mem - bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:

2. Thou dost con - duct thy peo - - ple Through tor - tents of tempt - a - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of tri - bu - la - tion:

11s. The Lord is my Shep - - herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas - - tures, safe - fold - - ed I rest;

The world with sin and Sa - - tan, In vain our march op - po - ses; By thee we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.

We lift our hearts and voi - - ces With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion; And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

He lead - - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand - 'ring, re - deems when op - press'd.

UNION. 26th P. M. (76,76,76,76). Or 7s & 6s.

Lively.

FINE. D. C.

We bring no glitter-ing trea - sures, No gems from earth's deep mine,
We come with sim - ple mea - sures, To chant thy love di - vine:
D. C. Fa - ther ac - cept our of - fering, Our song of grate - ful praise.

Chil - dren, thy fa - vors shar - - ing, Their voice of thanks would raise;

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198 Moderato. **MISSIONARY HYMN.** 26th P. M. (76,76,76,76). Or 7s & 6s. L. MASON, 1824.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle, Though eve-ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown; The heath-en, in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Spirited. **ROMAINE.** 26th P. M. (76,76,76,76). Or 7s & 6s. BANISTER.

When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley ring - ing With one tri - umph-ant song, Pro-claim the contest end - ed,

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Very spirited.

SOMERVALE. 26th P. M. (76,76,76,76). Or 7s & 6s.

1. Roll on, thou mighty o - cean; And, as thy bil-lows flow, Beer mes-sen-gers of mer - cy To eve - ry land be-low. A - rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore;
D. C. That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade no more.

2. O thou e - ter - nal Bal - er, Who hold-est in thine arm, The tem-pests of the o - cean, Pro-tect them from all harm! Thy presence, Lord, be with them, Wherever they may be;
D. C. Though far from us who love them, Still let them be with thee.

With delicacy.

CANA. 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s).

Arranged by GEO. KINGSLEY.

Thou sweet, glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream,
Our Sav - ior would lin - ger in moon-light's soft beam; And by thy bright wa - ters till mid - night would stay,
D. C. And lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day.

ROMAINE—Concluded.

And Him, who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, A - gain to earth de-scend-ed, In righ-teousness to reign.

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With strong expression.

FREDERICK. 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s).

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us here
2. I would not live al - way; no— wel - come the tomb! Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise,
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God— A - way from yon heaven, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of plea-sure flow bright o'er the plains,
Are e-nough for life's joys, full e - nough for its cheer.
To hail him in tri - umph des - cend - ing the skies.
And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.

Carefully.

KEDRON. 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s).

FINE. D. C.

Thou sweet gliding Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream,
Our Sa - vior would lin - ger in moon-light's soft beam; } And by thy bright wa - ters till midnight would stay,

FINE. D. C.

D. C. And lose in thy mur-murs the toils of the day.

Bold.

JEWELL. 11s & 8s.

The Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven adore him: And ye who tread this earth-ly ball, In ho - ly songs re - joice a-loud be - fore him, And shout his praise who made you all.

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Very spirited.

TRUMPET. 28th P. M. (10s, 11s & 12s).

FINE.

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gathered around him,
D. C. Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,— The Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

2. Glo - ry to God, in full an - thems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death can - not de - stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
D. C. Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ri - sen, and man shall not die.

D. C.

And short the do - mi - nion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of dark - ness that bound him, Re-splendant in glo - ry, to live and to save:

D. C.

If tears were our birth - right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark val - ley of sor row, And bade us, im-mor - tal, to hea - ven as - cend:

Firmly.

WALSH. 8s & 4s. Peculiar.

God of eve - ning and of morning, Great Source of all! Now thy sa - cred throne ad - dress-ing,
While our hearts with love are burning, Pros - trate we fall; And our fol - lies all con - fess-ing, We en - treat a Fa - ther's blessing; Lord, hear our call.

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SCOTLAND. 29th P. M. (4 lines 12s).

Dr. CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;" For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain, { From sin and un-cleanness, and every transgression, His blood flows most / Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon; We'll praise him a-

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb, The Sav-ior has passed thro' its portals before thee, And the lamp of his

freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
gain when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

SAILOR. 29th P. M. (4 lines 12s).

Slowly. FINE. D. C.

When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, { Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cher-ish,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, { FINE. D. C.

D. C. We fly to our Maker—Save, Lord, or we perish!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.—Hymn. 30th P. M. (11,10,11,10). Or 11s & 10s.

S. WEBBE.

SOLO. DUET.

Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come, at the mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish;

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FOLSOM. 30th P. M. (11,10,11,10). Or 11s & 10s.

Arranged from MOZART.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing,

2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore him in slum-bers re-clin-ing,

Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

Mak-er, and Mon-arch, and Sav-ior of all.

ANCON. 30th P. M. (11,10,11,10). Or 11s & 10s.

Spirited.

FINE. D. C.

Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! / Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; } Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning;

FINE. D. C.

D. C. Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Earth hath no sor-row that heaven cannot heal; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not heal.

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Tenderly.

LOVE. 31st P. M. (84,84.) Or 8s, 6s & 4s.

I. B. W.

8s & 4s. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His last . . fare - well, A guide,— a com - for - ter, be - queathed, With us to dwell.

8s, 6s & 4s. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His tender last fare - well, A guide,— a com - for - ter, be - queathed, With us to dwell.

Orga. to the god.

CONTRITION. 32d P. M. (884,884).*

Composed for this work.

Father of spirits! hear our prayer; Our life, our hope, our comforter, Our strong abode: To thee our thankful hearts we raise, And humbly, gladly, hymn thy praise, Pre - ser - ver, God.

* And 1st P. M. (6 lines 6s.) may be sung by repeating third and sixth lines of the tune.

Earnestly.

HEATH. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

FINE. D. C.

Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dismay, Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to-day; D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey. Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room;

Earnestly.

OCEAN. 8s, 7s & 4. Peculiar. (Or 7s & 5s.)

8s, 7s & 4. Star of peace to wanderers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi-lot's vi-sion dreary, (Omit. . . . . .) Far, far at sea.

7s & 5s. Child of sorrow, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-cape from every snare, (Omit. . . . . .) Trust in God alone.

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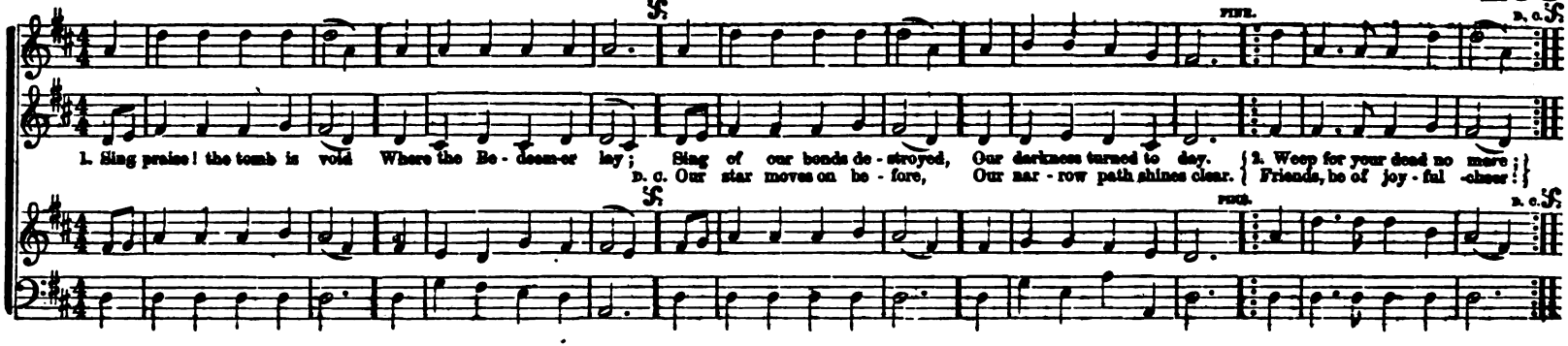
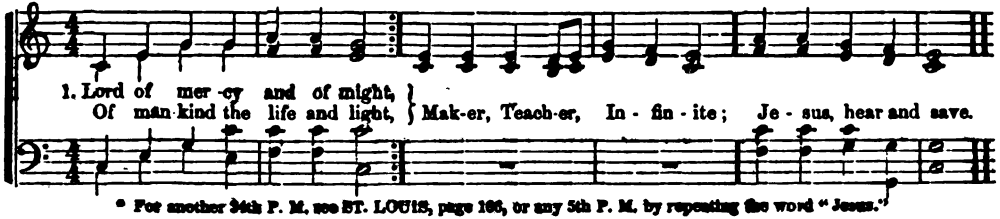
Lively.

MONTEREY. 33d P. M. (66,66). Or 8 lines 6s.



Firm and Devotional.

POMEROY. 34th P. M.* (77,75.)



2. Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,—
Jesus, hear and save.

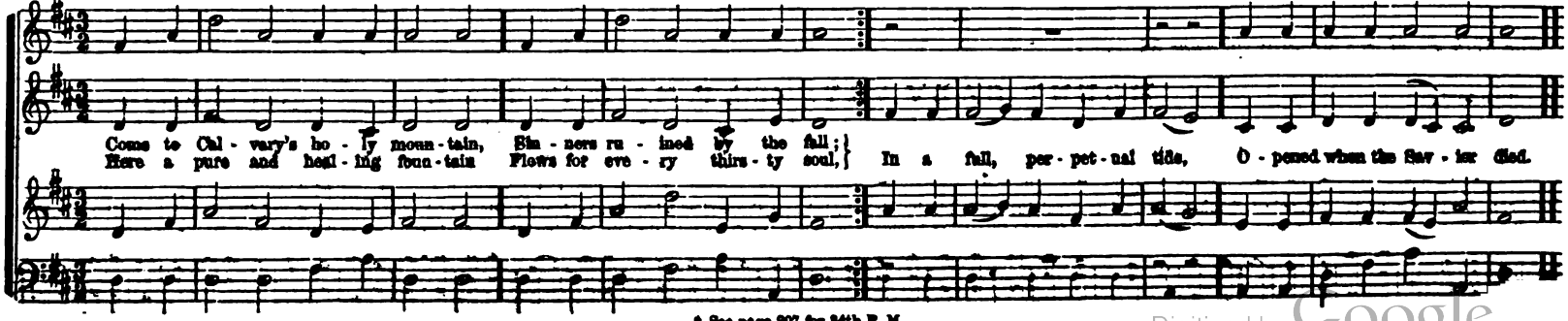
3. Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus! hear and save.

* For another 34th P. M. see ST. LOUIS, page 166, or any 5th P. M. by repeating the word "Jesus."

Tenderly, but Ardent.

WALKER. 35th P. M.* (87,87,77).

I. B. WOODBURY.



* See page 207 for 34th P. M.

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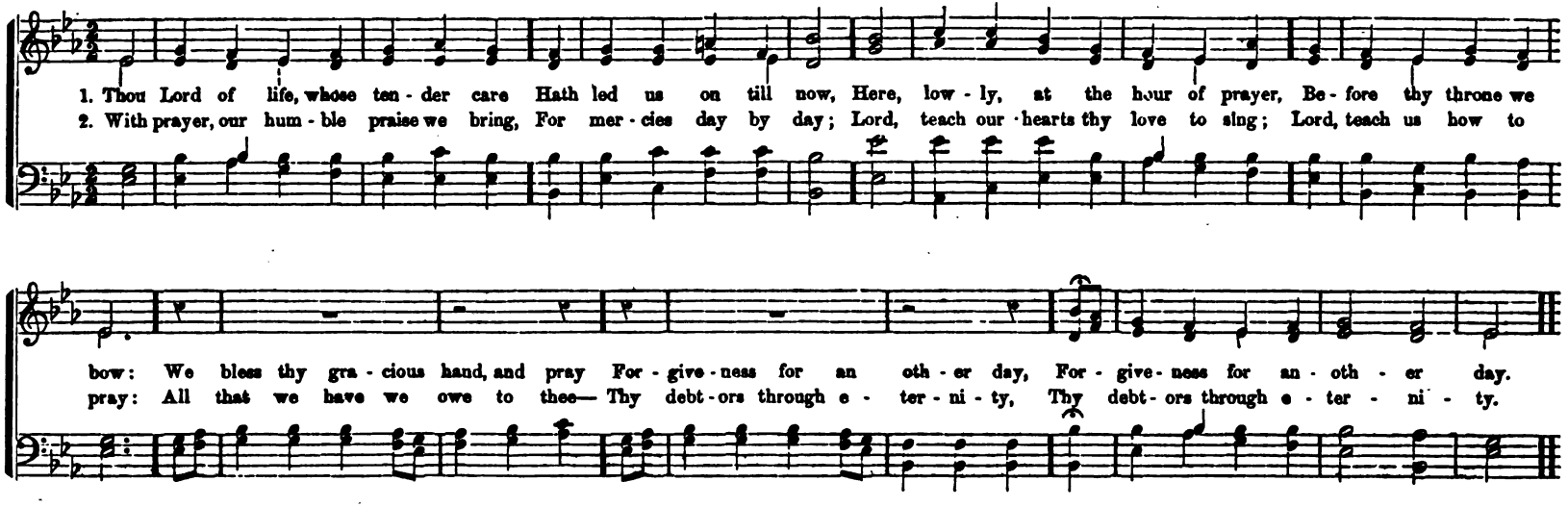
For 36th P. M. see LANESBORO, *page* 90; UNITY, *page* 104; *and* TAPPAN, *page* 115.

For 37th and 38th P. M. see AMITY, *page* 160.

Gentle.

EVENING SACRIFICE. 38th P. M. (86,86,88). Or 8's, 6's & 8's.

Composed for this work.

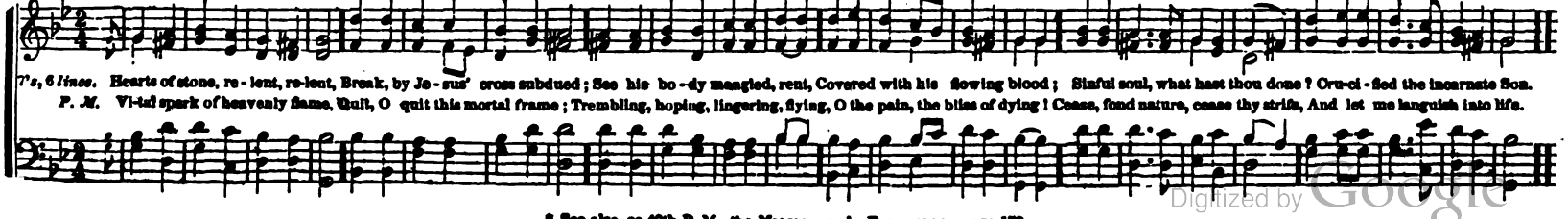


For 39th P. M. see MONMOUTH, *page* 34.

Tenderly.

MOUNT CALVARY. 40th P. M.* Or 7's, 6 lines.

[An old tune of great excellence.]



* See also, as 40th P. M., the MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL, page 178.

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PART SECOND.

ANTHEMS AND SELECT PIECES.

ANTHEM.—"Peace on earth, a Savior 's born."

(For Christmas, or other occasions which require spirited music.)

p Rather slow. Cres. Faster and spirited. *mf*

Peace on earth, Peace on earth, a Sav - ior 's born, a Sav - ior 's born. Come, saints, and a-dore him, Come, bow at his feet, O give him the

Peace on earth, a Sav - ior s born,

p Cres.

Peace on earth, ... a Sav - ior 's born, a Sav - ior 's born, Come, saints and a-dore him, Come, bow at his feet, O give him the

p *mf*

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f Dim. Cres.

glo - ry, the joy that is meet; Swell the ho-san - nas that glad-den the skies, And let the full cho - rus unceas - ing a - rise, ...

Swell the ho-san - nas that glad-den the skies, And let the full cho - rus unceas - ing a - rise, And let the full

f Dim. Cres.

glo - ry, the joy that is meet; Swell the ho-san - nas that glad-den the skies, And let the full cho - rus unceas - ing a - rise.

f Dim. Cres.

. . . . . And let the full cho - rus un-ceas - ing a - rise, That gladdens, that gladdens, that gladdens the skies, ...

cho - rus un-ceas - ing a - rise, And let the full cho - rus un-ceas - ing a - rise, That gladdens, that gladdens, that gladdens the skies, Let joy - ful ho-

f Dim. Cres.

And let the full cho - rus un-ceas - ing a - rise, That gladdens, that gladdens, that gladdens the skies, Let joy - ful ho-

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Dim. Cres.

And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies, that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies . . . . . un - ceas - ing a -

- - san-nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho-rus that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies, Let joy - ful ho - san-nas un - ceas - ing a -

Dim. Cres.

- - san-nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho-rus that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies, that gladdens the skies . . . . . un - ceas - ing a -

rise, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies. A - men, A - men, A . . . . . men. . . . . .

rise, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies. A - men, A - men, A . . . . . men. . . . . .

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REQUIEM. QUARTETT. "Sister (or Brother), rest!

W. ·.

Slow and gentle.

Cres.

1. Mourn - ful - ly the mist is creep-ing From the sil - ver lake, While the tears of night are weeping That thou wilt not wake, That

2. Sis - ter, rest! The flowers are springing: Thou wilt heed them not— Nor the wild bee light - ly wing-ing O'er that si - lent spot, O'er

Cres.

3. O, the earth is sad and drea - ry, All its joys de - cay; Of its pleas - ures I am wea-ry; Let me haste a - way, Let

Cres.

Dim.

thou wilt not wake; And the night-bird in the wil-low, in the willow, in the willow, And the night-bird in the willow, Sings above, Sings a - bove, Sings above thy lonely pil - low.

that si-lent spot; And the night-bird in the wil-low, in the willow, in the willow, And the night-bird in the willow, Sings above, Sings above, Sings a - bove thy lonely pil - low.

Cres.

Dim.

me haste a - way. I am long-ing to behold thee, to behold thee, to behold thee, I am long-ing to behold thee, And within, And within, And within my arms en - fold thee.

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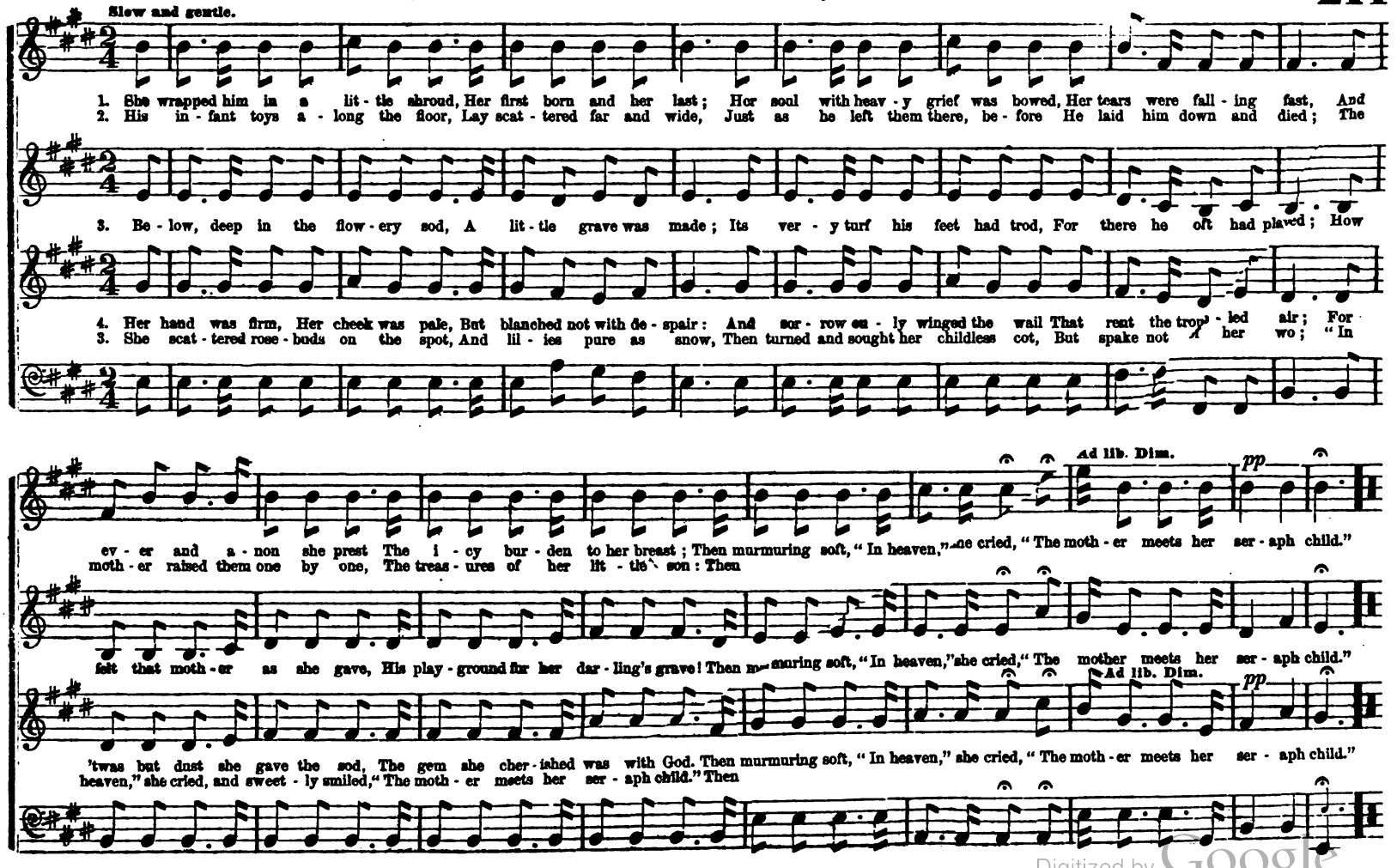

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THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

DR. CLARK.

Larghetto.

The voice of free grace cries es - cape to the moun - tain! For Ad - am's lost race Christ has o - pened a foun - tain,

The voice of free grace cries es - cape to the moun - tain! For Ad - am's lost race Christ has o - pened a foun - tain,

The voice of free grace cries es - cape to the moun - tain! For Ad - am's lost race Christ has o - pened a foun - tain,

For sin and un - clean - ness, and ev - ery trans - gression: His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion.

For sin and un - clean - ness, and ev - ery trans - gression: His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion.

For sin and un - clean - ness, and ev - ery trans - gression: His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion.

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CHORUS.

His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us our pardon!

His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us our pardon!

His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us our pardon!

We'll praise him a - - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan,— We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

We'll praise him a - - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan,— We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

We'll praise him a - - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan,— We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

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"NOW ELEVATE THE SIGN OF JUDAH."

HAYDN.

Spirited.

Now el - e - vate the sign of Ju - dah, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner,

Now el - e - vate the sign of Ju - dah, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner,

Sym.

Now el - e - vate the sign of Ju - dah, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner, Now el - e - vate the ban - ner,

Unison

call it forth in Zi - on, call it, call it, call it forth in Zi - on.

call it forth in Zi - on, call it, call it, call it forth in Zi - on.

call it forth n Zi - on, call it, call it, call it forth in Zi - on.

Sym.

Unison.

Unison

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Soli. *p*

O put your trust in God, He will save us; He is al - - way, al - - way

O put your trust in God, He will save us; He is al - - way, gra - cious

p

O put your trust in God, He will save us; He is al - - way, al - - way

gra - cious to his ser - - vants! He is al - - - way, al - - way gra - cious to his ser - - -

to - - - his ser - - - - - vants! He is al - - - way, al - - way gra - cious to his ser - - -

gra - cious to his ser - - vants! He . . . He is al - - way, gra - cious to his ser - - -

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f Chorus.

vants, O praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts,

All parts in Unison.

vants, O praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the Lord . . . . of hosts, Ex - alt his

f

vants, O praise the Lord, the Lord of hosts,

Sym.

f

Ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, and glo - ri - fy him, ex - alt and glo . . . . . .

name, . . . ex - alt his name, . . . and glo - ri - fy him, ex - alt and glo . . . . . .

Ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, and glo - ri - fy him, ex - alt and glo . . . . . .

f

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- - ri - fy him ev - er more, Ex - alt and praise him, Ex - alt and glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - ri - fy him ev - er more, Ex - alt and praise him, Ex - alt and glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - ri - fy him ev - er more, Ex - alt and praise him, Ex - alt and glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - ri - fy him ev - er more, for - ev - er, ev - - er more, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

- - ri - fy him ev - er more, for - ev - er, ev - - er more, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

- - ri - fy him ev - er more, for - ev - er, ev - - er more, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

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EASTER ODE or ANTHEM. "From Heaven the loud Angelic Song began."

Brilliant.

8va lower.

DUETT.—Base and Tenor.

From heaven the loud angelic song began, It shook the skies and reached astonished man; By man re-echoed, it shall mount a - gain; shall mount, shall mount, it shall mount again; While fra-grant o - dors fill the bliss-ful plain, By man re-echoed, it shall mount again.

SOLO, Soprano, or Tenor voice.

Accomp.

f Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, of boundless, boundless sway, In earth or heaven the Lord of all, the Lord of all, the

Cres. ff Piu Lento.

Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, of boundless, boundless sway, In earth or heaven, the Lord of all, the Lord of all, The deed was done,

f Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, of boundless, boundless sway, In earth or heaven the Lord of all, the Lord of all, the

Cres. ff Piu Lento.

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p *f* A Tempo. Very spirited. *ff* *f* Cres.

Lamb was slain, The groaning earth the burden bore; He rose, he rose, he rose, he lives to reign, nor time shall shake his endless power. Higher, still higher swell the strain,

The groaning earth the burden bore; He rose, he lives to reign, nor time shall shake his endless power. Higher, still higher swell the strain,

p *f* *ff* *f* Cres.

Lamb was slain, The groaning earth the burden bore; He rose, he rose, he rose, he lives to reign, nor time shall shake his endless power. High-er, still higher swell the strain,

ff *ff*

Higher the voice and note prolong { The Lamb shall ever, ev - er reign; / Let hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song; } Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

Higher the voice and note prolong { The Lamb shall ever, ev - er reign; / Let hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song; } Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A-men, A - men, A - men, A-men, A-men, A - men-

ff *ff*

Higher the voice and note prolong { The Lamb shall ever, ev - er reign, / Let hal - le - lu-jahs crown the song; } Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

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ANTHEM FOR DEDICATION, OPENING SERVICE, &c. "I was glad when they said unto me."

Spirited and lively. DUETT.—Soprano and Alto.

I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad, I was glad when they said un - to me,

Sym.

Accom.

DUETT.—Base and Tenor.

We will go, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house . . . . of the Lord.

Sym.

Sym.

Chorus. *m* Cres. *f* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and pros - per - i-ty, pros - per - i-ty with - in thy pal-a-ces; . . . . . .

Peace be within thy walls, . . peace be within thy walls, . . . and pros - per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces; Peace be within thy walls, and pros-

pal - a - ces; . . . . . .

Chorus. *m* Cres. *f* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, peace be within thy walls, and pros - per - i-ty, pros-per-i-ty with - in thy pal-a-ces; Peace be within thy walls, and pros

6 6 6 4 7 3 4 3 6

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m *f* Chorus. Cres. *f*

. . . . . with - in thy pal - a -ces; Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

Soli. Soli. Chorus.

per - i - ty, with - in thy pal - a-ces; Peace be with- in thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, peace be within thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

. . . . . .

m Soli. *f* Chorus. Soli. Cres. *f* Chorus.

per - i - ty, with - in thy pal - a -ces; Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, peace be within thy walls, thy walls, pros-

Cres. *ff*

per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with- in thy pal - a - ces, with-in thy pal - a -ces, pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with- in thy pal - - - - a - ces.

per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with- in thy pal - a - ces, with-in thy pal - a -ces, pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with- in thy pal - - - - a - ces.

Cres. *ff*

per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with- in thy pal - a - ces, with-in thy pal - a -ces, pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with- in thy pal - - - - a - ces.

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Tenderly.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT AND THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

L. B. WOODBURY.

Accompaniment for Melodeon, Seraphine, or Piano-Forte.

1. Yon spot in the churchyard, How sad is the bloom That sum - mer flings round it, In flowers and per-
2. The lil - ies bend meekly Thy bo - som a-bove, But thou wilt not pluck them, Sweet child of my
3. I hear the bee humming A - round thy bright grave : Can he deem death is hidden Where sweet flow -'rets
4. Then come back, my darling, And come back to day, For the soul of thy mother Grows faint with de-

STM.

fume? It is thy dust, my dar - ling, Gives life to each rose, 'Tis be - cause thou hast withered, The vi - - o - let blows, 'Tis be - cause thou hast
love; I see the green wil - low Droop low o'er thy bed, But I see not the ring - lets That decked thy fair head, But I see not the
wave? From the white cloud a - bove thee The lark scatters song, But I list for thy voice, O, how long! O, how long! But I list for thy
lay; The home of thy childhood In or - der is set, The couch and the chamber— Why com'st thou not yet? The couch and the

withered, The vi - o - let blows.
ringlets That decked thy fair head.
voice, O, how long! O, how long!
chamber, Why com'st thou not yet?

THE REPLY.

1.

"O mother, sweet mother,
Whose love like the wave
Hid treasures and jewels,
And also a grave.
Too strong in its fullness,
Too deep in its power,
O hush, precious mother,
The grief of this hour.

2.

"I walk 'mid the palm trees,
And drink of the rills,
That on earth are but types of
What God here fulfils;
The joys of my childhood,
How dim they appear;
Yes dim are the brightest,
When looked on from here.

3.

"Then stay not, then mourn not,
Then yield not to fears,
The flow'rs love hath planted.
O steep not in tears:
There's beauty, there's blessing,
On earth left for thee,
But bid me not share them,
There's more here with me."

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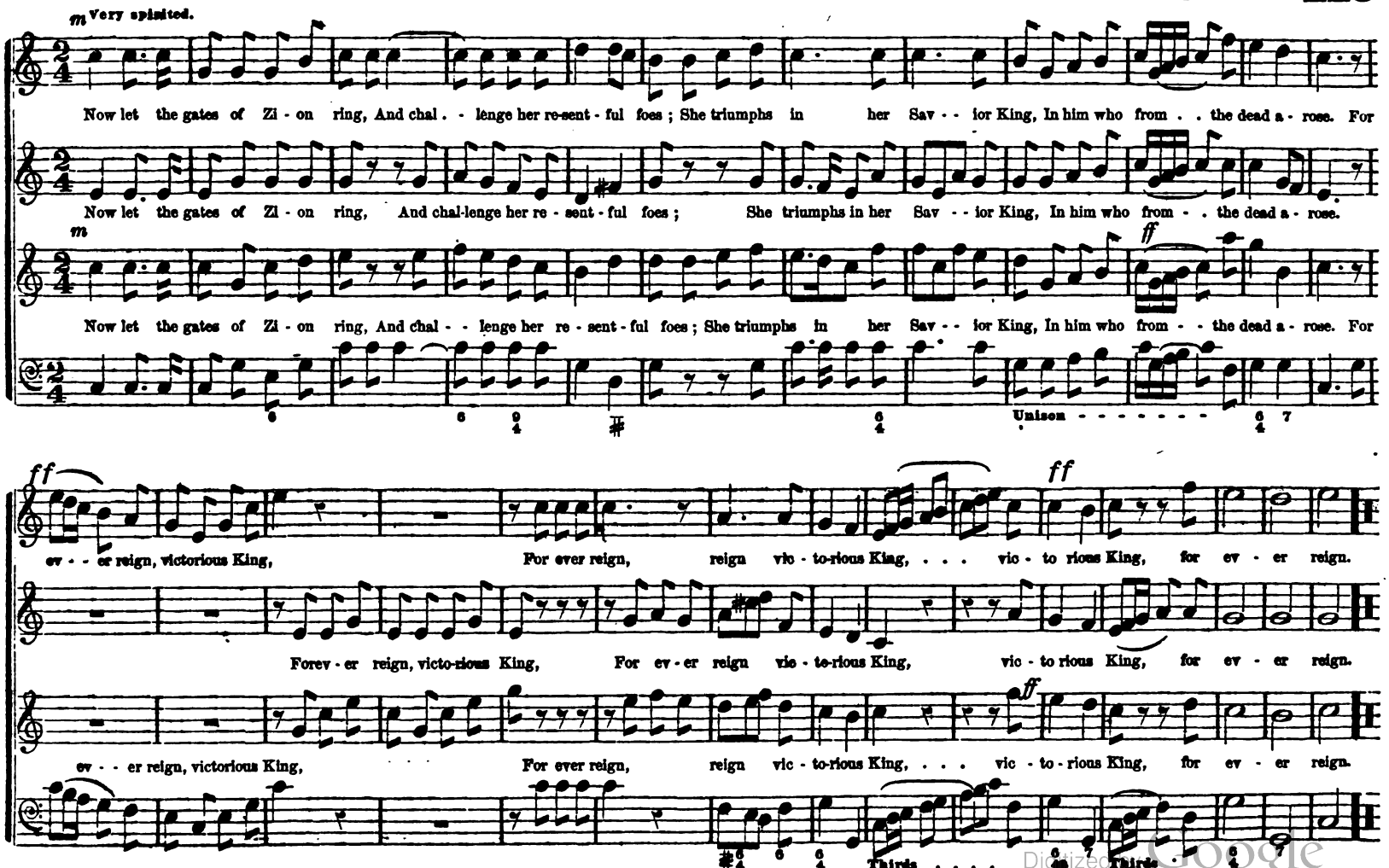

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QUARTETT or CHORUS. "The Lord is my Shepherd."

m With grace and confidence.

Cres. *m*

The Lord is my shep - herd, I shall not want; he ma - keth me to lie down in green pas - tures, he lead - eth me,

The Lord is my shep - herd, I shall not want; he ma - keth me eo lie down in green pas - tures, He lead - eth me he

m Cres. *m*

The Lord is my shep - herd, I shall not want; he ma - keth me to lie down in green pas - tures, he lead - eth me,

Dim. Cres. *f* Dim. Cres. *f*

he leadeth me be - side the still wa - ters, he re - stor - eth, re - stor - eth my soul, he lead - eth me . . . . . in the paths of

lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters, he re - stor - eth, re - stor - eth my soul, he lead-eth me, he lead - eth me in the paths of

Dim. Cres. *f* Dim. Cres *f*

he leadeth me be - side the still wa - ters, he re - stor - eth, re - stor - eth my soul, ... he lead - eth me in the paths of

my soul, ...

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Dim. Cres. Dim. m

righteousness, for his name's sake, the val-ley of the sha - dow of death, of death, I will

righteousness, for his name's sake, Yea, though I walk, though I walk through the val - ley, the val-ley of the sha - dow of death, of death, I will

Dim. m Cres. Dim. m

righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk, though I walk through the val - ley, the val-ley of the sha - dow of death, of death, I will

Cres. f Dim. m Cres. p ppp

fear, will fear no e - vil, for thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, they comfort me, they com-fort, com - fort me . . . .

fear, will fear no e - vil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me, they comfort me, they com-fort, com - fort me . . . .

Cres f Dim. m Cres. p ppp

fear, will fear no e - vil, for thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, they comfort me, they comfort me, they com-fort, com - fort me. . . . .

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ANTHEM.—"He hath not dealt so with any people."

FOR THANKSGIVING, DEDICATION, &c.

Declamatory style. Cres. f

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving un - to our God, un - to our God, with thanksgiving un-

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving un - to our God, un - to our God, with thanksgiving un-

Cres. f

Sing un - to the Lord with thanksgiving, sing praise upon the harp, with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving un - to our God, un - to our God, with thanksgiving un-

Fine. Duett. Soli.

to our God, with thanksgiving, and praise with thanksgiving and praise, with thanks-giv - ing and praise. He hath not dealt so with

to our God, with thanksgiving and praise, with thanks - giv - ing and praise, with thanksgiv - ing and praise.

Fine. Duett. Soli.

to our God, with thanksgiving and praise, with thanks - giv - ing and praise, with thanksgiv - ing and praise. He hath not dealt so with

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Dim. m m

an - y na - tion, we have not known them. Praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem, praise the Lord,

And as for his judg-ments, we have not known them. Then praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem,

Dim. Cres. m

an - y na - tion, we have not known them. Praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem,

7 6 4 4 2 6 4 7

f Duett. Soli. D. C. al Fine.

praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem, He hath not dealt so with an - y na - tion, He hath not dealt so with an - y na - tion.

praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem.

f D. C. al Fine.

praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Je - ru - sa - lem, He hath not dealt so with an - y na - tion, He hath not dealt so with an - y na - tion.

Duett. Soli.

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QUARTETTE. Christ stilling the Tempest.

Slow, and with expression.

Theme from NELSON.

Cres. Dim. Cres. f m

1. Fear was with - in the toss - ing bark, When storm - y winds grew loud, And waves came roll - ing high and dark, And the tall mast was bow'd; And

2. And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word Pass'd through the gloom - y sky; The trou - bled bil - lows knew their Lord, And they sank 'neath his eye; And

Cres. Dim. Cres. f m

3. Thou that didst rule the an - gry hour, And tame the tem-pest's mood, O, send thy Spir - it forth in pow'r, O'er our dark souls to brood; Thou

Unison.

Cres. Dim. p pp

men stood breath-less in their dread, And baf - fled in their skill; But One was there, who rose and said, "Peace— be still, peace — be still."

slum - ber set - tled on the deep, And si - lence on the blast; As when the righ - teous fall a - sleep; Peace - ful sleep, peace - ful sleep.

that didst bow the bil - lows' pride Thy man-dates to ful - fil; So speak to pas - sion's ra - ging tide, Peace— be still, peace — be still.

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Gently, and with expression.

Sym. for two violins or horns.

Duet.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in heav - en, the day is de - clin - ing;
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O hear when we call; . . Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Sav - ior of all; . .

Accom.

Quartett. *f* *m* Dim. Duet.

Safe - ty and in - nocence fly with the light, Tempta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime, Shield me from

Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in thy might, In doubt - ing and dark-ness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast, while the night taper burns, Wake in thy

Accom.

Chorus. *f* *ff* Dim.

dan - ger and save me from crime. Fa - ther have mer - cy, Fa - ther have mer - cy, Fa - ther have mer - cy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.

arms when the morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther have mer - cy, Fa - ther have mer - cy, Fa - ther have mer - cy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, A - men.

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230 I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS. Anthem for Installation or Ordination. L. B. W.

Fast, and in chanting style.

m *mp* Cres.

I have set watch-men up - on thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall nev-er hold their peace, day nor night.

I have set watch-men up - on thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall nev- er hold their peace, day nor night.

m *mp* Cres.

I have set watch-men up - on thy walls, O Je - ru - sa - lem, which shall nev-er hold their peace, day nor night.

m Cres.

Go through the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo - ple, Cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, and

Cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, and

m Cres.

Go through the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-pare ye the way of the peo - ple, Cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, cast up the high-way, and

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gath - er out the stones. Lift up a stan-dard, lift up a stan-dard a - mong the peo-ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

gath - er out the stones. Lift up a stan-dard a - mong the peo-ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

gath - er out the stones. Lift up a stan-dard, lift up a stan-dard a - mong the peo-ple. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

- - - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A-men, A - men, A - - men!

- - - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! . . . . . A - - men!

- - - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A-men, A - men, A - - men!

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ANTHEM FOR DEDICATION. "Blessed is the man."

Composed by L. B. W.

Tenor and Base Duett.

Tenor.

Blessed is the man, is the man that pro - videth for the poor and needy; the Lord will de - liv - er him in the time of trouble.

Base.

Accomp.

CHORUS.

Tenor.

The Lord will de - - liv - er him in the time of trou - ble, He will de - liv - er him in the time of trou - ble,

Cres.

Alto.

Soprano.

The Lord will de - liv - er him in the time of trou - ble, he will de - liv - er him in the time of trouble. The

Base.

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Cres.

will de - liv - er him in the time of trouble, blessed is the man, blessed is the man who pro-

Lord . . . . . in the time . . . . . of trouble, blessed is the man, blessed is the man, blessed is the man, blessed is the man, who pro-

Cres.

will de - liv - er him in the time of trouble, blessed is the man,

Cres.

vid - eth for the poor, for the poor and need - y, for the poor and need - y, A - - - - - - men, A - - - - - - men.

vid - eth for the poor, for the poor and need - y, for the poor and need - y, A - - - - - - men, A - - - - - - men.

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ANTHEM FOR ORDINATION. "Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion."

FOR DEDICATION OR MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Fast and energetic.

A-wake! a-wake! a-wake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - on, thy beau-ti-ful gar-ments, thy

A-wake! a-wake! a-wake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - on, Put on thy beau-ti-ful gar - - - ments, thy beau-ti-ful gar-ments, thy

A-wake! a-wake! a-wake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - on, Put on thy beau-ti-ful gar - - - ments, thy beau-ti-ful gar-ments, thy

Unison.

Cres.

beau-ti-ful gar-ments, O Zi-on, O Zi-on, A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - - - - - - - - - - - - on.

beau-ti-ful gar-ments, O Zi-on, O Zi-on, A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, O Zi - - - - - - - - - - - - - on.

Cres.

beau-ti-ful gar-ments, O Zi-on, O Zi-on, A-wake! put on thy strength, A-wake! put on thy strength, put on thy strength, O Zi - - - on.

Unison.

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Slower.

And the glo - ry of the Lord, of the Lord . . . . . .

O Je - ru - sa - lem! O Je - ru - sa - lem! For thy light is come, For thy light is come; And the glo - ry of the Lord, and the glo - ry of the Lord is

And the glo - ry of the Lord, of the Lord . . . . . .

. . . . . is risen up-on thee, And the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee, For the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee.

D. C. *ff*

Cres.

risen up - on thee, up - on thee, ... up - on thee.

. . . . . is risen up-on thee, And the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee, For the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee.

Cres.

D. C. *ff*

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CHORUS.—"Unto us a Child is born."

Composed expressly for this work. W.

Spirited. Cres.

Un-to us a child is born; un-to us a son is given, And the government shall be up-on his shoul-ders; And his name shall be call-ed

Un-to us a child is born; un-to us a son is given, And the government shall be up-on his shoul-ders; And his name shall be call-ed,

Cres.

Un-to us a child is born; un-to us a son is given, And the government shall be up-on his shoul-ders; And his name shall be call-ed,

Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-lor, the great and migh-ty Lord, the ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther, the Prince of peace, the Prince of peace, The

Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-lor, the great and migh-ty Lord, the ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther, The

Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-lor, the great and migh-ty Lord, the ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther, the Prince of peace, the Prince of peace, The

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ff Cres. *ff* *f*

Won - der - ful, Coun - sel - lor, The great and mighty Lord, The ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, the Prince, the Prince of peace.

Won - der - ful, Coun - sel - lor, The great and migh-ty Lord, The ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, the Prince, the Prince of peace.

ff Cres. *ff* *f*

Won - der - ful, Coun - sel - lor, The great and migh-ty Lord, The ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, the Prince, the Prince of peace.

6 6/4 5/3 6/4 7

SOLO AND CHORUS. "Strike the Cymbal."

PUCITTA.

Spirited. Chorus.

1. Strike the cymbal, roll the timbrel, Let the trump of tri - umph sound, Powerful slinging, Headlong bringing Proud Go - li - ath to the ground.

Tenor or Soprano. SOLO.

2. From the riv - er, re - ject - ing quiver, Judah's he - - ro takes the stone. Spread your banners, shout ho - sannas, Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
3. God of thunder, rend a - sunder, All the power Phil - - is - tia boasts. What are nations? what their stations? Israel's God is Lord of hosts.

Accomp. Chorus.

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ANTHEM. The Dying Christian's last farewell.

WM. BILLINGS.

Tenderly.—Soli.

My friends, I am go - ing a long jour - ney, nev - er to re - turn; Fare - well, Fare you well,

Fare you well, Fare you well, my friends,

Soli.

My friends, I am go - ing a long jour - ney, nev - er to re - turn; Fare - well, Fare you well, Fare you well, Fare you well, my friends,

Tutti.

And God grant we may meet in that land of har - mo - ny, where the wick - ed cease from troubling, and where the wea - ry are at rest.

And God grant we may meet in that land of har - mo - ny, where the wick - ed cease from troubling, and where the wea - ry are at rest.

Tutti.

And God grant we may meet in that land of har - mo - ny, where the wick - ed cease from troubling, and where the wea - ry are at rest.

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Soli. Tutti.

joys . . . . . and joys that nev - er fade, Where

Where plea - sures dwell . . for - ev - - - - er - more, and joys that never, nev - er fade, where pleasures dwell for - ev - er - more, and joys that

Soli. Tutti.

joys . . . . . that nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er,

and joys that never, nev - er fade, where plea - sures dwell for - ev - er - more, and

plea - sures dwell for - ev - er - more, and joys that nev-er fade, . . and joys that nev - er fade, and joys that

nev - er, joys that nev - er fade, Where plea - sures dwell for - ev - er - more, and joys that nev - er fade, and

nev - er, nev - er, nev - er fade, that nev - er, nev - er fade, that nev - er, nev - er fade, that

joys that nev - er, joys that nev - er, nev - er fade, that nev - er, nev - er fade, where plea - sures dwell

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nev - er, nev - er fade, Where pleasures dwell for - ev - er-more, And joys that nev - er fade, . . . that nev - er, nev - er

joys that nev - er fade, Where pleasures dwell forev - er - more, And joys that nev - er, nev - er fade, Where pleasures

nev - er, nev - er fade, And joys . . . . . that nev - er, nev - er fade, . that

ev - er - more, And joys that nev - er fade, ... that nev - er fade, that nev - er, nev - er

fade, . . And joys that nev - er fade, Where plea - sures dwell for - ev - er - more And joys that nev - er fade, . . .

dwell for - ev - er - more, And joys that nev - er, nev - er fade, And joys that nev - er fade, Where plea - sures dwell for-

nev - er, nev - er fade, that nev - er, nev - er fade, that nev - er, nev - er fade, And joys . . .

fade, And joys that nev - er fade, . . And joys that nev - er, nev - er, nev - er fade, Where pleasures dwell for - ev - er-

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. . . . . And joys that nev - er fade, that nev - er fade.

ev - er - more, And joys that nev - er fade, And joys that nev - er, nev - er fade. Soli. My friends, I am sum - mon'd to ap - pear

. . . . . that nev - er, nev - er, nev - er fade. Soli.

- more, And joys that nev - er, nev - er fade, And joys that nev - er, nev - er fade.

Fare you well, my friends, Tutti. and God grant we may meet

at the great tri - bu - nal. Fare you well, my friends, and God grant we may meet

at the great tri - bu - nal. Fare you well, my friends. Tutti. Fare you well, my friends, and God grant we

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Ritard.

in that land of har - mo - ny where the wick - ed cease from troubling, and where the wea-ry are at rest. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

in that land of har - mo - ny where the wick - ed cease from troubling, and where the wea-ry are at rest. Fare - well, fare - well, fare well.

Ritard.

in that land of har - mo - ny where the wick - ed cease from troubling, and where the wea-ry are at rest. Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

HEAVEN. "What must it be to be there?"

Not too fast.

1. We speak, we speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glories confessed, confessed; But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak, we speak of its pathway of gold, And its walls decked with jewels most rare, Of its wonders and pleasures un - told, un - told, But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak, we speak of its freedom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion, and care, From tri - als without and with-in, with-in: But what must it be to be there?

4. Then let us, let us, 'midst pleasures and woe, For heav-en our spirits pre - pare; And short-ly we al - so shall know, shall know, And feel what it is to be there!

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DUET AND CHORUS. The Church's Welcome.*

Words by Rev. T. DOWLING.

Moderate.

Sym.

DUETT—Two Tenors, or Tenor and Base.

1. Chil - dren of Zi - on! what harp - notes are steal-ing, So
2. Chil - dren of Zi - on! no long - er in sad - ness Re-
3. Chil - dren of Zi - on! we joy - ful - ly hail you, Who

DUETT—Alto and Soprano.

soft o'er our sens-es, so sooth-ing - ly sweet; 'Tis the mu - sic of an - gels, their rap-tures re - veal- ing, That you have been brought to the Ho - ly One's feet.
frain from the feast that your Sav - ior has given; Come and taste of the cup of sal - va - tion with gladness, And think of the ban - quet still sweet er in heaven.
en - tered the sheep-fold through Je-sus, the door; While poor pil-grims on earth, though the foe may as - sail you, Press forward, and soon will the con-flict be o'er.

Chorus. p Cres. Dim. Rit.

1. Children of Zi - on! we join in their wel-come; 'Tis sweet to lie low at that bless-ed re - treat, 'Tis sweet to lie low at that bless-ed re - treat.

2. Children of Zi - on! our hearts bid you wel-come To the church of the ran-som'd, the king-dom of heaven, To the church of the ran-som'd, the king-dom of heaven.

Chorus. p Cres. Dim. Rit.

3. Children of Zi - on! O wel-come! thrice welcome! Till we meet where the foe shall op-press you no more, Till we meet where the foe shall op- press you no more.

* This pleasing composition, by the lamented O. Shaw, Esq., of Providence, R. I., is inserted by permission of his lady, who holds the copyright. The arrangement for the piano-forte can be procured in sheet form, at the music stores.

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"WHEN THE SPARK OF LIFE IS WANING."

WESLEY MABIE.

1. When the spark of life is wa - ning, Weep not for me; When the lan - guid eye is stream-ing, Weep not for me.

2. When the pangs of death as - sail me, Weep not for me; Christ is mine—he can - not fail me; Weep not for me.

When the fee - ble pulse is ceas-ing, Start not at its swift de-creas-ing, 'Tis the fet - ter'd soul's re - leas - ing; Weep not for me.

Yes; tho' sin and doubt en-dea - vor From this love my soul to sev - er, Je - sus is my strength for-ev - er! Weep not for me.

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ANTHEM. "This is my rest forever." (For Dedication or Opening Service.)

In chanting style and Cres. to the end.

Cres.

The Lord hath cho-sen Zi-on; He hath desired it, He hath desired it for his hab-i-ta-tion.

m

The Lord hath chosen Zi-on; He hath de-sired it, he hath desired it for his hab-i-ta-tion. { This is my rest for-ev-er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord;

m

Cres.

The Lord hath chosen Zi-on; He hath de-sired it, He hath de-sired it for his hab-i-ta-tion.

m

Cres. Bis. mf f Bis. ff

Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord.

Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord.

Cres. Bis. mf f Bis. ff

Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord; Here will I dwell, Here will I dwell for-ev-er, saith the Lord.

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Andante.

"THE LORD DESCENDED FROM ABOVE."

m *mf* *m*

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - - bove, And bowed the heavens most high, And un - der - neath his feet he

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - - bove, And bowed the heavens most high, And un - der - neath his feet he

m *mf* *m*

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - - bove, And bowed the heavens most high, And un - der - neath his feet he

Allegro--Mezzo Forte.

cast The dark-ness of . . . . the sky.

cast The dark ness of . . . . the sky. On cher-u-bim and

cast The dark-ness of . . . . the sky. On cher-u-bim and

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Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds—On wings of migh-ty winds Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a-

seraphim Full roy-al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came

seraphim Full roy-al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came

rode, . . . of mighty winds—On wings of mighty winds Came fly - - ing— fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a-

- - broad—all a - broad— . . . . . Came fly-ing all a-broad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

fly-ing all a - broad; On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy-al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

fly-ing all a - broad; On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy-al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

- - broad—all a - broad— . . . . . And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.

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"THE LORD DESCENDED FROM ABOVE." Continued.

p Andante. *f* Dim. *p* *mf*

2. He sat se - rene up - on the clouds, Their fu - ry to re - strain; And he, as sov - ereign Lord and King, For - ev - er

2. He sat se - rene up - on the clouds, Their fu - ry to re - strain; And he, as sov - ereign Lord and King, For - ev - er

p Andante. *f* Dim. *p* *mf*

2. He sat se - rene up - on the clouds, Their fu - ry to re - strain; And he, as sov - ereign Lord and King, For - ev - er

Unison.

more . . shall reign. On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim—On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Full roy - - - - - - - - - - - - al - ly he

Key of A.

more . . shall reign. On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Full roy - al - ly he

Allegro.

more . . shall reign. On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Full roy - al - ly he

On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim—On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Full roy - - - - - - - - - - - - al - ly he

Key of A.

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rode, And on the wings of mighty winds—On wings of migh-ty winds— Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad—all a - broad— On

rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad—

rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly-ing all a - broad—

rode, . . . of mighty winds, fly - ing— fly-ing all a - broad— Came fly ing all a - broad—all a - broad— On

Slow.

cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy - - - - - - - - - - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all . . a - broad.

On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy- al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all . . a - broad.

Slow.

On cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy - al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all . . a - broad.

cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Full roy - - - - - - - - - - al - ly he rode,

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QUARTETT.* My Mother's Bible.

Poetry by GENERAL MORRIS.

Slow, and with tenderness.

1. This book is all that's left me now!—Tears will, un - bid - den, start— With fal - tering heart, and throb - bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
2. Ah! well do I re - mem-ber those Whose names these re - cords bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close Af - ter the eve - ning prayer, And
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth - ers, sis - ters dear; How calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear. Her
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan-cy I've tried; Where all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The

* Or C. M. Double.

Cres. p Cres. Dim.

ma - ny gen - e - ra - tions past, Here is our fam'- ly tree; My moth - er's hands this Bi - ble clasped; She, dy - ing, gave it me.
speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill! Though they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
an - gel face,—I see it yet! What throng-ing mem'-ries come! A - gain that lit - tle group is met With - in the halls of home.
mines of earth no trea - sures give That could this vol - ume buy; In teach - ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

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QUARTETTE or CHORUS. "I long, I long for the Land of the Blest."

Gentle and connected.

m — Dim.

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest, at rest; I

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest, at rest; There the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. I

m — Dim.

I long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest, at rest; There the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. I

m — Dim. — Cres.

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry are at rest, are at rest.

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry are at rest, are at rest.

m — Dim. — Cres.

long, I long for the land of the blest, Where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry, where the wea - ry are at rest, are at rest.

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"HOW BEAUTIFUL, O ZION!" (For opening and close of Service or Dedication, &c.)

Ardent.

O how beautiful, how beauti - ful thy garments, O - - Zi - on! O Zi - on! how beauti - ful, O Zi-on!

O how beautiful, how beauti - ful thy garments, O Zi - on! how beautiful, how beautiful, how beauti - ful, O Zi-on!

m *f* Dim.

O how beautiful, how beauti - ful thy garments, O - - Zi - on! O Zi - on! how beautiful, how beauti - ful, O Zi-on!

Cres. Thirds . . . .

m *p* Rit. *ff* Tempo.

They shall pros-per that love - - thee, They shall pros - per that love - - thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

Cres.

They shall pros-per that love - - thee, They shall pros - per that love - - thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

m Cres. *p* Rit. *ff* Tempo.

They shall pros-per that love - - thee, They shall pros - per that love - - thee, shall prosper, shall prosper, They shall prosper that love thee!

Thirds . . .

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Earnestly.

m — Cres. — *f*

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, they shall pros - per that love thee, that love thee, . . .

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, O

m — Cres. — *m*

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - - lem, ... of Je - ru - sa - lem, they shall pros - per that love thee, that love thee, . . .

f

6 6 / 4 4 — 7 5 / 3 7 Thirds . . . . . 6 6 / 4 — 6 5 / 4 3

Cres. — *ff* — *ff*

. . . . . of Je - ru - sa - lem; Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee!

pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy . . . . . shall dwell, shall dwell in thee!
thee . . . . . .

Cres. — *ff* — *ff*

. . . . . of Je - ru - sa - lem; Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee!

Thirds . . . . 6 6 / 4 — 6 6 — Thirds . . . . . 6 6 — 6 / 4

This Anthem may be used as a continuation of the one on the opposite page; viz., "How beautiful," etc.

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OLD EASTER ANTHEM.

STEPHENSON.

Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ

Now is Christ the first fruits of them that slept. Halle-lujah!

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Halle-lujah! Halle-lujah!

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And did he rise! And did he rise! he rose!

Hal-le - lu - jah! And did he rise! did he rise! Hear, O ye nations; hear it, O ye dead!

And did he rise! And did he rise! he rose! he rose! he

And did he rise! . . . And did he rise! . . . . . .

Then I rose!

. He burst the bars of death, he burst the bars of death, and triumphed o'er the grave! Then, then, then I rose! then I rose!

rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death!

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then I rose! then first hu-man-i - ty, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth.

then I rose! then first hu-man-i - ty, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth.

then I rose! then I rose! then first hu-man-i - ty, triumphant, passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all immortal,

Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

hail! hail! Hea-ven, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

hail! hail! Hea-ven, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss: Thine all the glo-ry, man's the boundless bliss.

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PART THIRD.

REVIVAL HYMNS AND MUSIC.

[SELECTED BY REV. H. MATTISON.]

WISDOM. 5th P. M. or 4 lines 7s.

From SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not,—stay not for the mor-row's sun: Wisdom if you still de - spise, Hard-er is it to be won.

2. Hast-en, mer - cy to im - plore! Stay not,—stay not for the mor-row's sun: Lest thy sea-son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

"To-day the Saviour calls." 6s & 4s.

1. To - day the Sa - viour calls! Ye wan - derers come; O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?

2. To - day the Sa - viour calls! For ref - uge fly; The storm of ven - geance falls; And death is nigh.

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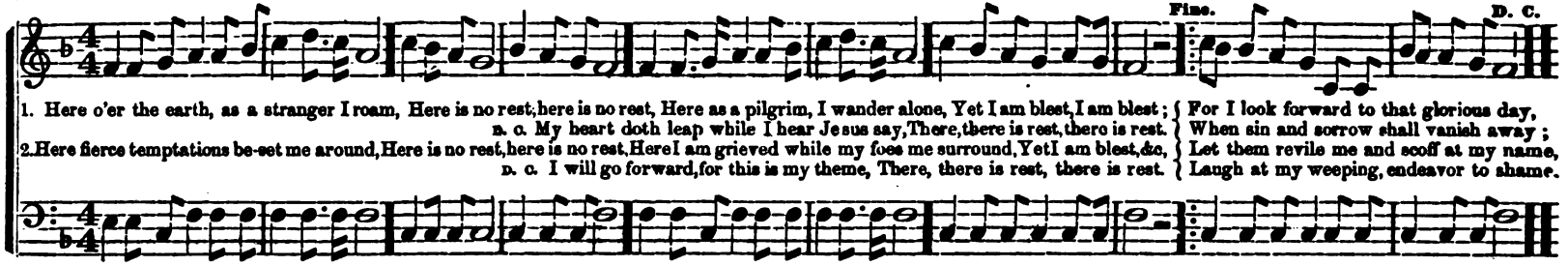
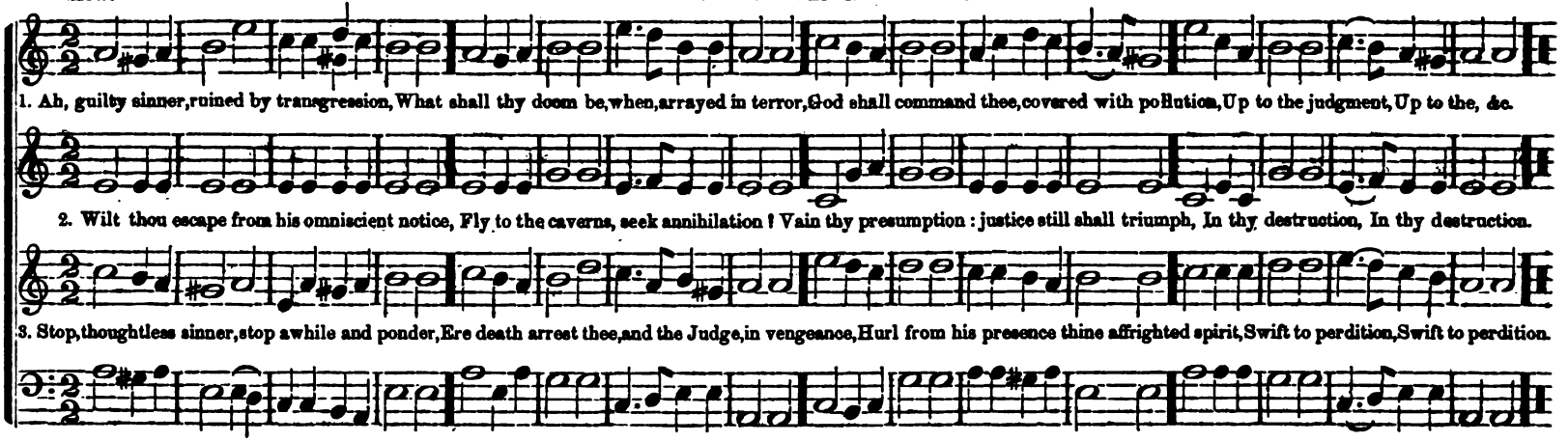
HERE IS NO REST. 10s, 8s & 7s.



1. Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here as a pilgrim, I wander alone, Yet I am blest, I am blest; } For I look forward to that glorious day,
D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest, there is rest. } When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
2. Here fierce temptations be-set me around, Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here I am grieved while my foes me surround, Yet I am blest, &c, } Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
D. C. I will go forward, for this is my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest. } Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame.

THE WARNING. 11 & 5.



1. Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression, What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror, God shall command thee, covered with pollution, Up to the judgment, Up to the, &c.

2. Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice, Fly to the caverns, seek annihilation! Vain thy presumption: justice still shall triumph, In thy destruction, In thy destruction.

3. Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder, Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance, Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit, Swift to perdition, Swift to perdition.

4. Oft has he called thee. but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

5. Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, but come with heart relenting,
Come to the fountain open for the guilty;
Jesus invites you.

6. But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment
Leave you for ever.

7. Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment!

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WILL YOU GO.

Arranged by A. D. M.

1. We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached that bless'd abode, And millions more are on the road,
Anointed kings and priests to God, Will you go? Will you go?

2. We're going where tears will never flow, Will you go? &c.
And sorrow we no more shall know, Will you go? Will you go?
'Tis there the saints will die no more, Their God and Saviour to adore,
But live with Christ in heaven secure, Will you go? Will you go?

3. Ye weary, heavy laden, come, Will you go? &c.
In the blest house there still is room, Will you go? &c.
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give the troubled conscience ease, Will you go? &c.

4. Come, O backslider, come away; Will you go? &c.
Return again to Christ and say, I will go! I will go!
Then he will thy back-slidings heal,
His love again he will reveal,
And pardon on thy conscience seal, Will you go? &c.

5. O, could I hear some sinner say, I will go! &c.
I'll start this moment, clear the way. Let me go! &c.
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, Let, &c. Fare you well!

SONNET. 8s & 4.

1. When for eternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear;
And faith in live-ly ex-er-cise, And distant hills of Ca-naan rise.
The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely son-net sings, Vain world adieu! Vain world a-dieu—And her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world a-dieu!

2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore.

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 Not too Fast. **PENITENCE.** 12th P. M. 76,76,78,76. WM. A. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand-'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Sa - viour, Prince, en - throned a - bove, Re - pent-ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum-ble, con - trite heart;

3. For thy own com - pas - sion's sake, The gra -cious won - der show; Cast my sins be - hind thy back, And wash me white as snow;

Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long-suff -'ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give what I have long im -plored, A por - tion of thy grief un - known; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

If thy bow- els now are stirr'd, If now I do my - self be - moan, Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

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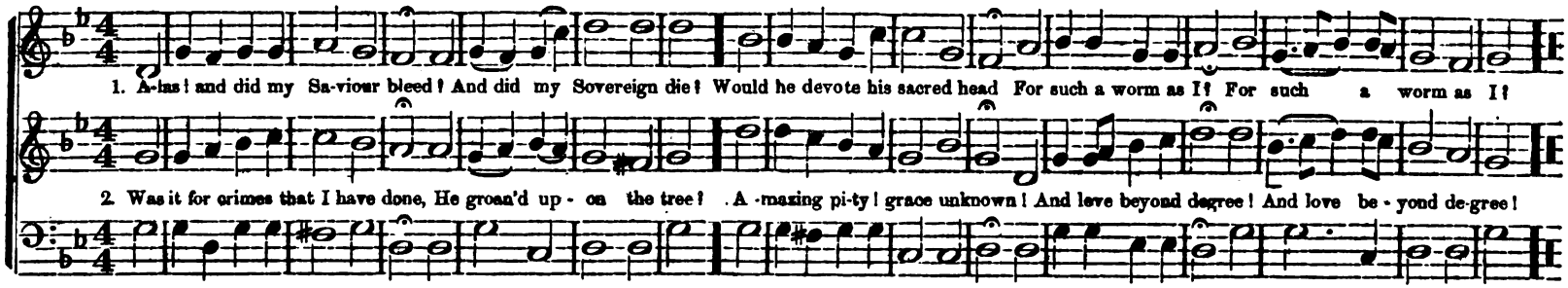


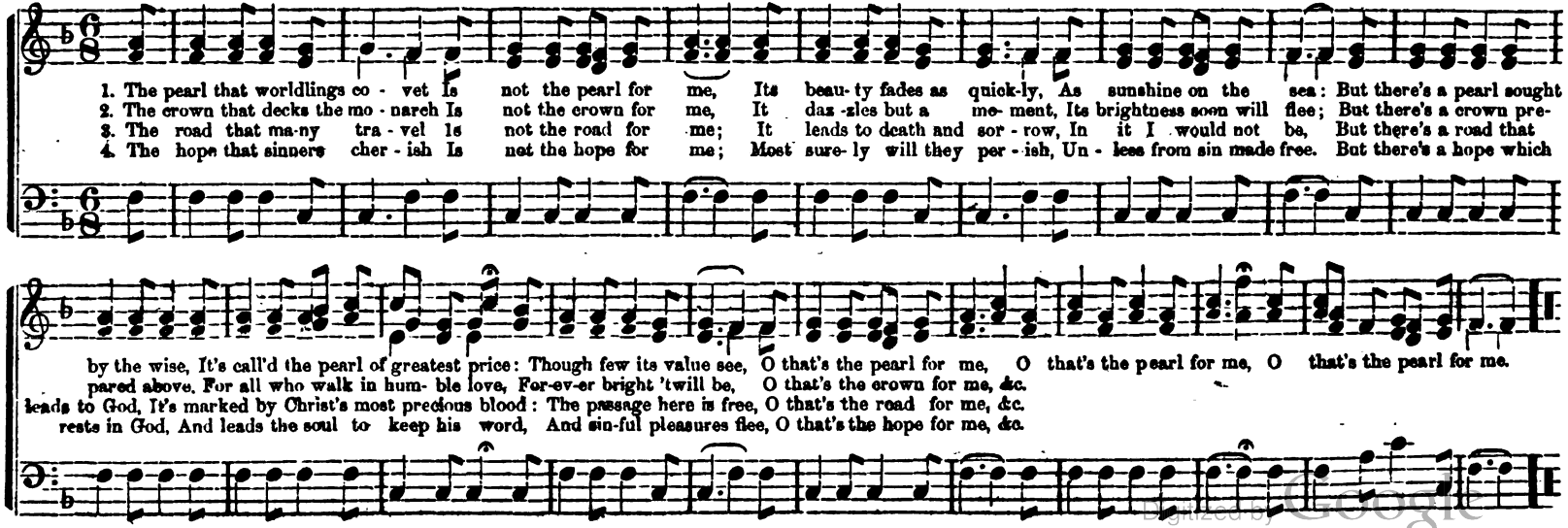
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in:
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin!

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Words by Rev. S. HOYT.



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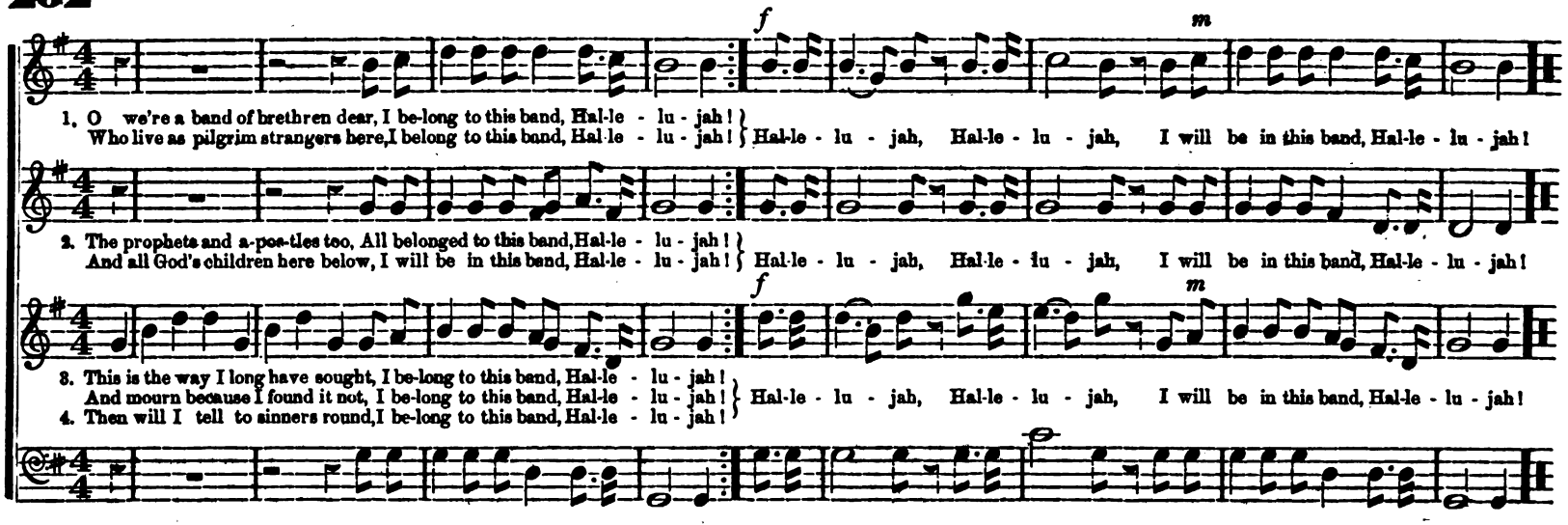
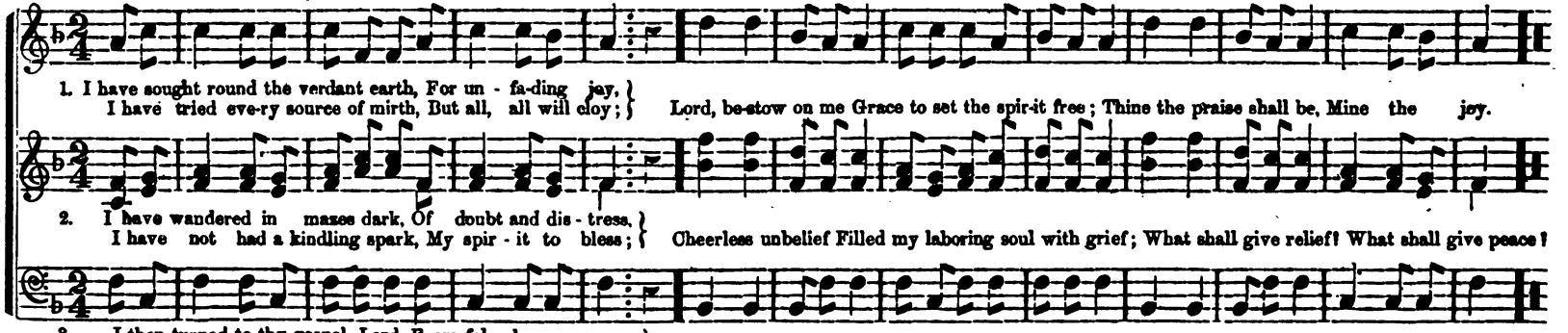
THE CHRISTIAN BAND. L. M.



EXPERIENCE.



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1. I'm a lone - ly trav' - ler, here, Wea - ry, op - prest; But my jour - ney's end is near— Soon I shall rest;
2. I'm a wea - ry trav' - ler, here, I must go on, For my jour - ney's end is near— I must be gone;

3. I'm a trav' - ler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no bro - ken band, Saints, all are there;

4. I'm a trav' - ler, and I go Where all is fair; Fare - well all I've loved be - low— I must be there;
5. I'm a trav' - ler, call me not— Up - ward's my way; Yon - der is my rest and lot, I can - not stay.

Dark and drear - y is the way, Toil - ing I've come— Ask me not with you to stay, Yon - der's my home.
Bright - er joys than earth can give, Win me a - way; Pleas - ures that for - ev - er live,— I can - not stay.

Where no tear shall ev - er fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glo - ry is for all, And all are glad.

World - ly hon - ors, hopes, and gain, All I re - sign; Wel come sor - row, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine!
Fare - well, earth - ly plea - sures all, Pil - grim I roam; Hail me not, in vain you call, Yon - der's my home.

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LAND OF REST. C. M.

Not too Fast.

Fine.

1. Oh land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
And dwell with Christ at home. When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome; This world's a wil - der - ness of woe; This world is not my home.
This world is not my home; This world's a wil - der - ness of woe; This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Ye still I sighed for home.

5. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

I'M A PILGRIM.

Not too Fast.

Fine. D. C. Fine.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tarry but a night! Do not detain me, for I am going To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.

2. Of that ci - ty, to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light; There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sigh-ing, Nor a-ny tears, nor any dy - ing.
D. C. I'm a pilgrim, &c.

Fine. D. C. Fine.

3. There the glo-ry is ev-er shin-ing, Oh! my longing heart, my longing heart is there; Here in this country so dark and dreary, I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
D. C. I'm a pilgrim, &c.

4. Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me. I must go;
For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5. Farewell neighbors, with tears I've warn'd you,
I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone;
With this your portion, your heart's desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

6. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed,
For he who formed thee, will soon restore thee
From sin and death to praise and glory.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

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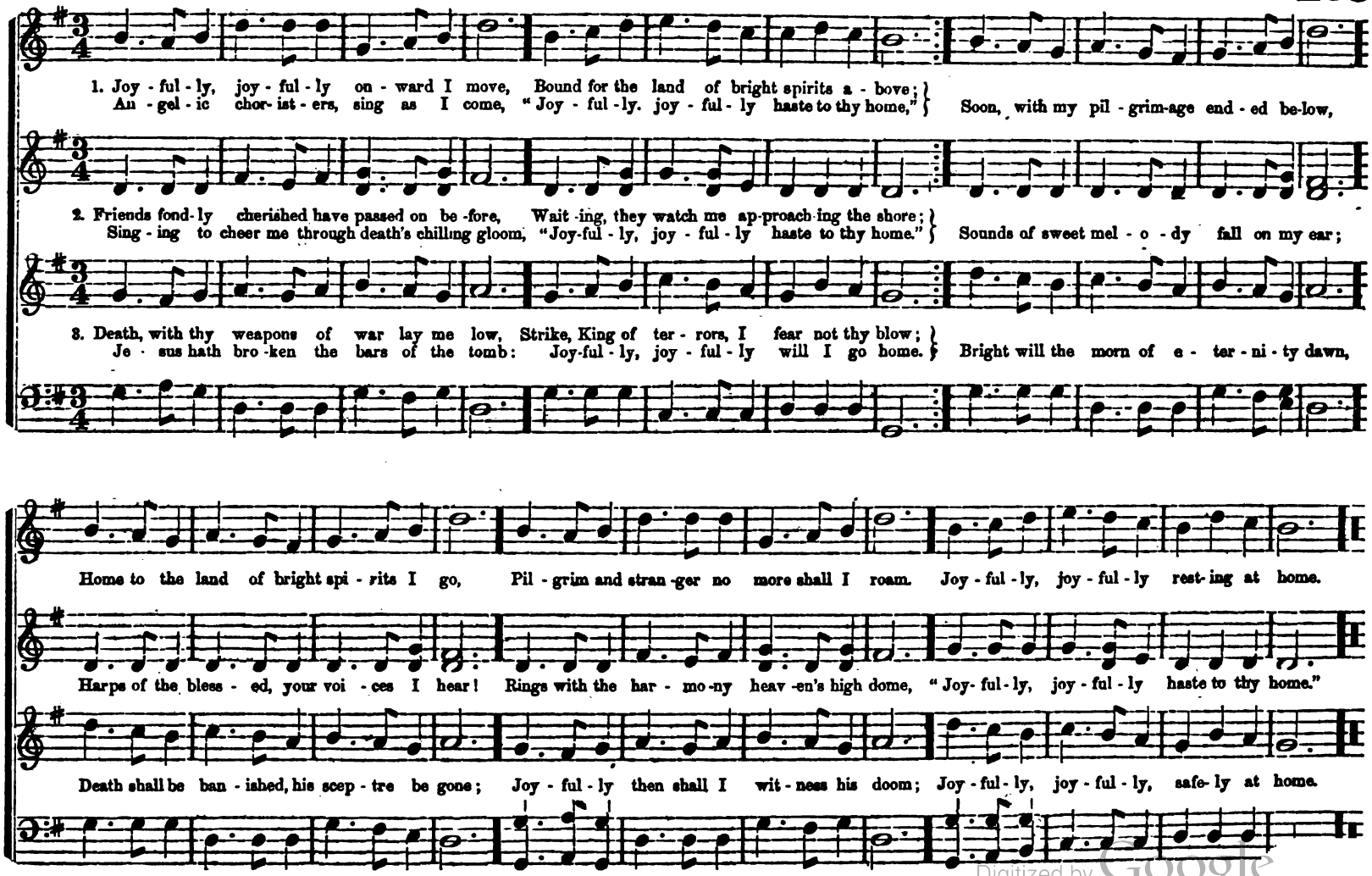

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. C. M.

End. D. C.

1. Af flic-tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mercy oft are sent; They stopped the prodigal's career, And caused him to repent. I'll die no more for bread,
D. C. I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands; My Father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

2. What have I gained by sin, he said, But hunger, shame, and fear! My Father's house abounds with bread, While I am starving here.
3. I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face, Un - wor-thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place. I'll die no more for bread,
4. His Fa - ther saw him com - ing back, He saw, and ran, and smiled, And threw his arms around the neck Of his rebellious child.

End. D. C.

5. "Father, I've sinned, but O for - give!" Enough! the Father said: Rejoice, my house, my son's alive, For whom I mourned as dead.
6. Now let the fat - ted calf be slain, And spread the news around; My son was dead, and lives again, Was lost, but now is found.
7. 'Tis thus the Lord his love re - veals, To call poor sinners home; More than a Father's love he feels, And welcomes all that come.

"FAREWELL! WE MEET NO MORE."

T. HASTINGS.

Tenor.

Affetuoso.

1. Fare - well! Fare - well! We meet no more On this side heaven; The parting scene is o'er; The last sad look is given. Fare - well! Fare - well!

2. Farewell! My soul will weep
While mem'ry lives;
From wounds that sink so deep,
No earthly hand relieves.

3. Farewell! My stricken heart
To Jesus flies;
From him I'll never part,
On him my hope relies.

4. Farewell! And shall we meet
In heaven above!
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love!

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COMING HOME. C. M.

1. The day has come, the joy - ful day, At last the day has come, That saints and an - gels joy dis - play,
They're com - ing home, they're com - ing home,

2. The saints of God fresh cour - age take, Are strong in conquer-ing prayer; The hosts of hell with ter - ror shake,
They're com - ing home, they're com - ing home,

Fine. Close with second strain.

O'er sin - ners com - ing home. They're com - ing home, they're com - ing home, Be hold them com - ing home.
Praise God, they're com - ing home.

While God dis - plays his power. They're com - ing home, they're com - ing home, Be hold them com - ing home.
Praise God, they're com - ing home.

3. How beautiful on mountain's top
The herald's feet appear;
While tidings, blest tidings drop,
The broken heart to cheer.
CHORUS. They're coming home, &c.

4. To all the region round about
The news has swiftly flown,
That sinners deep in guilt have sought
And found what others spurn.
CHORUS. They're coming home, &c.

5. Back-sliders, too, begin to view
What traitors they have been;
Confessing, ask, "What shall I do?"
A hell I feel within.
CHORUS. They're coming home, &c.

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"O THAT WILL BE JOYFUL." C. M.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies, } And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to
I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. } To meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap-py shore; 'Tis there we'll meet, at

Fine.

every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, } Oh, that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy - ful, Oh, that will be joy - ful To meet to part no more.
Jesus' feet, We'll meet to part no more. }

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Oh, that will be, &c.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
Oh, that will be, &c.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Oh, that will be, &c.

"LOVEST THOU ME?" 7's.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa-viour, hear his word! Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou me?"

2. "I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.
3. "Can a mo - ther's ten - der care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may for - get-ful be, Yet I will re - mem-ber thee.
4. "Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High - er than the heights above, Deep-er than the depths be - neath, Free and faith-ful, strong as death.
5. "Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of faith is done; Part-ner of my throne shalt be: Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou me?"
6. Lord, it is my chief com-plaint That my love is still so faint, Yet I love thee, and a - dore: O for grace to love thee more!

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EDEN OF LOVE.

1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest.

Encircled in light, And with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and domain,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory,
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love!

LOVE FEAST. 7's. Double.

D. C.

1. Come, and let us sweet-ly join, Christ to praise, in hymns di - vine! Hands, and hearts, and voi-ces raise; Sing as in the an-cient days;
Give we all with one ac - cord, Glo - ry to our com - mon Lord!
An - te - date the joys a - bove, Cel - e - brate the feast of love.

Fine.

2. Strive we, in af - fec-tion strive: Let the pu- rer flame re - vive; We like them may live and love; Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Such as in the mar-tyrs glow'd, Dy - ing cham-pions for their God;
Saved with them from future wrath; Part-ners of like pre - cious faith.

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WHAT! NEVER PART AGAIN!

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, } We're marching thro'Immanuel's ground, And soon we shall with Jesus reign,
Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. } We soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And never, nev-er

2. There, everlasting spring abides And never fading flowers; } We're marching tho'Immanuels ground, And soon we shall with Jesus reign.
Death, like a narrow sea divides This heavenly land from ours. } We soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And never, nev-er

p *f* *p* *f*

part again; What! never part again! No, never part again; What! never part again! No, never part again, And soon we shall with Jesus reign, And never, never part again.

p *f* *p* *f*

part again; What! never part again! No, never part again; What! never part again! No, never part again, And soon we shall with Jesus reign, And never, never part again.

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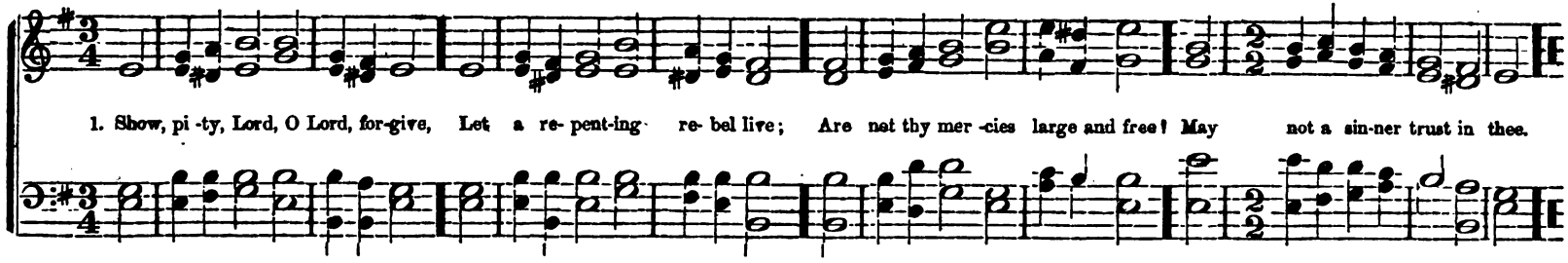
WINDHAM. L. M.



2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

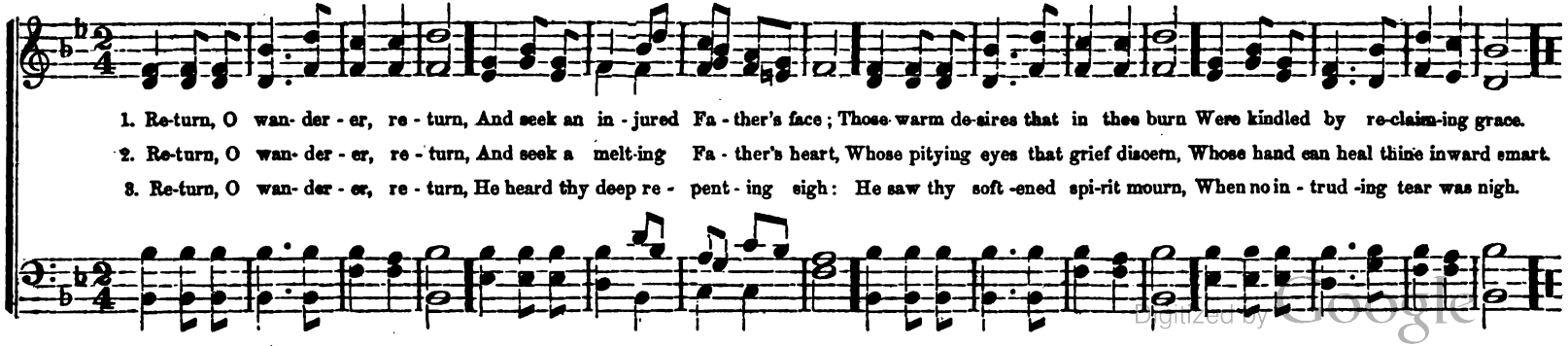
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord.
Whose hope, still hover'ng round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

THE BACKSLIDER. L. M.

Words by DR. COLLYER.



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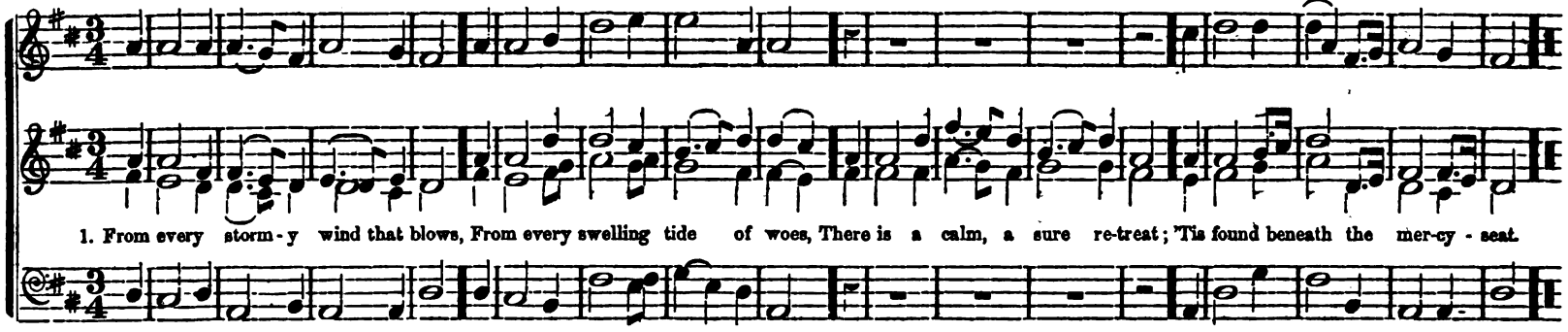
MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

WILLIAM MILLER.



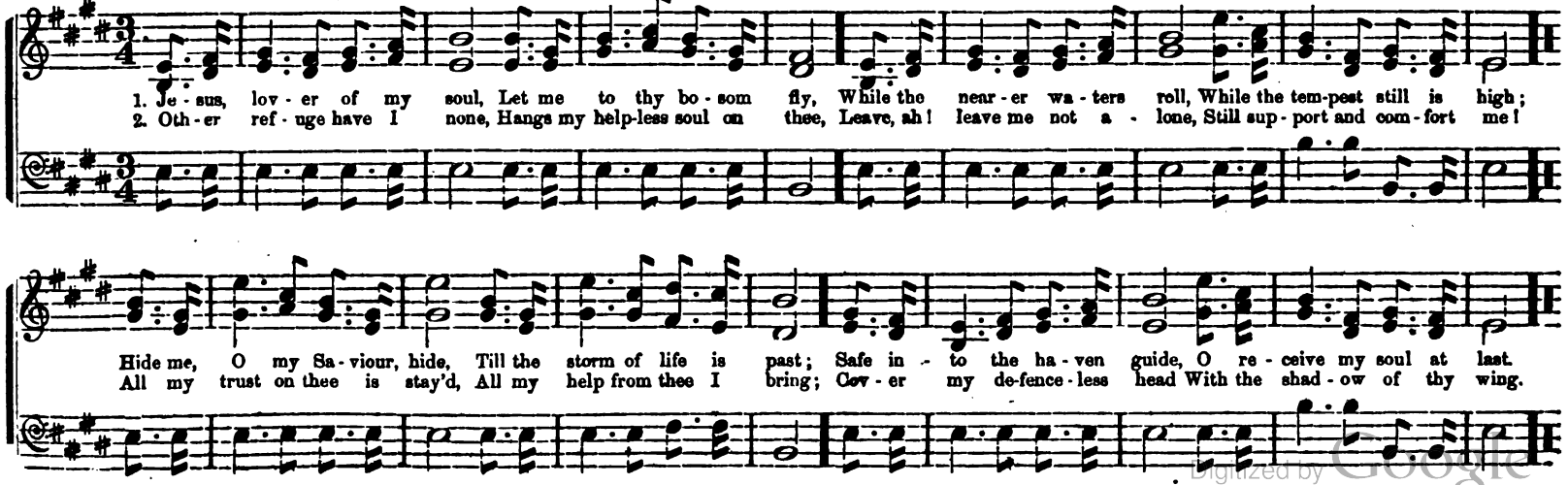
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. 7's.



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PASSING AWAY.*

1. Thou art pass - ing a - way, thou art pass - ing a - way; Thy life has been brief as the mid - sum - mer's day;

2. Thou art pass - ing a - way from the beau - ti ful earth, Thy much-loved a - bode, and the land of thy birth;

3. Thou art pass - ing a - way from thy kin - dred and friends; And the last chain that bound thee the spoil - er now rends,

4. Thou art pass - ing a - way as the first sum - mer rose, That a - waits not the time when the win - ter wind blows;

They fore - head is pale, and thy pul - ses are low, And thy once bloom-ing cheek wears the om - i - nous glow.

From its for - ests and fields, from its mur - mur - ing rills, From its beau - ti - ful plains, and its her - bage-crowned hills.

And thy last tones are fall - ing on love's lis-tening ear, And now in thine eye shines the fond, part-ing tear.

But has - teth a - way on the au - tumn's quick gale, And scat - ters its o - dors o'er moun - tain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on;
Thy charms have departed, thy glory has fled,
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou shalt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The sad lot of all living—mortality's doom;
Thou shalt there sweetly rest, in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.

7. "Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that bli-sful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

* The original name of this tune was "Poughkeepsie." It was made in memory of Miss Catherine Reynolds, who was then passing away, and is since dead. Part of the air was borrowed from Russel" "Wind of the Winter Night." The words were taken from the "Methodist Protestant."

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DOXOLOGY.* C. M.

Rev. G. COLES.

To Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Who sweet-ly all a - gree, To save a word of sin - ner's lost, E - ter - nal glo - ry be.

* This tune is called "Covenant" in the "Sacred Harmony." But it was harmonized by the Editor of that work, and is not as I wrote it. G. COLES.

THE BELOVED OF ZION.† 11s & 8s.

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call; My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va tion, my all.
2. O why should I wan-der an a - lien from thee; Or cry in the desert for bread; Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
3. Ye daughters of Zi - on, de-clare, have you seen, The Star that on Is - ra-el shone: Say, if in your tents my Be-loved has been, And where with his flocks he has gone?

4. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

6. He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

† The great and good Dr. Fisk is said to have been very fond of this tune.

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ATONEMENT. C. M.

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - ma- nu-el's veins;
And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, OMIT . . . . . } Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That foun - tain in his day;
And then may I, though vile as he, OMIT . . . . . } Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.

3. Thou, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

RESURRECTION. 7s. 8 lines.

Fine. D. C.

1. Ma - ry to the Sa-viour's tomb, Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn, } For a while she lingering stood,
Spice she bro't and rich per- fume, But the Lord she loved had gone, } Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise,
D. C. Trembling while a cry - stal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead—
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tost.
On his arm your burden cast;
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

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DISCIPLE.—"Jesus, I my cross have taken." 9th P. M. (87,87.)

Gently.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee; Na - ked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be; Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still mine own.
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Sa - vior too; Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, un - true; And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might; Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
5. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r, Heaven's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope shall change to glad frui - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

WEEP NOT FOR ME. 8s & 4s.

1. When the spark of life is wan - ing Weep not for me; When the lan - guid eye is stream-ing Weep not for me;
2. When the pangs of death as - sail me Weep not for me; Christ is mine, he can - not fail me, Weep not for me;

When the fee - ble pulse is ceas - ing, Start not at its swift de-creas-ing, 'Tis the fet - tered soul's re - leas - ing, Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt en-deav - or, From his love my soul to sev - er, Je - sus is my strength forev - er, Weep not for me.

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1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, O there will be mourning at the Judgment-seat of Christ; Parents & children there will part, Parents & children there will part, Parents & children

2. O there will be mourning, etc. Brothers and sisters, etc. Friends and neighbors, etc.
3. O there will be mourning, etc. Friends and neighbors, etc. Brothers and sisters, etc.

4. O there will be glo - ry, glory, glo - ry, glo - ry, O there will be glory at the Judgment-seat of Christ; Saints and angels there will meet, Saints and angels there will meet, Saints and angels

"THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND." HUSBAND.

there will part, Will part to meet no more.

there will meet, Will meet to part no more.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov - 'ring round.
2. To car - ry the tid-ings home, To car - ry the tid-ings home, To car - ry the tid - ings, the tid - ings home.

3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
4. Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sin - ners sin - ners are com - ing home.

5. And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.
6. There's glo - ry all a - round, There's glo - ry all a - round, There's glo - ry, glo - ry all a - round.

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"WHAT SERAPH-LIKE MUSIC." 27th P. M. (4 lines 11s).

Music by DE FINNÀ.
Poetry by Mrs. PLUMMER.

Fine. D. C.

1. What ser-aph-like mu-sic falls sweet on the ear, In strains so de-light-ful? Oh! list, that ye hear Those rich, flowing num-bers, so li-quid and clear,
D. C. Breathe rap-ture un-told from some heaven-ly sphere.

Fine. D. C.

2. 'Tis the sweet flow-ing mu-sic that steals o'er the wave Of Jor-dan's lone riv-er as its bil-lows I brave; 'Tis the mu-sic of an-gels who hast-en to bear
D. C. My soul o'er the wa-ters to that bless-ed shore.

"O TURN YE." 27th P.M. (4 lines 11s).

1. O turn ye, O turn ye for why will you die? {When God, in great mer-cy, is com-ing so nigh, / Since Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says come,} And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home?

2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay, {Your hearts may grow bet-ter by stay-ing a way; / Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,} While streams of sal-va-tion are flow-ing so free.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

1. When marshalled on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky; One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin - ner's wan-dering eye.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark; The o-cean yawned, and rude - ly blowed The wind that tossed my foun-dering bark.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore - bod - ing cease; And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But one a - lone the Sa - vior speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sud - den - ly a Star a - rose, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.

Now safe - ly moored—my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For ev - er and for ev - er - more, The Star! the Star of Beth - le - hem.

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1 2 Chorus.

1. Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this lonely vale,
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger? And will not thy courage fail? } "No—I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me, Hal - le - lu - jah, O hal - le - lu - jah,

1 2 Chorus.

2. "Pilgrim thou hast justly called me, Passing through this waste so wide,
But no harm shall e'er befall me While I'm blessed with such a guide." } "No—I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me, Hal-le - lu - jah, O hal - le - lu - jah,

I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hal-le - lu - jah, O praise ye the Lord."

I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hal-le - lu - jah, O praise ye the Lord."

3.

Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
'O I'm bound, etc.

4.

'Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He 'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
'I am bound, etc.

5.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through its vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
'No—I 'm bound, etc.

6.

'No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.'
'I am bound, etc.

7.

While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
O she 's gone to, etc.

8.

Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
O I 'm bound, etc.

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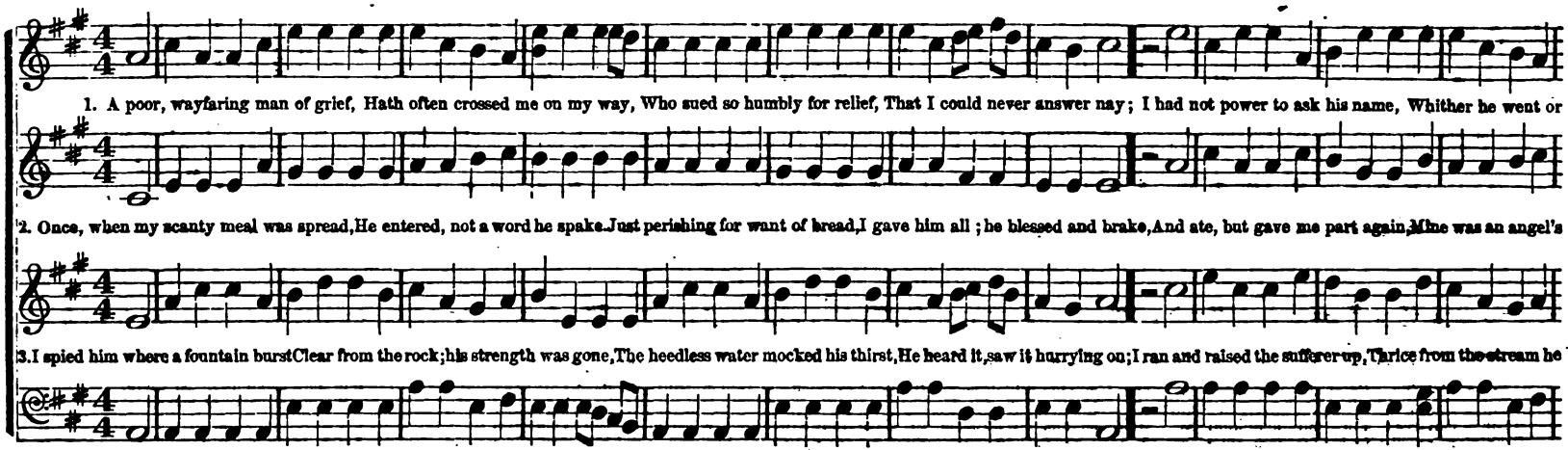

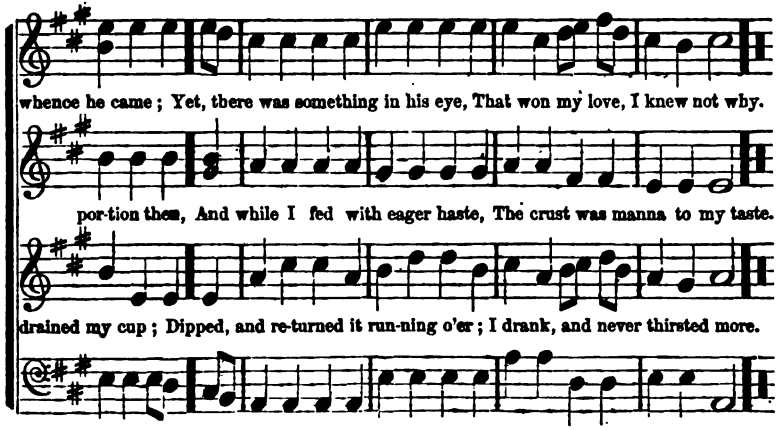

4.

'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof,
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed and clothed, and cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed,
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

7.

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

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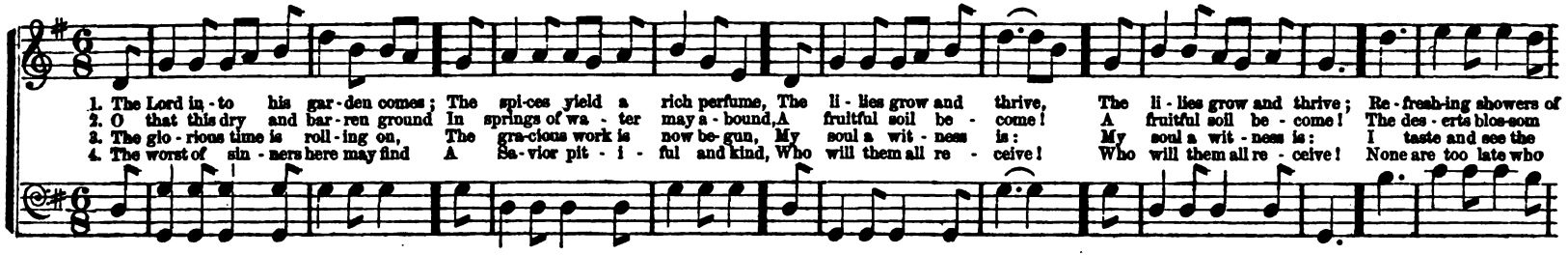
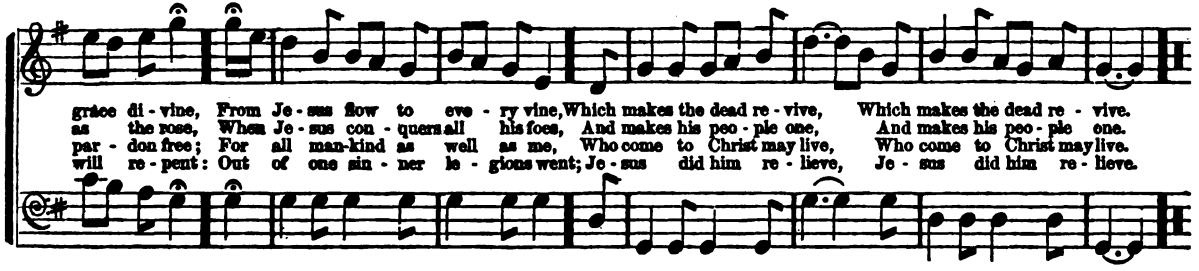
THE GARDEN HYMN. C. P. M.



1. The Lord in - to his gar - den comes; The spi-ces yield a rich perfume, The li - lies grow and thrive, The li - lies grow and thrive; Re - fresh-ing showers of
2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may a - bound, A fruitful soil be - come! A fruitful soil be - come! The des - erts blos-som
3. The glo - rious time is roll - ing on, The gra-cious work is now be-gun, My soul a wit - ness is: My soul a wit - ness is: I taste and see the
4. The worst of sin - ners here may find A Sa-vior pit - i - ful and kind, Who will them all re - ceive! Who will them all re - ceive! None are too late who

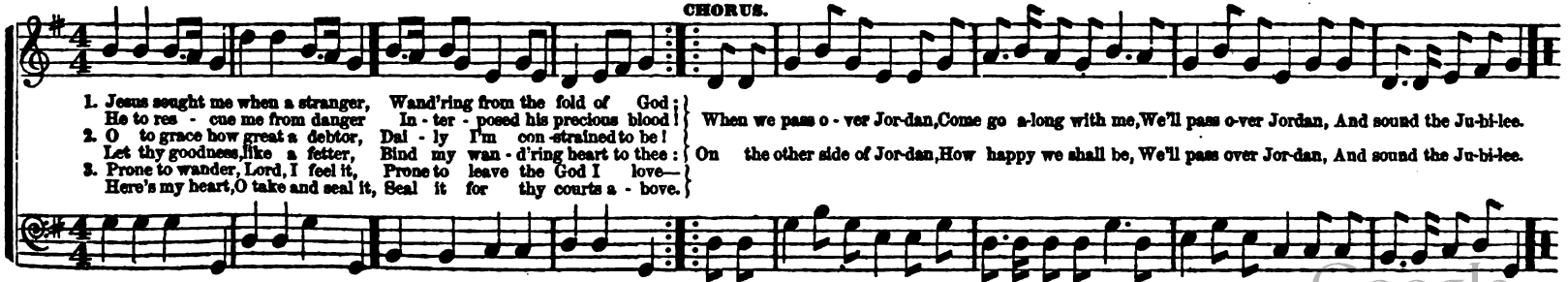


grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, Which makes the dead re - vive, Which makes the dead re - vive.
as the rose, When Je - sus con - quers all his foes, And makes his peo - ple one, And makes his peo - ple one.
par - don free; For all man-kind as well as me, Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.
will re - pent: Out of one sin - ner le - gions went; Je - sus did him re - lieve, Je - sus did him re - lieve.

5.
Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6.
Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here 's my heart, and here 's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

WHEN WE PASS OVER JORDAN. 8s & 7s.



CHORUS.

1. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to res - cue me from danger In - ter - posed his precious blood!
2. O to grace how great a debtor, Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee:
3. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

When we pass o - ver Jor-dan, Come go a-long with me, We'll pass o-ver Jordan, And sound the Ju-bi-lee.
On the other side of Jor-dan, How happy we shall be, We'll pass over Jor-dan, And sound the Ju-bi-lee.

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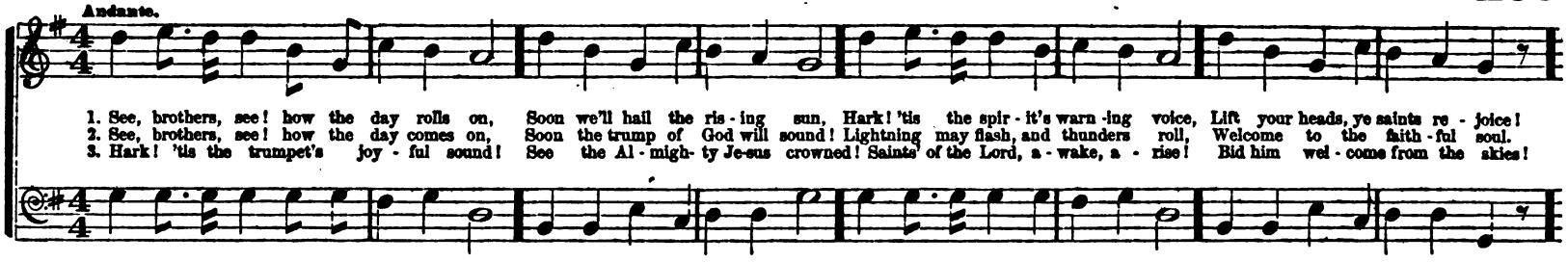
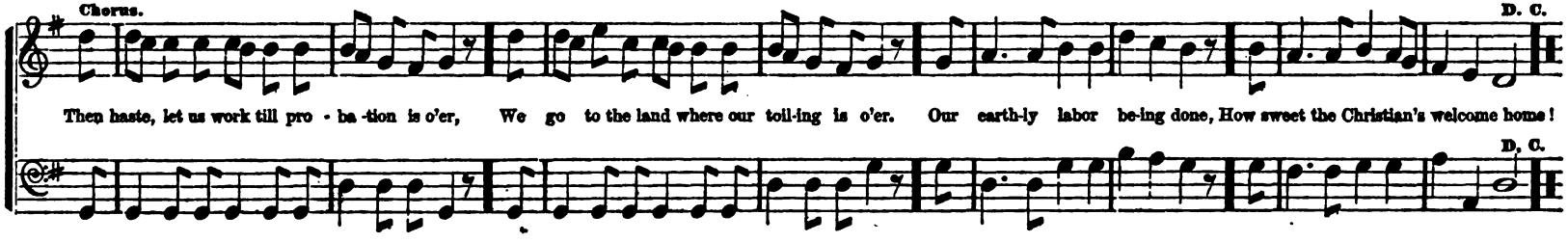
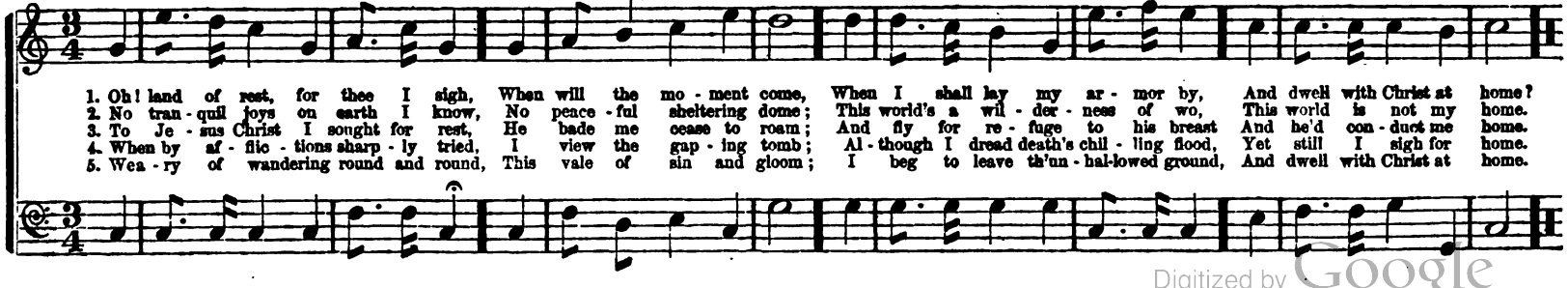
THE CHRISTIAN'S WELCOME HOME. 9s, 8s & 11s.





"O LAND OF REST." C. M.



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"I HAVE NO FATHER THERE." C. M.

1. I saw a wide and well-spread board, And children, young and fair Came one by one, the eld - est first, And took their stations there; All neatly clad, and beau-ti-ful; And with fa-mil-iar tread.

2. Beside the board the father sat, A smile his features wore, As on the lit-tle group he gazed, And told their portions o'er. A meagre form arrayed in rags A-near the threshold stood;

3. Said one, "Why standest here, my dear? See. there's a vacant seat Amid the children—and e - nough For them and thee to eat." "Alas for me!" the child replied. In tones of deep despair;

4. O hour of fate! when from the skies With notes of deepest dread The far-resounding trump of God Shall summon forth the dead; What countless hosts shall stand without The heav'nly threshold fair.

They gathered round with joy to feast On meats and snow-white bread.

A half-starved child had wandered there To beg a lit - tle food.

"No right have I a - mid your group, I have no fa - ther there."
And, gazing on the blessed, exclaim, "I have no fa - ther there."

EVENING PRAYER, 8s & 7s.

Savior, breathe an evening blessing Ere re - pose our spi-rits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. } Sin and want we come confessing,
Fine. D.C.

D. C. Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

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Not too fast. **CANAAN. C. M. Double. Or 8's & 9's.** Designed for Classes.

As 8's & 9's. To-geth-er let us sweet-ly live, We are bound for the land of Canaan;
To-geth-er let us sweet-ly die, Who are bound for the land of Canaan;
D. C. O Ca-naan is our hap-py home, We are bound for the land of Canaan;
O Ca-naan, bright Ca-naan! We are bound for the land of Canaan.

As C. M. 1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
D. C. Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
2. O, the transport-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight!

Firm. **DALSTON. S. P. M.** A. WILLIAMS.

How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the people cry, 'Come, let us seek our God to day!' Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

ROCKBRIDGE, or FOREST. L. M. CHAPIN.

1. Glo-ry to God, whose sov'reign grace Hath an-im-at-ed senseless stones,—Call'd us to stand be-fore his face, And rais'd us in-to Abrah'm's sons.

2. The peo-ple that in dark-ness lay, In sin and er-ror's dead-ly shade, Have seen a glo-rious gos-pel-day In Je-sus' love-ly face display'd.

3. Thou on-ly, Lord, the work hast done, And bared thine arm in all our sight; Hast made the re-pro-bates thine own, And claim'd the out-casts as thy right.

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Slow.

THE PENITENT. L. M.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord for - give, Let a re-pent - ing reb - el live; Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee.

2. O! wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain my eyes.

3. My lips with shame my sins con - fess, A - gainst thy law, a - gainst thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow se - vere, I am condemned, but thou art clear.

With energy.

NEWBURY. 3d P. M. (4 6s & 2 8s). Or H. M.

M. HAYDN.

{O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high;
{Tell all the earth thy joys, (OMIT. . . . . .) And boast salvation nigh. Cheerful in God, A - rise and shine, While rays divine Stream all a-broad.

Gentle and flowing, and not too fast.

HARP. C. M.

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earthly courts, Though in his earth - ly courts.

2. There the great monarch of the skies His sav - ing power dis - plays, And light breaks in up - on our eyes, With kind and quickening rays, With kind and quickening rays.

3. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove Des-cends and fills the place, While Christ reveals his wondrous love, And sheds abroad his grace, And sheds a - broad his grace.

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KENTUCKY. S. M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The God that rules on high, And thun-ders when he please; That rides up-on the storm-y sky, And man-a-ges the seas;—

3. This aw-ful God is ours, Our fa-ther and our love; He shall send down his heaven-ly powers To car-ry us a-bove.

FREELAND. C. M.

Western Melody.

A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sove-reign die? Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

ATHOL, or CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. A-rise, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of his choice; A-rise, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

2. Though high a-bove all praise, A-bove all bless-ing high, Who would not fear his ho-ly Name, And laud, and mag-ni-fy?

3. O for the liv-ing flame, From his own al-tar brought, To touch our lips, our souls in-spire, And wing to heaven our thought.

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Allegro.

PETERS. S. P. M.

1. How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the people cry, 'Come, let us seek our God to - day!' Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Zi - on, thrice happy place, Adorn'd with wond'rous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3. Here David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne; He sits for grace and judgment here: He bids the saints be glad, He makes the sinners sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear.

UNISON.

Slowly.

OLD SAVANNAH. 10th P. M. (4 lines 8s).

WM. BILLINGS.

Ah, love - ly ap - pear - ance of death, No sight up - on earth is so fair; Not all the gay pa - geants that breathe, Can with a dead bo - dy com-pare.

Lively.

OLD LITCHFIELD. L. M.

From the Village Harmony.

SOLI. TUTTI.

Let eve - ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King; An - gels des-cend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

SOLI. TUTTI.

Let eve - ry crea-ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King; An - gels des-cend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

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PART FOURTH.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS AND MUSIC.

CALL OF THE BELL.

Subdued and gentle.

1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is call-ing! "Come! oh come!" Loud-er now and deep-er peal-ing,
Wea-ry ones, where'er you wan-der, "Hith-er come!" On the heart that voice is steal-ing, "Come, no long-er roam!"

2. Now a-gain its tones are peal-ing, "Come! oh come!" Come, and round the al-tar bend-ing,
In the sac-red tem-ple kneel-ing, "Seek thy home!" Love the place where God des-cend-ing, Calls the spir-it home.

3. Still the ec-hoed voice is ring-ing, "Come! oh come!" Fa-ther round thy foot-stool bend-ing,
Ev-ery heart pure in-cence bring-ing, "Hith-er come!" May our souls, to heaven as-cend-ing, Find in thee their home.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Words and Music from the Sunday School Advocate.

Duett. Chorus.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far a-way,
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to that happy land, Come, come a-way,
Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de-lay?
3. Bright in that happy land, Beams eve-ry eye;
Keep by a Fa-ther's hand, Love cannot die:

Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Savior King, Loud let his praises ring, For-ev-er-more.
Oh, ye shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with thee Blest ev-er-more.
Oh, then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.

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"O, WHO HATH BLESSED!"

Poetry by J. E. A. SMITH, Esq.

DUETT.—1st Voices. 2nd Voices.

1. O! who hath bless'd our youth - ful days With par - ents, home, and friends? Our heavenly Fa - ther, from whose throne Each gift of good des - cends:
2. O! who hath taught our youth - ful hearts The way of truth and peace? Our heavenly Fa - ther, from whose hand The bles - sings nev - er cease:
3. O! who hath shed up - on our world A Sa - vior's pre - cious grace? Our Fa - ther, God, who sent his Son To raise our fall - en race:

Chorus for each verse.

Then praise him with heart and voice, To whom all praise be - longs; O! praise Him! in Him re - joice, With swel - ling grate - ful songs!

"THE SABBATH BELL." C. M.

Slow and distinct.

1. The Sab - bath bell! how sweet to me, The day the Sav - ior rose; The day when we may seek his face, And in his arms re - pose.
2. To - day he calls us all to come, He bids us all draw near; He of - fers hea - ven for our home, And wipes a - way each tear.

SEEK THE LORD IN YOUTH. C. M.

Slow.

1. Ye hearts with youth - ful vi - gor warm, In smil - ing crowds draw near: And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Sav - ior's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to con - verse with you; He lays his ra - diant glo - ries by, Your friendship to pur - sue.
3. The soul that longs to seek his face, Is sure his love to gain; And those who ear - ly seek his grace, Shall nev - er seek in vain.
4. Then come, with youth - ful vi - gor warm; To Je - sus now draw near, And turn from eve - ry mor - tal charm, A Sav - ior's voice to hear.

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CHILDREN OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Duett and Chorus between Choir or Teachers and Scholars.

DUETT.—Tenor and Base.

DUETT.—Treble and Alto.

1. Children of the Sabbath School, Sweet be your numbers; Loud proclaim your Maker's name, Now repeat his wonders: Sing the blessings of our land, Given by a
2. The good Shepherd calls you now, Playmate, sister, brother, Come, amid these sacred scenes, Praise your heavenly Father; He permits you here to meet, Kindly guides your

Accomp.

DUETT.—Tenor and Base.

Chorus for Teachers.

Father's hand; On this your fes - tal day, Raise, raise the happy lay, On this your fes - tal day, Raise the happy lay.
erring feet; Then sing your earnest praise, Pour forth the gladsome lays, Then sing your earnest praise, Pour the gladsome lays,

Sym.

A little faster.

Chorus to each verse by Scholars.

Shout the strain, the notes prolong, Joyful be the lay and song, Till around the throne above We shall sing a Savior's love.

Accomp.

First time, Children alone; second time, Children and Teachers.

First time, Children.

Second time, Children and Teachers.

We shall sing a Savior's love In those heavenly realms above, When thro' God's eternal Son Vic-t'ry o - ver death is won, Vict'ry o-ver death is won.

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"O COME LET US SING."

German.

1. O come, let us sing! Our youth - ful hearts now swell - ing, To God a - bove, a God of love, O come, let us sing!
2. O swell, swell the song, His prais - es oft re - peat - ing: His Son he gave our souls to save— O swell, swell the song.
3. All full cho - rus join, To Je - sus con - de - scend - ing To bless our race with heaven - ly grace, All full cho - rus join!

Our joy - ful spi - rits glad and free, With high e - mo - tions rise to thee In heaven - ly mel - o - dy! O come, let us sing!
The hum - ble heart's de - vo - tion bring Whence gushing streams of love do spring, And make the wel - kin ring With sweet, swel - ling song!
To God whose mer - cy on us smiled, And ho - ly Spi - rit re - con - ciled By Christ, the meek and mild, All full cho - rus join.

THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

Gently. Fine.

1. {Tell me the tale of the friends that you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go!} {Say were your schoolmates as blithe and as gay,
{Tell me of those by whose side you have roved, Long, long a - go, long a - go?} {Joy - ous as those I have been with to - day?
D. C. Who were the chil - dren you met in your play? Long, long a - go, long a - go!

2. {What were the plea - sures you gathered at home, Long, long a - go, long a - go!} {Moth - er, sweet moth - er, why start - eth that tear?
{What were the mea - dows en - ticed you to roam? Long, long a - go, long a - go!} {Tell me the tales you de - light - ed to hear,
D. C. Told by the friends that to you were so dear, Long, long a - go, long a - go!

THE FATHER'S TOMB.

1. Come where our father lies low in the grave,
Low in the tomb, low in the tomb;
Come where the willows so mournfully wave
Low o'er his tomb, o'er his tomb:
Think of the days when we stood by his side,
Think how he looked on his children with pride,
Think how he blessed us the day that he died,
Here by his tomb, by his tomb.

2. Think of the lips that so sweetly we pressed,
Pressed by the tomb, pressed by the tomb;
Think of the hours we passed on that breast,
Now in the tomb, now in the tomb:
Pray that we meet him again in the skies,
Far from the region of parting and sighs,
When with rejoicing the good shall arise,
Rise from the tomb, from the tomb.

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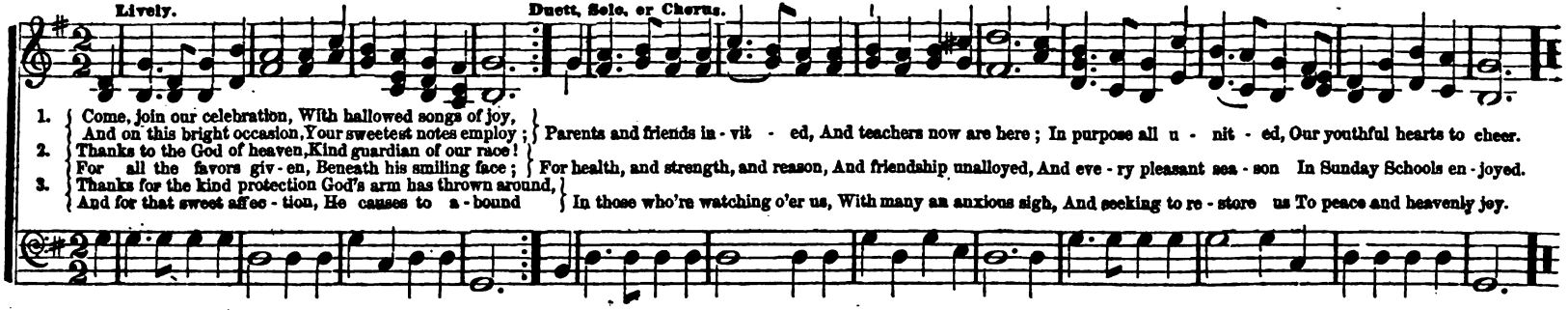
COME JOIN OUR CELEBRATION.

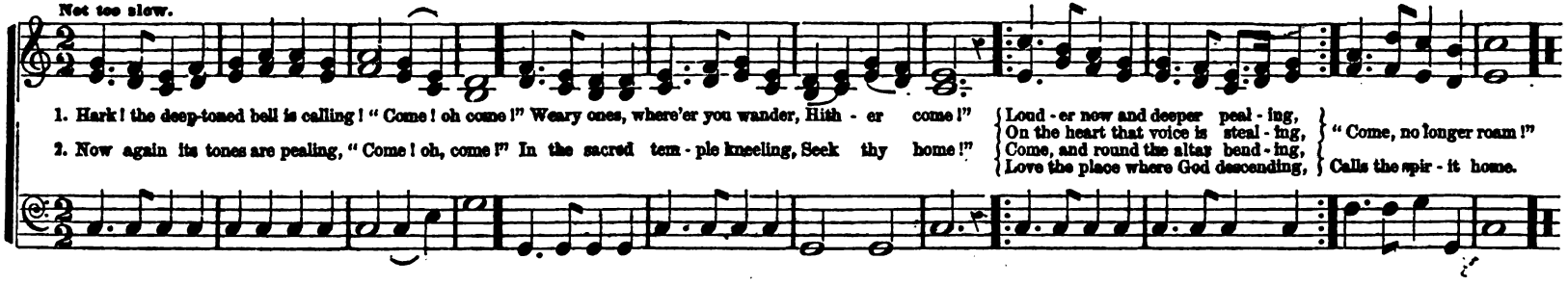
For Sabbath School Celebrations.



1. Come, join our celebration, With hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion, Your sweetest notes employ;
2. Thanks to the God of heaven, Kind guardian of our race!
For all the favors giv - en, Beneath his smiling face;
3. Thanks for the kind protection God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affec - tion, He causes to a - bound

Parents and friends in - vit - ed, And teachers now are here; In purpose all u - nit - ed, Our youthful hearts to cheer.
For health, and strength, and reason, And friendship unalloyed, And eve - ry pleasant sea - son In Sunday Schools en - joyed.
In those who're watching o'er us, With many an anxious sigh, And seeking to re - store us To peace and heavenly joy.

CALL OF THE BELL.

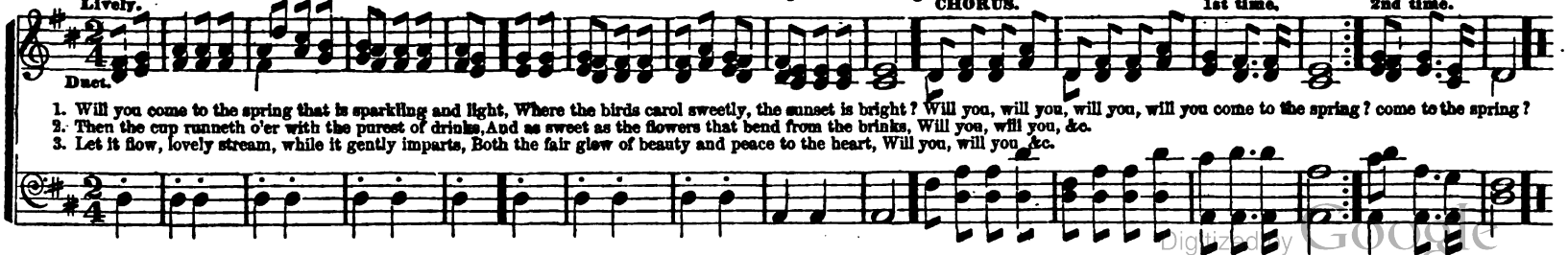


1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is calling! "Come! oh come!" Weary ones, where'er you wander, Hith - er come!"
2. Now again its tones are pealing, "Come! oh, come!" In the sacred tem - ple kneeling, Seek thy home!"

Loud - er now and deeper peal - ing,
On the heart that voice is steal - ing,
Come, and round the altar bend - ing,
Love the place where God descending,
"Come, no longer roam!"
Calls the spir - it home.

WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING.

For Cold Water Celebrations and Temperance Meetings.



1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light, Where the birds carol sweetly, the sunset is bright? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? come to the spring?
2. Then the cup runneth o'er with the purest of drinks, And as sweet as the flowers that bend from the brinks, Will you, will you, &c.
3. Let it flow, lovely stream, while it gently imparts, Both the fair glow of beauty and peace to the heart, Will you, will you, &c.

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COMMENCEMENT CHORUS. "Come, come, come."

German. Words by G. W.

Lively.

1. Come, come, come, Come from toil, come from play, Sor - row leave and joy to - day, State - ly hall, low - ly cot, Cir - cling sweet - ly here.
2. Come, come, come, Youth with man stays not long, Pass - ing by like fai - ry song, Seize the hours ere they fly, Nev - er to re - turn.
3. Here and there Man will go, man will go, Seek - ing hap - pi - ness be - low, Dreaming not pur - er bliss, Dwells in wis - dom's sound.

Sci - ences' charms, are spread to eye, Hung her lau - rels fair and high, Sparkling gems, flow - ers rare, All may win and wear.
Would ye shine like stars on earth, Tho' of high as low - ly birth, Wealth hath wings, seek it not, Ear - ly wis - dom learn.
Oh! the mind's a dia - mond bright, Fol - ly hides it from the sight, Wash the dross in the fount, That may here be found.

GOOD MORNING SONG.

SOLO.—Lively.

1. Day is break - ing o'er the hills, Dan - cing on the fle - cy rills, Rouse ye, breth - ren
2. Sing we then our morn - ing song, We have sung it oft and long; Eve - ry morn this

DUETT.

sis - ters all, Cheer - ly to each oth - er call, Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - - - ing!
fresh and new As yon pearl - y drop of dew, Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - - - ing!

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SONG. "My Mother Dear."

S. LOVER.

Tenderly.

1. There was a place in child - hood that I re - mem - ber well, And there a voice of sweet - est tone, bright
2. When fai - ry tales were end - - ed, "good night," she soft - ly said, And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep with -
4. In the sick - ness of my child - hood, the per - ils of my prime, The sor - rows of my rip - er years, the

fai - ry tales did tell, And gen - tle words and fond em - brace were given with joy to me, When I was in that
in my ti - - ny bed; And ho - ly words she taught me there, me - thinks I yet can see Her an - gel eyes, as
cares of eve - - ry time, When doubt or dan - ger weigh'd me down, then plead - ing all for me, It was a fer - vent

hap - py place, Up - on my moth - er's knee. My moth - er dear! my moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er!
close I knelt be - side my moth - er's knee. Oh moth - er dear! Oh moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er!
prayer to heaven that bent my moth - er's knee. My moth - er dear! my moth - er dear! My gen - tle, gen - tle moth - er!

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HARK TO THE MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Arranged by J. MOORE.

1. Hark! hark! to the merry Christmas bells, How pleas-ant-ly they chime! A tone of joy their mu-sic swells, For the ho-ly, hal-lowed

2. They tell of the manger's low-ly bed, Where the ho-ly Babe was found, Where the straw a-lone up-held his head From the cold and hoof-trod

3. He came to give a world of gloom A radiance for ev-er bright, Then sank to the dark and shrouding tomb, That sinners might live in

4. Where he reigns in his e-ter-nal home, The Re-deem-er soft-ly said, "Suffer these little children to come, For of such is my king-dom

time. They tell of the bright and glorious day When a Saviour sprung to birth, When Bethlehem's star of a silvery ray, Lit the glad and smil-ing earth.

ground. Humble and mean was the shelter there, For our God's annointed Son; But bright as the regions of up-per air Was the glo-rious meed he won.

light. Then loud let each young and grateful voice In this Sabbath-school a-rise, And ev-ery heart in his praise re-joice, Till it reaches the vaulted skies.

made." Where he reigns in his e-ter-nal home, The Redeemer softly said, "Suffer these little children to come, For of such is my king-dom made."

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1. When the morn-ing light drives a-way the night, With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to the Sab-bath-school; For 'tis there we all a-gree, All with

happy hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be At the Sab-bath-school; I'll a-way, a-way, I'll a-way, a-way, I'll a-way to Sab-bath-school.

Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys. Both.

2. On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-school.
I'll away, &c.

3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there;
In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-school.
I'll away, &c.

4. May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale;
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath-school.
I'll away, &c.

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COME, BROTHERS, SISTERS, LET US SING.

Arranged from a Tyrolian Air.

Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys and Girls.

1. Come, broth - ers, sis - ters, let us sing, Come, broth-ers, let us sing; For all who can must sing to - day; Our song of

2. The day hath on . . . us smiled, The day hath on us smiled; That hailed a bless - ed Sa - viour's birth, When meek - ly

3. Oh! well might shep-herds catch the strain— That high and ho - ly song; And well may we, for whom he came, With rap - turous

Girls.

Chorus.

prais-es to re - peat, of prais-es to re - peat, Of Je - sus Christ, the chil - dren's friend; Now pray let all be

as a lit - tle child, as a lit - tle child, He came from heaven to dwell on earth, Now pray, &c.

Chorus.

awe a - dore his name, With awe a - dore his name, And swell a - gain our tri - umphs high, Now pray, &c.

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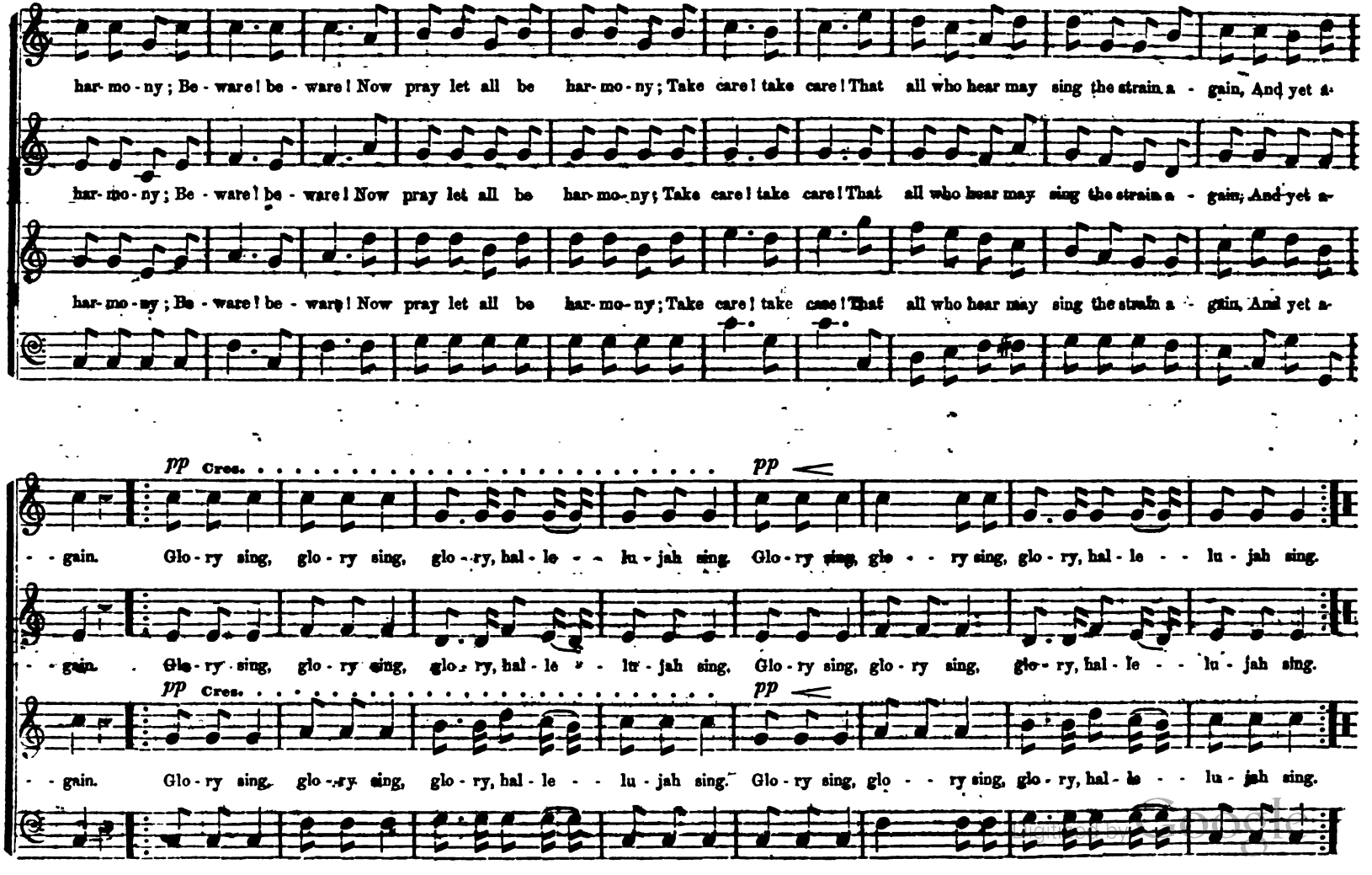
har-mo-ny; Be-ware! be-ware! Now pray let all be har-mo-ny; Take care! take care! That all who hear may sing the strain a-gain, And yet a-
har-mo-ny; Be-ware! be-ware! Now pray let all be har-mo-ny; Take care! take care! That all who hear may sing the strain a-gain, And yet a-
har-mo-ny; Be-ware! be-ware! Now pray let all be har-mo-ny; Take care! take care! That all who hear may sing the strain a-gain, And yet a-
pp Cres.
pp
-gain. Glo-ry sing, glo-ry sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah sing. Glo-ry sing, glo-ry sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah sing.
-gain. Glo-ry sing, glo-ry sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah sing. Glo-ry sing, glo-ry sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah sing.
pp Cres.
pp
-gain. Glo-ry sing, glo-ry sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah sing. Glo-ry sing, glo-ry sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah sing.

"REMEMBER THY CREATOR." 7s & 6s.

MOZART.

1. "Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor," While youth's fair spring is bright, Be - fore thy cares are great -er, Be - fore comes age's night.
2. "Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor," Ere life re - signs its trust, Ere sinks dis- solv-ing na - ture, And dust re - turns to dust.

While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark-ness cheer, While life is all be - fore thee, "Thy great Cre-a - tor fear."
Be - fore, with God who gave it, The spi - rit shall ap - pear, He cries, who died to save it, "Thy great Cre-a - tor fear."

"LITTLE RAIN DROPS." 7s.

1. Lit-tle rain-drops feed the rill, Rills to meet the brook let glide; Brooks the broader riv-ers fill, Riv - ers swell the o - cean's tide.
2. So the dew-drops gathered here, Mites from willing child-hood's hand, Shall those streams of bounty cheer, That with green - ness clothe the land—
3. With that sea of love shall blend, Which the gospel's grace doth pour; And the name of Je - sus send, E'en to earth's re - mo - test shore.

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Lively.

JERUSALEM. C. M. Double.

Arr. from REESE.

1. Je - ru - sa -lem! my hap -py home! Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy, and peace in thee? O when, thou ci - ty
2. Why should I shrink at pain and wo? Or feel, at death, dis-may? I've Ca-naan's good-ly land in view, And realms of end-less day. A - po-stles, mar-tyrs,

of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where con - gre-ga -tions ne'er break up, And Sab-bath has no end? And Sab -bath has no end?
pro-phets there, A-round my Sa -viour stand; And soon my friends in Christ be -low Will join the glo -rious band, Will join the glo - rious band.

SUNDAY MORN. 8s & 7s.

A. D. M.

1. Hark the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing! Let us haste with-out de- lay, Pray'rs of thou-sands now are wing-ing Up to heav'n their si - lent way.
2. 'Tis an hour of hap -py meet-ing, We have met for praise and prayer; But the hour is short and fleet -ing Let us, then, be ear- ly there.

3. Do not keep our Teachers wait ing, While you tar -ry by the way, Nor dis - turb the school re - cit -ing; 'Tis the ho - ly Sab- bath day.
4. Chil-dren, haste, the bells are ringing, And the morning's bright and fair, Thou - sands now are join'd in sing-ing, Thou - sands, too, in so- lemn pray'r.

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"I LOVE THE SABBATH SCHOOL." C. M.

Quick.

1. I love the Sab - - bath - school— . the place My youth - ful feet have trod— Where

I have heard of wis - dom's ways, That lead to peace and God, That lead to peace and God.

2. I love the Sabbath-school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing;
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer,
To God, our heavenly King,
To God, &c.

3. I love the Sabbath-school, where we
The holy Bible read,
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need,
A Saviour, &c.

4. O that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet,
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet,
Our crowns, &c.

SONG OF PRAISE.

1. Thanks to God for ev - ery bless-ing Which his boun-teous hand be - stows;
All on earth that's worth pos-ess-ing, From that hand in - ces - sant flows.

Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2. And let gratitude awaken
To the God who rules above;
He hath never yet forsaken,
Nor withheld his tender love.
Hallelujah, &c.

3. To his arms we're yet invited;
'Tis the Saviour bids us come;
Let us, then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heavenly home.
Hallelujah, &c.

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CELEBRATION.

Fine.

1. Come, join our cel - e - bra - tion, With hal-lowed songs of joy, And on this bright oc - ca - sion Your sweet-est notes em - ploy.

D. C.

Pa - rents and friends in - vi - ted, And teach - ers now are here; In pur - pose all u - ni - ted, Our youth-ful hearts to cheer.

2. Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race!
For all the favors given,
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.

3. Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us.
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

4. May God, with many a blessing,
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow,
And grace for ever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

SCHOOL HOUR.

Slowly.

1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring-ing! Let us haste with - out de - lay; Prayers of thousands now are wing-ing Up to heaven their silent way.

2. 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
We have met for praise and prayer,
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us then be early there.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4. Children haste; the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now are joined in singing;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

1. Now con - de-scend, Al-might - y King, To bless this lit - tle throng, And kind - ly lis - ten while we sing Our pleas-ant eve - ning song.

2. Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
O, smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.

3. We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.

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GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

1. Now to heaven our prayers as - cend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble cause con -tend- ing, God speed the right.
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God, &c. Ne'er des - pair - ing, though de - feat -ed, God, &c.
3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God, &c. Ne'er th'e - vent nor dan - ger, fear- ing, God, &c.

Be their zeal in heaven re - cord -ed, With suc - cess on earth re - ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If they fail, they fail with glo - ry, God, &c.
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heaven's own time suc - ceed -ing, God, &c.

Declamatory Style.

IMLAH. L. M.

1. When stran-gers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell, Where he is gone, they fain would know, That they might seek and love him too.
2. My best be- lov - ed keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds un-known; But he descends and shows his face, In the young gardens of his grace.
3. O, may my spi -rit dai - ly rise, On wings of faith above the skies, Till death shall make my last remove, To dwell forever with my love.

HARK MY MOTHER'S VOICE I HEAR.

1. Hark! my mo -ther's voice I hear, Sweet that voice is to my ear. Ev - er soft it seems to tell, Dear-est child, I love thee well.
2. Love me, mo - ther! yes, I know, None can love as well as thou; Was it not up - on thy breast I was taught in sleep to rest!
3. Didst not thou, in hours of pain, Lull this head to ease a - gain! With the mu - sic of thy voice Bid my lit - tle heart re - joice!

Ev - er soft it seems to tell, Dear -est child I love thee well. Hark! my mo - ther's voice I hear, Sweet that voice is to my ear.
Was it not up - on thy breast I was taught in sleep to rest! Hark! &c.
With the mu - sic of thy voice Bid my lit - tle heart re - joice! Hark! &c.

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PART FIFTH.

MELODIES FOR THE SINGING SCHOOL, SOCIAL CIRCLE, AND CONCERT ROOM.

"SOUND OUR VOICES LONG AND SWEET."*

For Opening Concerts, &c.

Lively. 1st and 2d time. Last time.

1. Sound our vol - ces long and sweet, And roll the stir - ring drum; Friends and neighbors round us meet, And to our greet - ing come, And to our
Come where mu - sic float - eth oft, On soft and stil. - ly air Ye whose hearts by grief be - set, And ye whose sky is fair,

2. Earth her fes - tal garments show, Her robes of glitt'ring white, And her crys - tal brilliants throw Rich, sparkling star - ry light, Rich, sparkling
Come where mu - sic float - eth oft, On soft and stil - ly air. Ye whose hearts by grief be - set, And ye whose sky is fair.

1st and 2d time. Last time.

Fine. Chorus. D. C.+

greet - ing come. Sweet - ly mu - sic's joy - ous notes Fall up - on the list' - ning ear, Swell the strain un - til it floats On the night air clear.

star - - ry light, Sweet - ly mu - sic's joy - ous notes Fall up - on the list' - ning ear, Swell the strain un - til it floats On the night air clear.

Fine. Chorus. D. C.+

* First time, Soprano Solo—2nd time, Quartet, and D. C. Chorus.

* "Sound our voices," &c.

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THE BRIDAL QUARTETT OR CHORUS.

Not too slow.

1. Oh, take her, but be faith - ful still, And may the bri - dal vow Be sa - cred held in af - ter years, And warm - ly breathed as now.

2. The joys of childhoood's hap - py hour; The home of rip - er years; The trea-sured scenes of ear - ly youth, In sun - shine and in tears;

3. Her lot in life is fixed with thine, Its good and ill to share; And well I know 'twill be her pride To soothe each sor - row there;

Re - mem - ber, 'tis no com-mon tie That binds her youth - ful heart; 'Tis on - ly one that Truth should weave. And on - ly Death can part.

The pur - est hopes her bo - som knew, When her young heart was free— All these, and more, she now re - signs, To brave the world with thee.

Then take her, and may fleet-ing time Mark on - ly joy's in - crease; And may your days glide sweetly on, In hap - pi - ness and peace.

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p m

1. { Gen - tle breez - es, ev - er smil - ing Through the air - y realms a-bove, }
{ Kind - ly now our cares be - guil - ing, Bid thy soft - est accents move; }
Breathe up - on th' E - o lian lyre Some un - told me-

p m

2. { Swell the song when sun - ny plea - sure Fills my heart with joy and light, }
{ Soothe me with a sad - der mea - sure In the gloom of sorrow's night; }
Call the win-ning forms of beauty By thy play - ful

lo - dious strain; Thou canst bid the trem - bling wire Wa - ken joy or sol - ace pain, Wa - ken joy or sol - ace pain.

dul - cet note, Wake my soul to truth and du - ty When thy no - blest num - bers float, When thy no - blest num - bers float.

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CHORUS OR QUARTETT.—"Rest, Troubled Heart."

This beautiful melody was written by Col. Pestal, on officer in the Russian service, upon his dungeon wall, the night before his execution.

p Plaintive. Cres. Fine. *m*

1. Rest, thou troubled heart, Within this cap - tive bosom swell - ing; Rest, thou troubled heart, No more of love or glo - ry tell - ing: Now no more by wrongs or

p Cres. Fine.

2. Death ap-proach-es near, The her-ald of e - ter-nal glo - ry; Friends and com-rades dear, Ye long shall mourn my hope-less sto-ry: Oh, 'tis hard to part from

Cres. Lentando. Cres. *f* D. C. Fine.

ty - rant power op-pressed, From a thou - sand woes, Ah, what sweet re - pose Soon shall seal these eyes in ev - er - last - ing rest; Soon the mar-tyr's grave will close.

Cres. Lentando. Cres. *f* D. C. Fine.

all life's lov - ing ties: Hark! the mid-night bell! 'Tis the sol - dier's knell; Soon to - mor-row's sun, the last for me, shall rise; Glo - ry, home and friends, fare-well.

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QUARTETTE. The Funeral of Mrs. Judson.

Music by M. HAWLEY.

Very Slow.

pp Dim. *ff* Dim. *p* *f*

1. Mourn - ful - ly, ten - der - ly, bear on the dead; Where the war - rior has lain let the Chris - tian be laid. No place more be - fit - ting, O

2. Mourn - ful - ly, ten - der - ly, sol - emn and slow, Tears are be - dew - ing the path as ye go; Kin - dred and stran - gers are

3. Mourn - ful - ly, ten - der - ly, gaze on that brow, Beau - ti - ful is it, in qui - e - tude now; One look, and then set - tle the

pp Dim. *ff* Dim. *p* *f*

4. So have ye bu - ried her; up, and de - part To life and to du - ty with un - dis - may'd heart; Fear not, for the love of the

ff Dim. *f* Dim. Rit.

rock of the sea, Nev - er such trea - sure was hid - den in thee, Nev - er such trea - sure was hid - den in thee.

mourn - ers to - day, Gent - ly, so gent - ly, O bear her a - way, Gent - ly, so gent - ly, O bear her a - way.

loved to her rest, The o - cean be - neath her, the turf on her breast, The o - cean be - neath her, The turf on her breast.

ff Dim. *f* Dim. Rit.

stran - ger will keep The cas - ket that lies in the rock of the deep, The cas - ket that lies in the rock of the deep

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Lively.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN, MY FRIENDS.

L. B. WOODBURY.

1. I'm with you once a - gain, my friends, No more my footsteps roam; Where it be-gan, my journey ends, A - mid the scenes of home. No oth - er clime has sky so blue, Or

2. Since last, with spirits wild and free, I pressed my na-tive strand, I've wandered ma-ny miles at sea, And ma - ny miles on land; I've seen all na-tions of the earth, Of

3. My na-tive land, I turn to you, With blessing and with prayer; Where man is brave, and woman true, And free as mountain air. Long may our flag in triumph wave, A-

streams so broad and clear; And where are hearts so warm and true, As those that meet me here? And where are hearts so warm and true, As those that meet me here?

eve - ry hue and tongue; Which taught me how to prize the worth Of that from which I sprung, Which taught me how to prize the worth Of that from which I sprung.

gainst the world com-bined; And friends a wel-come, foes a grave, With-in our bor-ders find, And friends a wel-come, foes a grave, With-in our bor-ders find.

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1st Tenor or Alto.

1. O, I am a mer - ry sai - lor lad, With heart both light and free; I high - ly prize my gal - lant ship, I love the deep blue sea. Hur - rah! hur-

2nd Tenor.

2. Where bounding bil - low rears its head To play with tempest cloud; Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main In murmurs hoarse and loud. Hur - rah! hur-

1st Base.

3. I love to tread the ves - sel's deck, A - mid the howling gale, And lis - ten to the sea-gull's scream, And to the thun-der's rail. Hur - rah! hur-

4. O see the viv - id lightning play, Aroumd me bold and free; Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an o - cean life for me. Hur - rah! hur-

2nd Base.

Cres. Rit.

rah! hur - rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

rah! hur - rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

Cres. Rit.

rah! hur - rah! I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.

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CHORUS.—For the opening and close of Music Teachers' classes.

(The first two verses with chorus are intended for the opening of the class, and the last two verses with the chorus for the close of the class.)

Fast and Spirited.

m *f* *ff*

Joy- ful, joy - ful, joy - ful be our num - bers, Burst - ing forth the soul en - liv -'ning lay,
Swell the strain to mu - sic's sweetest mur - murs, Eve - ry heart now hail the fes - tal day.

Bursting forth the soul en-liv - 'ning lay, Hail, O

m *f* *ff*

Fine. *f* Cres. Rit. D. C. to each verse.

1. From the hill and val - ley far a - way, We come with mer - ry greet - ings in our lay.

hail this fes - tal day. 2. Year - ly as our fes - tal day rolls round, We hail it ev - er with har - - mo-nious sound.
3. Gold - en hours have fleet - ed like a spell, And now we're called to part and bid fare - well.

Fine. *f* Cres. Rit. D. C. to each verse.

*4. Give the hand of friendship ere we part, May heav-en now em - balm it in each heart.

* Rise and clasp hands as this concluding chorus is sung.

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Lively.

1. Come, come, come, Come to the sun - set tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done.
* D. C. Come, come, come, Come to the sun - set tree; The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free, (OMIT. - - - - - - - - And the

2. Come, come, come, Sweet is the hour of rest, Pleasant the wood's low sigh, And the gleaming of the west, And the turf where - on we lie;
3. Come, come, come, Yes, 'tis the tune - ful sound, That dwells in whispering boughs, Welcome the freshness round, And the gale that fans our brows;

4. Come, come, come, There shall no tempests blow, No scorching noon - tide beat; There shall be no more snow, No wea - ry wandering feet;

Fine. D. C.

The twi - light star to heaven, And the sum - mer dew to flowers, And rest to us is given, By the cool, soft eve - ning hours;
reap - er's work is done.

Fine. D. C.

When the burthen and the heat Of la - bor's task are o'er, And kind - ly voi - ces greet The tired one at his door.
But rest more sweet and still Than ev - er night - fall gave, Our yearning hearts shall fill In the world be - yond the grave;

Fine. D. C.

So we lift our trust - ing eyes, From the hills our fa - thers trod, To the qui - et of the skies, To the Sab - bath of our God;

Fine. D. C.

* Close each verse with these words

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QUARTETTE. "Speak gently to the erring."

Earnestly, with strong accent.

1. Speak gent - ly to the err - ing— Ye know not all the power With which the dark temp - ta - tion came, In some un - guard - ed hour:
2. Speak gent - ly of the err - ing— Oh! do not thou for - get, How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is thy broth - er yet:
3. Speak kind - ly to the err - ing— For is it not e - nough That in - no - cence and peace are gone, With - out thy cen - sure rough?
4. Speak kind - ly of the err - ing— Thou yet mayst lead him back, With ho - ly words, and tones of love, From mis - 'ry's thorn - y track;

Ye may not know how ear - nest - ly They strug - gled, or how well, Un - til the hour of weak - ness came, And sad - ly thus they fell.
Heir of the self - same her - i - tage, Child of the self - same God, He hath but stum - bled in the path Thou hast in weak - ness trod.
It sure - ly is a wea - ry lot That sin - crushed heart to bear; And they who share a hap - pier fate Their chid - ings well may spare.
For - get not thou hast oft - en sinn'd, And sin - ful yet must be; Deal kind - ly with the err - ing one, As God hath dealt with thee!

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CHORUS.—Student's Song, or The Traveller.

Lively and Spirited.

1. On foot I gay-ly take my way, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, O'er mountain bare and meadows gay, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
{And he who is not of my mind,
An-oth-er travelling mate may find,}

2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, At eve-ry step to pause and sigh, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
{No gloomy man to scowl and groan,
And o-ver oth-ers' sins to moan,}

3. This is the mer-ry sing-er's way, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, His footpath is with ros-es gay, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
{In every land where song is known,
Where music meets an ans'ring tone,}

4. Foot trav-el to the gay is sweet, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, But heav-y minds make heavy feet, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
{The man who loves the sunshine bright,
And nev-er peeps be-hind for night,}

Cres. *f* *ff*

He cannot go with me, He cannot go with me, Hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

I'd rather trudge alone, I'd rather trudge a-lone, Hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.
That land his own must be, That land his own must be, Hurrah! &c.

Cres. *f* *ff*

That is the man for me, That is the man for me, Hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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CHORUS. The Union Forever.

Bold and determined style.

1. The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned Lake Champlain, Streams still along the southern gulf, and by the lakes of Maine; It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand, And
2. From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave, To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave; And from the streaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood, The

3. It is a sa-cred leg-a-cy ye ne-ver can di-vide, Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride; Nor the hunter's white-haired child, who finds a fruitful home, Where

4. Green drew his sword at Eutaw's field, and bleeding Southern feet Trod bold across the Delaware a-mid the snow and sleet; And lo! upon the parchment where the natal record shines, The
5. Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's hoary height? Or can the North give up her bones of Yorktown's closing fight? Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves? Or

Chorus to each verse. Cres. f ff

throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand: Then who will dare? Then who will dare? Then who will dare to sunder? Then who will dare? Then who will dare? Re-echo it in
glory of the nation's past thrills thro' a kindred blood! Then who will dare? &c. [thunder.

nameless lakes are sparkling bright, where lonely rivers roam! Then who will dare? Then who will dare? Then who will dare to sunder? Then who will dare, Then who will dare? Re-echo it in [thunder.

f ff

burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines: Then who will dare? Then who will dare? Then who will dare to sunder? Then who will dare? Then who will dare? Re-echo it in
rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves? Then who will dare? &c. [thunder!

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SOLO, DUETT, OR TRIO. "I dream, I dream of my Father-land."

JENNY LIND'S most popular song.

Alto. Not too slow.

1. I dream, I dream of my fa - ther-land, As fan - cy my slumber be - guiles; Where the spell of beauty each heart en - thralls, Where the loved of my child - hood

Soprano.

2. I dream, I dream where affec - tion beams, While mine shall with pleasure be bright, And the hearts that re - a - lize fan - cy's dreams, While mine own is with happiness

Base.

smiles. Ah yes! I dream of great-wealth and power, The wildest of visions could will; But I wake to truth in af - flic - tion's hour, Of the heart that loves me

light: Ma - ny, while fortune her gifts hath spread Around me, are slaves of my will; But I think of one when the rest are fled That will love me, love me

still: I dream, I dream of my fa - ther - land, I dream of my fa - ther - land, I dream, I dream of my fa - ther - land, I dream of my fa - ther - land.

still: I dream I dream of my fa - ther - land, I dream of my fa - ther - land, I dream, I dream of my fa - ther - land, I dream of my, fa - ther - land.

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THE SISTER'S LOVE,* OR THE SNOW-STORM.

Slow, and vary the rhythm to suit the words.

Music inscribed to the "Columbians," by the Composer, W * *.

1. 'Twas on one cold December night—Most chilling blew the blast; Dark clouds obscured the stars from sight, The snow was falling fast. Slow dragged long hours, in doubt and dread, In

2. Still deep-er fell the drift-ing snow, The wind blew cold-er still; With hunger faint their steps grew slow, Their lips benumbed and chill. Her brother's strength gave out at last—The

3. How few a "Sis-ter's Love" have known, Or what its vir-tues mean; In life its strength can ne'er be shown—In death 'tis on-ly seen. A-round his feet she wrapped her shawl, A-

4. On dark and pathless mountain height, Death proved a "Sister's-Love;" But how the mother passed that night, Is on-ly known a-bove. How oft the darkness she did try, Their

Cres. p Cres. Rit. sostenuto.

prayer, not tears, a mother shed; While struggling o'er bleak hills in pain, Her children sought their home in vain; There lost in snow, Unheard their moan, While rough winds blow, They sank alone.

tide of life was ebb-ing fast,; To urge him on in vain she tried—A-like in vain for help she cried—"O, mother dear! How wouldst thou fly, Couldst thou but hear Our dying cry!"

round his neck her scarf—her all; Within her bo-som pure and white, His fro-zen hands she fold-ed tight. Their dying breath These children gave, Enclasped in death—No hand to save.

Cres. p Cres. Rit. sostenuto.

forms to see with piercing eye, Or strained a lonely mother's ear, Their steps amid that storm to hear. Cold night-snows made One grave for them; Hoarse wild-winds played Their requi-em.

* "Mrs. McGrath, a widowed mother, was sick at home, and alone. Her two only children, one a lad of fourteen, with his sister, a girl of sixteen winters, were returning from market late at night, with a basket. The children were frozen to death in each other's arms. The girl wore a shawl, and small woolen scarf: one of these was found wrapped around her brother's feet and legs, and the other about his head and neck, while his two hands were folded in her bosom. She, it appears, was trying to preserve his life, while her own was fast ebbing away.

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QUARTETTE. "My Father's old Cottage."

Declamatory style.

1. { How sad the re - flection, tho' fond re - col - lec - tion Of scenes that are past when left "all a - lone," / When I ran, and I danced with no fear of de - tection, With my dear lov - ing mates at school or at home; } How blest were those days then, I now rec - ol-

2. { My moth - er was living, tho' health did not bless her, To coun - sel, in - struct me, in all that's right; / But she's gone to the grave! where I can - not ca - ress her— Her soul is in heaven, that world of de - light; } But days that are now gone, I do re - col-

3. { New tenants are found in the home of my childhood—My sis - ters are scattered there and here; / I do feel like a stranger, while travelling the wildwood—No friend or rela - tion to well - come me near; } But days that are now gone, I do rec - ol-

- lect them, My sis - ters were joy - ful in sunshine or rain, In my fa - ther's old cottage, or in the back garden, Or in the large dooryard ad - joining the same.

- lect them, Her children were joy - ful in sunshine or rain, In my father's old cottage, or in the back garden, Or in the large dooryard ad - joining the same.

- lect them, We all lived at home, and in sunshine or rain, In my father's old cottage, or in the back garden, Or in the large dooryard ad - joining the same.

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RAILROAD CHORUS.—"Singing through the forests."

L. E. W.

Recitative style. — Solo.—Tenor.

1. Singing through the forests, Rattling o - ver ridg - es, Shooting un-der arch-es, Running o - ver bridges; Whizzing thro' the mountain, Buzzing o'er the vale—
2. Men of different "stations," In the eye of Fame, Here are ver - y quick-ly Com-ing to the same; High and lowly peo-ple, Birds of eve - ry fea - ther

3. Stranger on the left Closing up his peepers Now he snores a-main, Like the Sev-en Sleep-ers At his feet a volume Gives the expla - na - tion,
4. Ancient maiden la - dy Anxious-ly re - marks That there must be peril 'Mongst so many sparks; Roguish looking fel-low Turn-ing to a stranger,

5. Woman with her ba - by Sitting vis - a - vis, Baby keeps a - squalling, Woman looks at me, Asks a-bout the dis-tance, Says its tiresome talking,
6. Market-woman careful Of the precious casket, Knowing eggs are eggs, Tightly holds her basket, Finding that a smash If it came would surely

Chorus to each verse.

Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail, Singing through the mountain, Buzzing o'er the vale, Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail.
On a common lev - el, A travel-ing to-gether.

How the man grew stupid, All from "association." * Woo, woo, woo, woo, &c. - - - - - - - - Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail.
Says it's his o - pin - ion She is out of danger.

Not - ses of the cars Are very, very shocking, Woo, woo, woo, woo, &c. - - - - - - - - Bless me, this is pleasant, A riding on a rail.
Send her eggs to pot Ra - ther prema-turely.

* Sing this very connected and with a kind of whizzing sound.

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QUARTETTE.—The old Farmer's Elegy.

Slowly and feelingly.

1. On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook, That so long and so of - ten has watered his flock, The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep, While the
2. The blue bird sings sweet on the gay ma - ple bough, Its warbling oft cheered him whilst holding the plough; The robins above him hop light on the mould, For he

3. Yon tree that with fragrance is fill - ing the air, So rich with its blosoms, so thrifty and fair, By his own hand was planted, and well did he say, It would
4. There's the well that he dug, with the wa - ter so cold, With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old, No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn, "For the

5. 'Twas a gloom - giving day when the old far - mer died: The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried; And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend, For they
6. For upright and honest the old far - mer was, His God he revered, he respected his laws; Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth Will out -

Dim. *m* A little Slower. *f* Dim. Cres. Rit.

wa - ters a low, lisp - ing lu - la - by keep; He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall a - wake him to la - bor a - gain.
fed them with crumbs when the sea - son was cold; He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall a - wake him to la - bor a - gain.

live when its plant - er had mouldered a - way; He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall awake him to la - bor a - gain.
pitch - er is bro - ken"—the old man is gone; He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall awake him to la - bor a - gain.

Dim. *mf* A little Slower. *f* Dim. Cres. Rit.

all lost a broth - er, a man, and a friend; He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall awake him to la - bor a - gain.
shine like gold, all the dross of this earth; He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain; No morn shall awake him to la - bor a - gain.

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FOUR PART SONG. "O take me back to Switzerland."

Lively and Earnestly.

1. By the dark waves of the roll - ing sea, Where the white sail'd ships are toss - ing free, Came a youthful maiden, Pale and sor - row la - den, With a mournful voice sang

2. "I see its hills, I see its streams, Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams; When the day declineth, Or the bright sun shineth, Present still its beau - ty

3. For months a-long that gloo - my shore, 'Mid sea - birds cry and ocean's roar, Roamed that mournful maiden, Pale and sor-row la - den, Then her voice was heard no

she: "Oh, take me back to Switzer - land, My own, my dear, my na - tive land; I'll brave all dan-gers of the main, To see my own dear land a -

seems: Oh, take me back to Switzer - land, Up - on the mountains let me stand; Where flowers are bright, and skies are clear, For oh! I pine, I per - ish

more. Far, far a - way from Switzer - land, From home, from friends, from na- tive land; Where for - eign wild flowers coldly live, The broken hearted found a

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gain. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

here! La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

grave. La, la, la, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - La, la, la, -

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

SONG. "Near the Lake."

Southern Melody.
Poetry by G. P. MORRIS.

Slow.

1. { Near the lake where drooped the wil - low, Long time a - go! Where the rock threw back the bil - low, Bright - er than snow!
Dwelt a maid be - loved and cher-ished, By high and low; But with au-tumn's leaf she - per - ished, Long time a - go!

2. { Rock, and tree, and flow - ing wa - ter, Long time a - go! Bird and bee, and blos - som taught her Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she lis - tened Mur - mur - ing low, Ten - der - ly her dove - eyes glis - tened, Long time a - go!

3. { Min - gled were our hearts for - ev - er, Long time a - go! Can I now for - get her? nev - er! No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are giv - en, Ev - er to flow! She's the star I missed from heav - en, Long time a - go!

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CHORUS.—"Auld Lang Syne."

Slow. Fine. D. C.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne;
D. C. We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

2. We twa 'ha'e paid-let i' the burn, Frae morning sun till dine; But seas between us braid ha'e roared, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne;
D. C. But seas between us braid ha'e roared, Sin' auld lang syne.

Fine. D. C.

3. And there's a hand my trust - y feire, And gie's a hand o' thine; And we'll take a right, gude willie waught, For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld land syne;
D. C. And we'll take a right, gude willie waught, For auld lang syne.

FOUR PART SONG.—"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon."

Gentle. 1. 2. Fine. D. C.

1. { Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, While I'm so wae, and - - - - full of care? } Ye'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds That wander thro' that flow'ring thorn; Ye
D. C. mind me of de - parted joys, De - part-ed nev - er - - - - to re-turn.

1. 2. Fine, D. C.

2. { Oft have I roamed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine,
Where il - ka bird sang o'er its note, And cheer-ful-ly I - - - - joined with mine; } Wi' heartsome glee, I pu'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorny tree; But
D. C. my false love hath stolen the rose, And ah! he left the - - - - thorn to me.

3. { Ye roe - es blaw your bon - nie blooms, And draw the wild birds by the burn,
For Lu - man promised me a ring, And yo maun aid me - - - - should I mourn. } Ah! na, na, na, ye need na mourn, My een are dim and drow-sy now; Ye
D. C. bon - nie birds, ye need na sing, For Lu - man nev-er - - - - can return.

1. 2. Fine. D. C.

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With tenderness and feeling.

1. I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twink - ling peeps, Through that bending wil - low which lone - ly weeps O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

2. I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my dai - ly care, And breathe to my Sa - vior my eve - ning prayer O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

3. I still re - mem - ber how oft she led, And knelt me by her, as with God she plead, That I might be His, when the clod was spread O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

4. I love to think how 'neath the ground, She slumbers in death as a cap - tive bound, She'll slum-ber no more when the trump shall sound O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave. Through that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

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Slow

MASTER AND PUPIL. Duett or Trio.

Arranged expressly for this work

PUPILS.—With a song so soft - ly mov-ing, Let us first the school be-gin. I have come from Ala-ba - ma, with my ban-jo on my knee.

MASTER.—No, no, you must not sing that trash, O

Oh, Su - san-na, you must not cry for me, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Now we'll begin :

no, no, no ; No! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Ah, you must be steady, if you wish to study, sing-ing, yes, yes,

Do, do, do, si, do, re, do, si, fa, fa, fa, fa, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, sol, la, si, do, do, la, la, sol, fa, mi, I can t sing at all to - day, sir, I can't

Gently, gently, do not hur-ry ; gently, gently, do not hur-ry ; bra-vo, bra-vo, do not hur-ry, do not hur-ry ; never mind it,

do it, I'm so hoarse, do, re, &c., do, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, do, re, do, si, do.

try it, try it, Pray be steady, try it, try it. Sing the scale, fa, sol, &c., fa, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, do. Louder swell that note, I pray, Louder swell that note, I pray.

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Lively.

THE FARMER'S GLEE. For Agricultural Anniversaries.

As sung by the RIX FAMILY.

1. A far - mer's life 's the life for me; I own I love it dear - ly; And eve - ry sea - son, full of glee, I take its la - bor cheer - ly.

2. The law - yer leads a har-rassed life, Much like the hunt - ed ot - ter; And, 'tween his own and oth - ers' strife, He 's al - ways in hot wa - ter.

3. The doc - tor's styled a gen - tle - man. But this I hold but hum - ming; For, like a tav - ern wait - ing man, To eve - ry call he 's "com - ing:"

4. A far - mer's life then let me live, Ob - tain - ing, while I lead it, E - nough for self, and some to give To such poor souls as need it;

To plough or sow, To reap or mow, Or in the barn to thresh, sir, All's one to me, I plain - ly see, 'Twill bring me health and cash, sir. A

For foe or friend, A cause de - fend, How - ev - er wrong, must he, sir, In rea - son's spite, Main - tain its right, And dear - ly earns his fee, sir. The

Now here, now there, Must he re - pair, Or starve, sir by de - ny - ing; Like death him-self, Un - hap - py elf, He lives by oth - ers' dy - ing. The

I'll drain and fence, Nor grudge ex - pense To give my land good dress - ing; I'll plough and sow, Or drill in row, And hope from heaven a bless - ing. A

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CHORUS.—"Hail, Fairy Queen.

Arranged from BENEDICT.—From the "Cecilian Glee Book."

ALLEGRO.

f

Hail! hail! fai - ry queen! Thine, thine all the scene; True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove; Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er

Hail! hail! fai - ry queen! Thine, thine all the scene; True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove; Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er

f

Hail! hail! fai - ry queen! Thine, thine all the scene; True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove; Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er

mp

grove and bow'r, Bright be thy glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove; Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the

grove and bow'r, Bright be thy glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove; Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the

mp

grove and bow'r, Bright be thy glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove; Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the

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f p Cres. f f

dash - ing main, Reign where sparkling moonbeams quiv-er, Dancing o - ver hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail! fai - ry queen.

dash - ing main, Reign where sparkling moonbeams quiv-er, Dancing o - ver hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail! fai - ry queen.

f p Cres. f f

dash - ing main, Reign where sparkling moonbeams quiv-er, Dancing o - ver hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail! fai - ry queen,

Thine, thine all the scene; True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove; Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er grove and bow'r; Bright be thy

Thine, thine all the scene; True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove; Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er grove and bow'r; Bright be thy

Thine, thine all the scene; True hearts a - round us, bright plan - ets a - bove; Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er grove and bow'r; Bright be thy

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glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove. Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er

glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove. Thy glo - - - - - - - - ry bright, ... Thy glo - - ry bright, Thy glo - - - - - - - -

glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove. Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - - - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er

ff

bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright. . . .

- - - ry bright, ... Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright. . .

ff

bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright Thy glo - - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright. . .

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"O, THE MERRY HARVEST TIME!"

G. J. WEBB.
From the American Glee Book.

Allegro.

1. O, the mer-ry harvest-time! The mer-ry, matchless harvest-time! O, the mer-ry harvest-time! The mer-ry matchless harvest-time! What can vie, Be-

2. Now's the happy harvest-time! The hap-py, hon-ored harvest-time! Now's the happy harvest-time! The hap-py, hon-ored harvest-time! E'en the earth Doth

3. Praise, then, all the harvest-time! Ye children of the harvest time! Praise, then, all the harvest-time! Ye children of the har-vest-time! Girls and boys, Who

mf *f* *mf* *p*

-neath the sky, With the mer-ry harvest-time? What can vie, Be-neath the sky, With the mer-ry har-vest-time? What tho' summer birds have fled,

mix in mirth, With her sons at har-vest-time, E'en the earth Doth mix in mirth, With her sons at har-vest-time: Not a storm doth vex her brow,

mf *f* *mf* *p*

know the joys of the fruit-ful har-vest-time, Girls and boys who know the joys Of the fruit-ful har-vest-time, Leave to spring the love-sweet flowers;

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Sing - ing to some oth - er clime; We have tongues that mu - sic shed, And a song for har - vest - time. Come, come, come, come,

Flood - ing rain or frost - y rime, But the sun - ny dis - tance now, Laugheth out "'Tis har - vest time." Come, come, come, come,

Win - ter, too, its song and rhyme; Sum - mer all her balm - y hours, We've our dance at har - vest - time, Come, come, come, come.

come, Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing; Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing;

come! Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing; Now's the time for singing and dancing; Come, o'er the hills the moon is glancing, Now's the time for singing and dancing;

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f Cres. *ff*

Now's the time, Now's the time, The mer - ry, mer - ry har - vest time; Now's the time, Now's the time, The mer - ry, mer - ry har - - - - - - - vest time.

f Cres. *ff*

Now's the time, Now's the time, The mer - ry, mer - ry har - vest time; Now's the time, Now's the time, The mer - ry, mer - ry har - - - - - - - vest time.

THE LULLABY.

T. HASTINGS. From the Chorus Glee Book.

Soothingly. Not too Slow.

p *pp*

1. Sleep, O sleep, While breezes so soft - ly are blow - ing; Sleep, O sleep, While streamlets so gent-ly are flow - ing. Sleep, O sleep, Sleep, O sleep.

2. Sleep, O sleep, While flocks in the meadow are stray - ing; Sleep, O sleep, While lambkins are mer-ri-ly play - ing. Sleep, O sleep, Sleep, O sleep.

p *pp*

3. Sleep, O sleep, While birds in the for - est are sing - ing; Sleep, O sleep, While echoes with music are ring - ing. Sleep, O sleep, Sleep, O sleep.
4. Sleep, O sleep, While angels are watch-ing be-side thee; Sleep, O sleep, May blessings for-ev - er be - tide thee. Sleep, O sleep, Sleep, O sleep.

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ODE ON SCIENCE. L. M. Single or double.

SUMNER.

Loud and Firm.

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher-

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher-

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All na - tions with his beams are blest, Wher-

Fine for L. M. Single.

e'er his ra - diant light ap - pears. So Sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray, O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay; She vi - sits

e'er his ra - diant light ap - pears. So Sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray, O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay; She vi - sits

e'er his ra - diant light ap - pears. So Sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray, O'er lands that long in dark - ness lay; She vi - sits

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fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars. Fair free-dom her at - tend - ant waits To bless the por - tals

fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars. Fair free-dom her at - tend - ant waits To bless the por - tals

fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars. Fair free-dom her at - tend - ant waits To bless the por - tals

of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing States, With laur - els of im - mor - tal day. The Brit - ish yoke, and Gal - lic chain, Was

of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing States, With laur - els of im - mor - tal day. The Brit - ish yoke, and Gal - lic chain, Was

of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing States, With laur - els of im - mor - tal day. The Brit - ish yoke, and Gal - lic chain, Was

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Repeat Forte.

urged up - on our sons in vain; All haugh - ty ty - rants we dis - dain, And shout, Long live A - mer - i - ca.

urged up - on our sons in vain; All haugh - ty ty - rants we dis - dain, And shout, Long live A - mer - i - ca.

urged up - on our sons in vain; All haugh - ty ty - rants we dis - dain, And shout, Long live A - mer - i - ca.

QUARTETTE. "Gather the Beautiful."

Slow and gentle.

Rit.

1. Gath - er the beautiful Home to their rest, Strew the pale roses Over her breast; Like her in beau-ty Let them de-cay, When the most beautiful Pass-eth a - way.

2. Bur - y the fad - ed Un - der the shade Of the sad window Where they have played; Let a sweet flow'ret Lovingly bloom In the bright green sward Over the tomb.

Rit.

3. Weep for the beautiful; Hallow with tears Graves which the love Of lost ones endears; Trust to their pillow Beautiful dead, Be - ings of glory Watch o - ver her head.

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Gentle and with expression.

1. Sweet - ly peals the Sab - bath bell Send - ing out its joy - ful sound O'er the hills and o'er the dells, To all a -

2. Lis - ten to the Sab - bath bell, Sound - ing rich, and loud, and clear Tones more charm - ing nev - er fell On mor - tal

3. How I love the Sab - bath bell, For there's some - thing in its peal Makes my heart with rap - ture swell; And oft I

Rit. Dim. Cres. Cres.

- - round; Uah - ering in the day of rest Day de - signed to make us blest, Day de - signed to make us blest.

ear; - - - Call - ing to the house of God, For in - struc - tion from his word, For in - struc - tion from his word.

Rit. Dim. Cres. Cres.

feel - - - - When I hear its sol - emn sound, God is speak - ing all a - round, God is speak - ing all a - round.

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SONG. The Tempest.

Poetry by J. T. FIELDS, Esq.

1. We were crowded in the cab-in, Not a soul would dare to sleep: It was midnight on the wa-ters, And a storm was on the deep. 'Tis a fear-ful thing in win-ter, To be shattered in the blast, And to hear the trumpet thunder, "Cut a-way the mast!" And a shout rose wild and joy-ous, As we clasped the friendly hand, "Ah! God is on the o-cean, Just the same as on the land."

For the last verse only.

Rit.

2. We shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath;
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.
Sad, thus we sat in silence,
And busy with their prayers;
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

3. But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"
Then he kissed the little maiden,
And we spake of better cheer,
As we anchored safe in harbor
As the sun was shining clear.

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DUETT and SOLO. "Bury me in the garden."

"Its soul was on its lips as it whispered again, 'Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the——' and a slight quiver came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still."

Gently. Fine.

1. Day was in splen - dor clo - sing, A bean-teous sum- mer day; Up - on a bed of suf - fering A dy - ing in - fant lay;
† Bu - ry her in the gar - den, A - mong the flowers she loved; Oft shall her spir - it wander there, From her bright home a - bove.

Fine.

Inst.

Solo. 1st voice. Solo. 2d voice. D. C. *

A moth - er clasped her fran - tic- ly, With grief and an - guish wild, And thus in - to the moth - er's ear, Whispered the dy - ing child; O

D.

D. C.

2.
" Bury me in the garden,
Where my sister oft will bring
The flowers we loved to gather,
The first sweet flowers of Spring.—
Where the early violets blossom,
Where blooms the fragrant rose,
Where the lily bends its stately head
And the leafy myrtle grows.

3.
" Bury me in the garden,
Where the pale primroses bloom;
The place I loved so dearly,
There make my early tomb.
Beneath the mountain's shady ash,
There let my grave be made;
With its clustering fruit o'erhanging
The spot where I am laid.

4.
" Bury me in the garden,
Among the flowers I love;
Oft shall my spirit wander there.
From its bright home above—"
With its last dying, earnest wish
Has her happy spirit flown;
Her grave is in the garden,
But Heaven has claimed its own.

* D. C. for the last verse only, each verse coming in without an intervening symphony.

† For last time only.

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SOLO AND CHORUS. "The Teetot'llers are a Coming."

FOR TEMPERANCE CELEBRATIONS.

Lively.

Solo.

1. The tee - to - t'llers are a com - ing, The tee - to - t'llers are a com - ing, The tee - to - t'llers are a com - ing, With the Cold Wa - ter Pledge.
2. We will save our sis - ters, broth - ers, Our fa - thers, sons, and moth - ers, Our neigh-bors and all oth - ers, With the Cold Wa - ter Pledge.
3. We will stop the curse of 'still - ing Al - co - hol - ic drink, for kill - ing, And all fer - ment - ed swill - ing, With the Cold Wa - ter Pledge.
4. Then come ye jol - ly til - lers, Ped - lers, law - yers, doc - tors, 'still - ers, Come jug and bot - tle fill - ers, Take the Cold Wa - ter Pledge.
5. Hus - sa, for ref - or ma - tion By all in ev - ery sta - tion, Through - out this wide cre - a - tion, With the Cold Wa - ter Pledge.
6. May no e - vil e'er be - tide us, To sev - er or di - vide us, But the God of mer - cy guide us, With the Cold Wa - ter Pledge.

Accompaniment.

Chorus to each verse.

We're a band of free-men, We're a band of free-men, We're a band of free-men, We will sound it thro' the land.

We're a band of free-men, We're a band of free-men, We're a band of free-men, We will sound it thro' the land.

We're a band of free-men, We're a band of free-men, We're a band of free-men, We will sound it thro' the land.

For the last verse only.

We'll sound it through the land.

We'll sound it through the land.

We'll sound it through the land.

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Andante affettuoso.

BALLAD.—The song of the bereaved; or, Resignation.

Words and Music by L. R. WOODBURY.

Accompaniment for Pianoforte, Melodeon, or Seraphine.

1. I had a gem—'twas giv-en To twine around my heart, And make my life a heav-en, A
1. My gem grew like the lil - y Of sweet Si-lo - am's rill; It blossomed—then it fad - ed— I

RIT.

par - adise on earth; A - las! the Source forgot - ten, From whence this blessing came, I wandered far from heav-en, And fanned the worldly flame; I
laid it 'neath the hill. O God, forgive my weak-ness My scald-ing tear-drops flow, And give me strength to murmur, That Thou art nearer now; And

wan-dered far from heav - en, And fann'd the world-ly flame.
give me strength to mur - mur, That Thou art near - er now.

3.

O, soothe the broken-hearted
With balm of love divine;
And let the dear departed
For evermore be thine;
A gem—a priceless jewel,
Placed in my Savior's crown,
'Twill blossom there in fragrance,
Safe from the world's cold frown;
'Twill blossom there in fragrance,
Safe from the world's cold frown.

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BRIDAL CHORUS.—"With Garlands be the Altar crowned."

From the Dulcimer.

May be sung by all male voices or male and female—Soprano. Alto. Tenor and Base. The first verse is intended to be sung before the marriage service, and the last at the conclusion.

f Spirited and lively.

Duet.—May be sung by Soprano and Alto, ad Lib.

1. With garlands be the altar crowned, The shrine of love's de - vo - tion,
Let festal flowers be strown around, Swell high with joy's e - mo - tion.

Let every heart with joy now beat, While former vows we now repeat;
We pledge, we pledge our
For with that sacred

Duett.

2. Before the eyes that watched our youth, The hearts of our com - mu-nion,
Before the friends we've loved in truth, Joined in a sa - cred u - nion;

Without a doubt or single cloud, Swell, swell the joyful strain more loud.

We've pledg'd, we've pledg'd our
For with that sacred

Cres.

mutual love, Which time no more can se - ver,
band above, We hope to meet for - ev - er,

We've pledged, we've pledged our mutual love, Which time no more can sever, For - ev - er, for - ev - er.
We've pledged, we've pledged our mutual love, (Omit - - - - - - - -)

This pause for the 2d time.

Cres.

mutual love, Which time no more can se - ver,
band above, We hope to meet for - ev - er.

We've pledged, we've pledged our mutual love, Which time no more can sever, For - ev - er, for - ev - er.
We've pledged, we've pledged our mutual love, (Omit - - - - - - - -)

The first two lines may be sung as a Duet by Soprano and Alto, repeating in Chorus with Tenor and Bass.

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TEMPERANCE CHORUS. "Onward! onward, band victorious!"

Spirited. m Cres. f m Cres. f

1. Onward! onward! band vic-to-rious, Rear the Temp'rance banner high! Thus far had your course been glorious; Now your day of triumph's nigh. Vice and er - ror flee before you, As the

2. Onward! onward! songs and praises Ring to heaven's top-most arch, Wheresoe'er your standard raises, And your conqu'ring legions march, Gird the Temp'rance ar-mor on you, Look for

m Cres. f m Cres. f

3. To the vender and dis-til-ler Thunder truth with startling tone! Swell the accents louder, shriller, Make their guilt en-or-mous known. Onward! on - ward! nev - er fal-ter, Cease not

6 6 6 4 Unison

m Cres. f Cres. ff f

dark - ness flies the sun; Onward, vic- t'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the bat-tle will be won! Yes! Yes! Onward, vic - t'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won!

guidance from above; God and angels smile upon you, Hasten then your work of love! Yes! Yes! God and an - gels smile up - on you, Hasten then your work of love!

m Cres. f Cres. ff f

till the earth is free; Swear on Temp'rance ho - ly al - tar, Death is yours or vic - to - ry! Yes! Yes! Swear on Temp'rance ho-ly al - tar, Death is yours or vic - to - ry!

6 6 4 7

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CHORUS FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS. "Round the Temperance Standard."

p Cres. p Cres. ff

1. Round the temperance standard rally, All the friends of human kind; Snatch the devo - tees of fol - ly, Wretched, perish - ing, and blind— Loud - ly tell them, Loudly tell them,

2. Bear the happy tidings onwards, Bear them all the world around; Let the myriads thronging downwards, Hear the sweet and blissful sound, And o bey - ing, and o - bey - ing,

p Cres. p Cres. ff

3. Plant the temperance standard firmly, Round it live, and round it die; Young and old, defend it sternly, Till we gain the vic - to - ry; And all na - tions, and all na - tions,

Unison - - - - - -

p Cres. p Cres. ff

How they comfort now may find, Round the temperance standard ral - ly, All the friends of human kind; Snatch the de - vo - tees of fol - ly, Wretched, perish - ing and blind.

In the paths of peace be found, Bear the hap - py tidings onwards, Bear them all the world around; Let the myriads thronging downwards, Hear the sweet and blissful sound.

p Cres. p Cres. ff

Hail the hap - py ju - bi - lee. Plant the temperance standard firmly, Round it live, and round it die; Young and old de - fend it stern - ly Till we gain the vic - to - ry.

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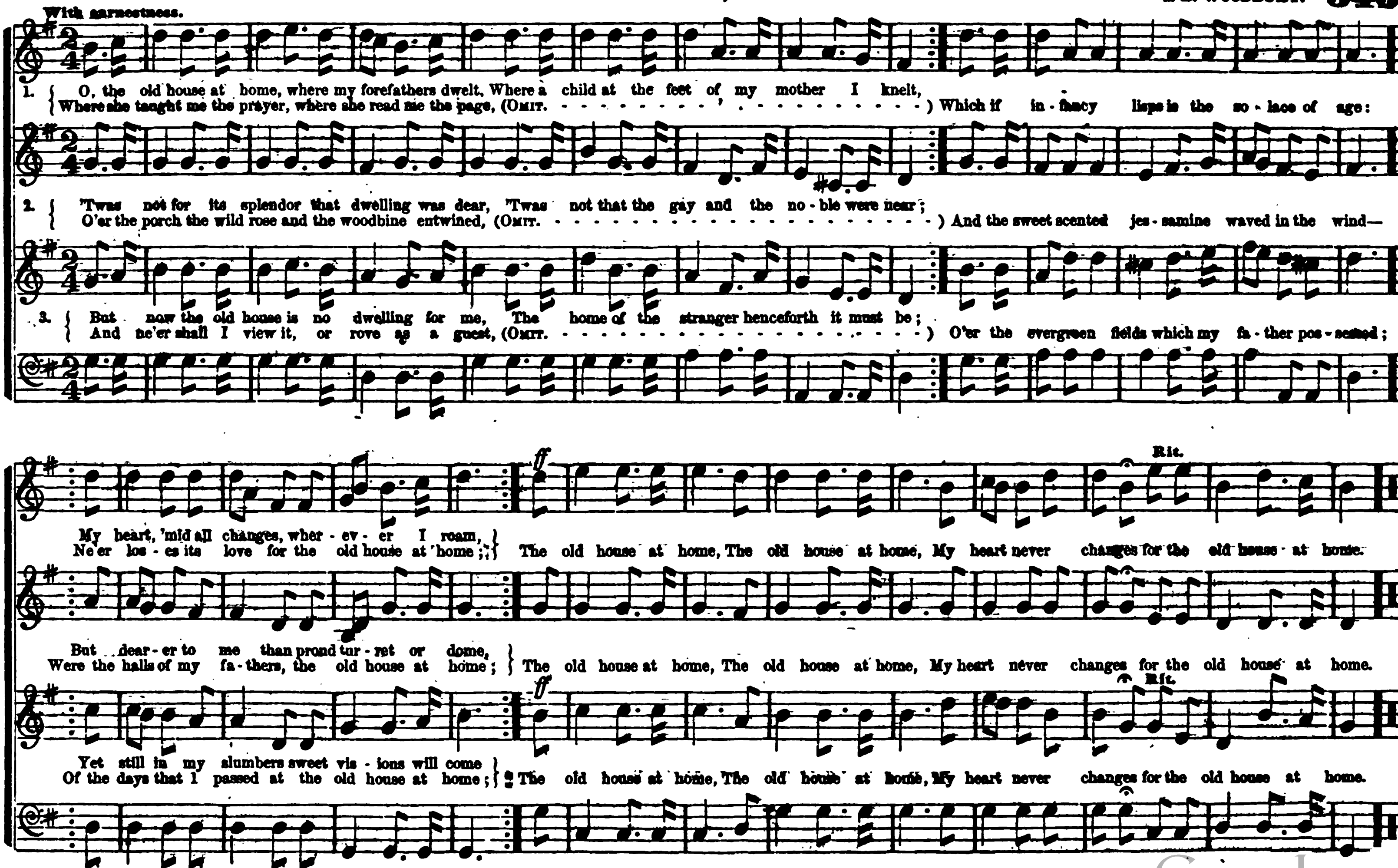
With earnestness.
1. O, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt, Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page, (Omit. -) Which if in - fancy lisps is the so - lace of age:
2. 'Twas not for its splendor that dwelling was dear, 'Twas not that the gay and the no - ble were near;
O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwined, (Omit. -) And the sweet scented jes - samine waved in the wind—
3. But now the old house is no dwelling for me, The home of the stranger henceforth it must be;
And ne'er shall I view it, or rove as a guest, (Omit. -) O'er the evergreen fields which my fa - ther pos - sessed;
My heart, 'mid all changes, wher - ev - er I roam,
Ne'er los - es its love for the old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart never changes for the old house at home.
But dear - er to me than proud tur - ret or dome,
Were the halls of my fa - thers, the old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart never changes for the old house at home.
Yet still in my slumbers sweet vis - ions will come
Of the days that I passed at the old house at home; The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart never changes for the old house at home.
ff
Rit.

QUARTETT AND CHORUS.—"The Temperance Call."

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Slowly.—Quartett. Cres. m Cres.

1. Flow-ers with fra-grance fill the balm-y air, As night de-scends in si-lence to re-pose; The lake is still, the sky is bright and clear,

2. Come, then, re-joice, my dear com-pan-ions, come! 'Neath temp'rance skies till morn is bright a-bove; And the sweet cho-rus of the mountain wild

Cres. m Cres.

3. Come, fa-ther, broth-er, com-rade dear, O come! Ac-cept the pledge, the pledge we of-fer now; Re-joice, re-joice, but trust in Prov-i-dence,

Dim. Chorus. m 2nd Time. ff

And now the day in glo-ry seems to close. Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land loud and long.

Re-turns these notes of Tem-per-ance and love. Swell, swell the theme, Swell swell the song, Swell the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land loud and long.

Dim. Chorus. m 2nd Time. ff

Heav'n keep you safe thro' all earth's toils and woe. Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the theme, the theme of Temp'rance o'er the land loud and long.

FOR AGRICULTURAL CELEBRATIONS, &c.

1. Come, friends and brothers, from the hill and dale;
Come, come with joy to spend our festive day;
Peaceful the life the happy farmer leads,
As tilling the soil, flowers blossom o'er his way.
Flowers blossom sweet o'er the farmer's way,
As tilling the soil, he spends the long, pleasant day.

2. Far, far away from city noise and strife,
The farmer leads his quiet, useful life;
The music of the feathered tribes he'll hear,
While fields of golden grain repay his care.
Flowers blossom sweet o'er the farmer's way,
As tilling the soil, he spends the long, pleasant day.

3. May Providence still bless the farmer's board,
While he in hope and confidence toils on;
Thankful to God, and trusting in his word,
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail" to man.
Thankful to God, trust in his word,
For "seed-time and harvest shall not fail" to mankind.

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